THE HALCYON SONG-BOOK

LEONARD B. MARSHALL

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY

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THE HALCYON SONG-BOOK

COMPILED AND ARRANGED
BY
LEONARD B. MARSHALL
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR OF MUSIC IN THE
BOSTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SILVER, BURDETT & COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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PREFACE

THE HALCYON SONG-BOOK has a twofold purpose: to inspire the pupil to sing well, and to cultivate his musical appreciation. It aims, through arousing in the pupil a desire to sing, to give the teacher and the supervisor the best possible foundation for their work. In gathering the work of the older masters and of the foremost modern composers, great care has been taken that the songs be not only interesting in melody and rich in harmony, but that they shall make a sympathetic appeal to the varied sensibilities of the pupil. Much of the music and much of the poetry has been written expressly for this book. In some cases new musical settings have been made for selections from famous poets. Numerous songs for special occasions and for the days which are celebrated throughout this country, have been composed particularly for this collection. In response to suggestions from many teachers a few rousing athletic songs have been provided.

The book is especially designed for use in high schools and upper grammar grades; and the unusual variety in the arrangement of the songs makes it useful in schools where there are both boys and girls and where some of the boys' voices have not changed. There are unison songs, songs with an optional bass, two-part and three-part songs and a wide variety of four-part choruses. The songs with the melody in the bass are designed to quicken the enthusiasm of the boys, and to make them feel that they are a component and important part in the organization of the school chorus. The songs for this purpose have been selected to suit the boy's powers and appeal to his imagination

As a concluding portion of the book a group of the popular songs of this and other countries has been included, in the hope that they will serve to create an atmosphere of joyousness in the school-room.

The Halcyon contains new songs by the following well-known Americans: George W. Chadwick, Henry Hadley, Harvey Worthington Loomis, W. W. Gilchrist, Charles Fonteyn Manney, H. Clough-Leighter, Carrie Bullard, George B. Nevin, George A. Burdett, George Henry Howard, and George Lowell Tracy.

Great credit, with hearty acknowledgments, is due the following authors for the untiring pains bestowed upon the large number of poems

written for this book: Nixon Waterman, David Kilburn Stevens, Clinton Scollard, Margaret E. Sangster, J. Annie Bense, Henry Rivers, George F. Morton, Herbert B. Englemann and others.

It is a pleasure to recognize the helpful suggestions received from a large number of educators, including many eminent Directors and Supervisors of Music, whose advice has assisted the editor in meeting the varying needs of pupils under the conditions found in the different school systems of the country. Special mention should be made of the suggestions from Samuel W. Cole, New England Conservatory of Music, Boston; Alfred Hallam, Mount Vernon; S. Henry Hadley, Somerville; Grant Drake, Boston; Dr. Albert G. Mitchell, Boston; Alice L. Garthe, Chicago; Herbert Griggs, New York; J. F. McCullough, Chicago; T. L. Roberts, Utica; M. E. Chase, Malden; Bessie M. Salmon, Boston.

The valuable assistance of Leo R. Lewis, George Henry Howard and George Lowell Tracy in the arrangement of the music contained in this volume, should also be gratefully acknowledged.

Thanks are due Houghton, Mifflin & Company, The Century Company and Little, Brown & Company, for permission to use copyrighted poems.

That this volume may contribute in a large way to the pleasure and profit of the young people throughout the country is the earnest wish of the editor.

LEONARD B. MARSHALL

BOSTON, *September, 1909*

THE HALCYON SONG-BOOK

The Year's at the Spring

ROBERT BROWNING — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Moderately fast and with spirit

mf

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morn - ing's at sev - en;

mf *mf*

The lark's on the wing, . .

5 *mf* *cres.*

The hill - side's dew - pearl'd; The

mf *mf* *mf*

hill - side's dew - pearl'd; . .

on the wing;

f 10

snail's on the thorn: God's in his heav - en, All's right with the world.

cres. *f*

world, God's in his

cres. ed allarg. 15 *ff* *rit.*

world. . . . . .

f

God's in his heav - en, All's right, all's right with the world, with the world.

f *cres. ed allarg.* *ff* *rit.*

heav'n, world. . . . . .

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To the Rose

Unison Song for Medium Voices

NIXON WATERMAN — ADOLF JENSEN

Andante

p 5

1. O, rose of June, thou art so fair! Thy
2. Fair queen of flow'rs art thou, O, rose! Thy

p 5

10 15

beau - ty our be - ing en - tran - ces, As through the sweet, . . bloom=scent-ed
sis - ters, how-e'er we may love them, When thou thy match - less charms dis -

10 15

ff 20

air, The but - ter - fly mer - ri - ly dan - ces. And when from the
close, Must hold thee in beau - ty a - bove them. And when on thy

20

ff *p*

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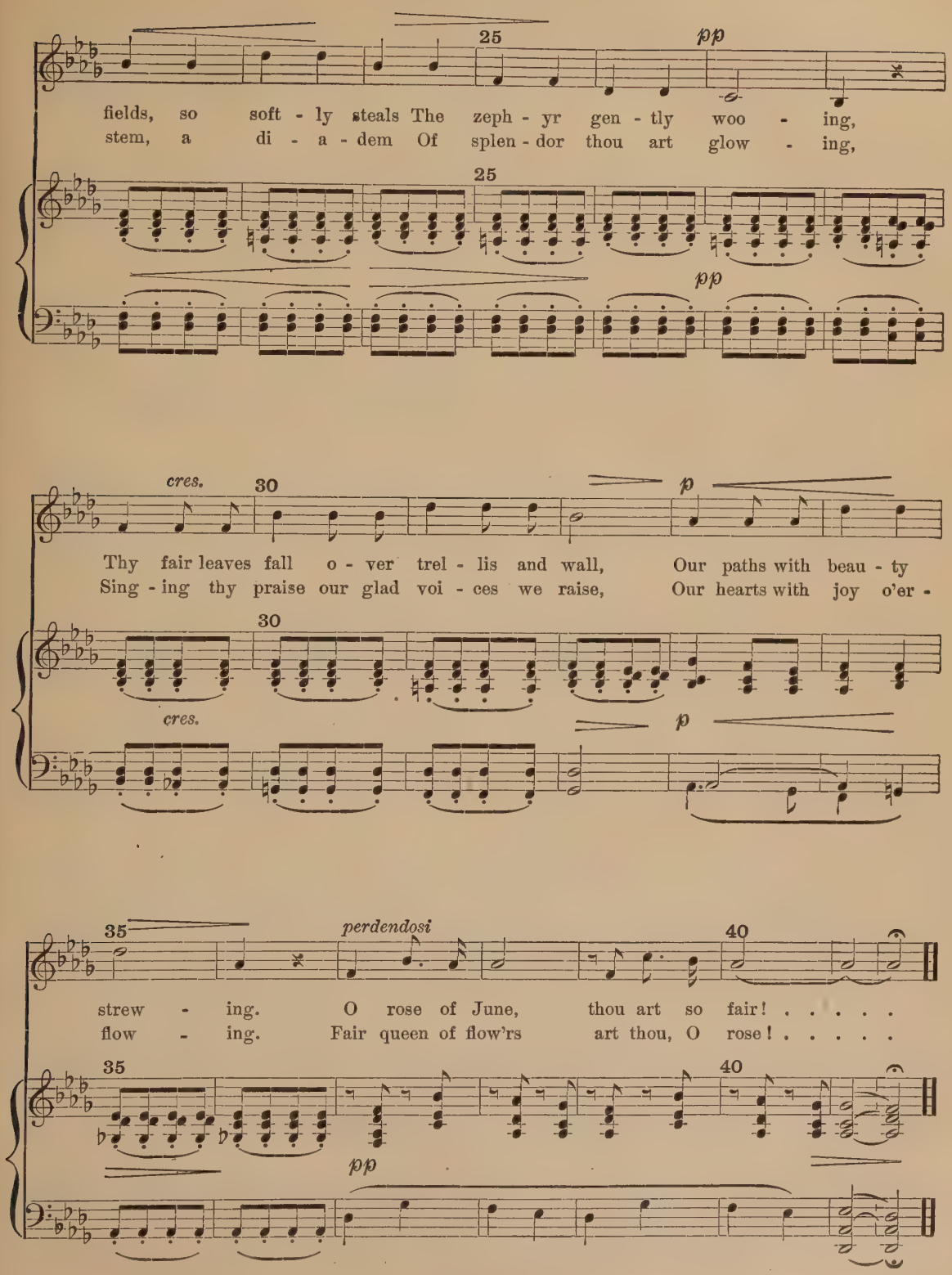
25
pp
fields, so soft - ly steals The zeph - yr gen - tly woo - ing,
stem, a di - a - dem Of splen - dor thou art glow - ing,
cres.
30
p
Thy fair leaves fall o - ver trel - lis and wall, Our paths with beau - ty
Sing - ing thy praise our glad voi - ces we raise, Our hearts with joy o'er -
35
perdendosi
40
strew - ing. O rose of June, thou art so fair! . . . . .
flow - ing. Fair queen of flow'rs art thou, O rose! . . . . .

The Ingle-side

Three-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

HEW AINSLIE

T. V. WIESENTHAL
Arr. by C. B. RICH

S. *Andante sostenuto* *p*

1. The in-gle-side,* the in-gle-side's for me, for me, for me,
2. Glens may be gilt, be gilt with gow-ans rare, the birds, the birds,

A. *p*

1. The in-gle-side's for me, the in-gle-side's for me, for me, for me,
2. Glens may be gilt with flow'rs, be gilt with gowans rare, the birds, the birds,

B. *mf*

1. It's rare to see the morn-ing breeze, Like a bon-fire frae the
2. Glens may be gilt wi' gow-ans rare, The birds may fill the

5

The in-gle-side's for me. 'Tis fair to see . . the burn-ie kiss
the birds may fill the tree, And haughs hae a' . . that sim-mer growth

The in-gle-side's for me. 'Tis fair to see the burn-ie kiss the
the birds . . may fill the tree, And haughs hae a' the scent-ed ware that

sea; It's fair to see the burn-ie kiss The
tree; And haughs hae a' the scent-ed ware That

pp dolce *mf*

. . the lea, the flow'r-y lea. An' fine . . it is on
. . can gie, that growth can gie. The cant-y hearth where

pp dolce *mf*

lea, the flow'r-y lea. An' fine on
growth, that growth can gie. The hearth where

f

lip o' the flow-'ry lea; An' fine it is on
sim-mer growth can gie; But the cant-y hearth where

*Ingle-side means fire-side; burnie, brook; gowans, daisies; haughs, meadows; canty, gay.

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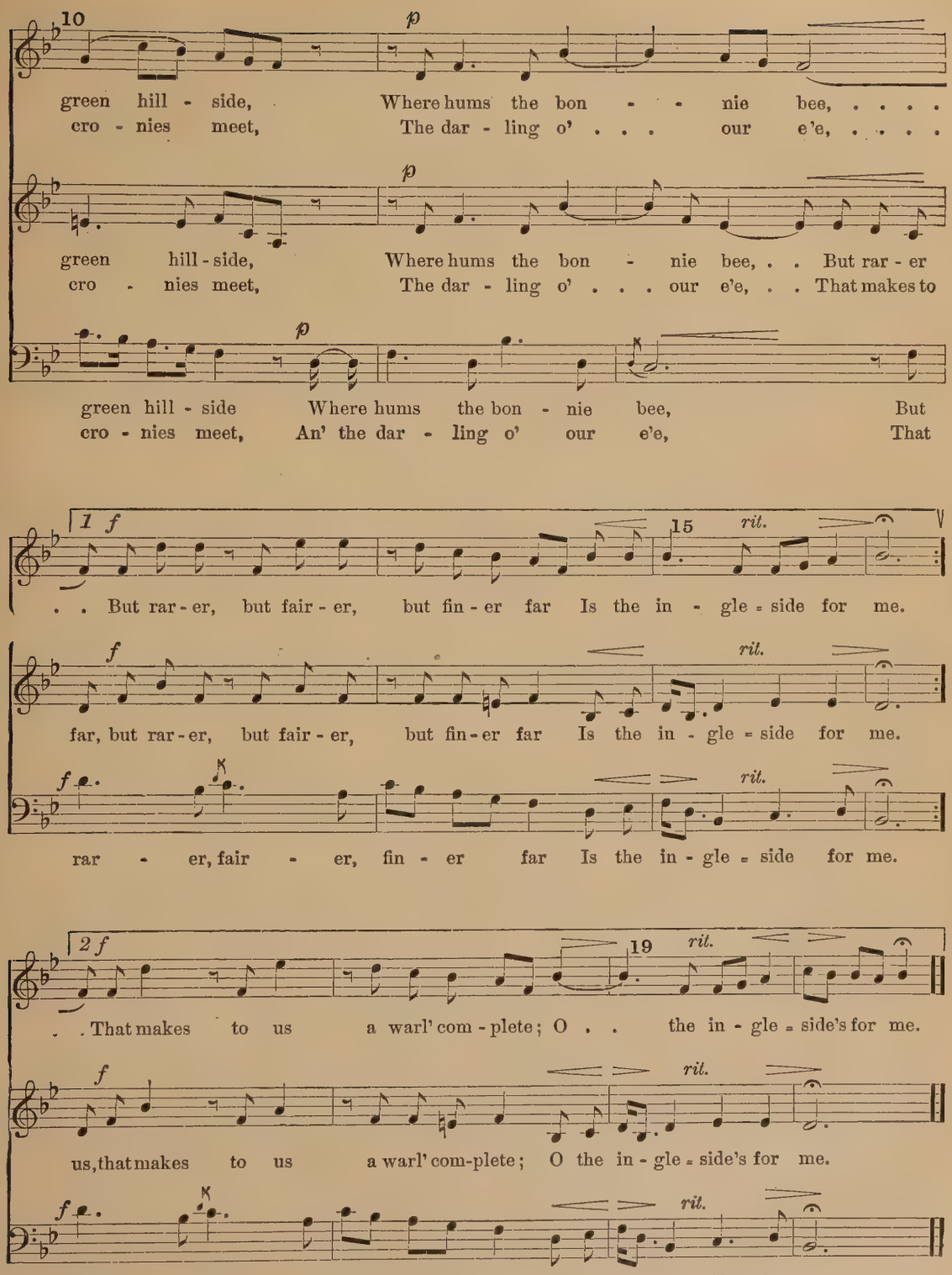
10
p
green hill - side, Where hums the bon - - nie bee, ...
cro - nies meet, The dar - ling o' . . . our e'e, ...
p
green hill - side, Where hums the bon - nie bee, . . But rar - er
cro - nies meet, The dar - ling o' . . . our e'e, . . That makes to
p
green hill - side Where hums the bon - nie bee, But
cro - nies meet, An' the dar - ling o' our e'e, That
1 f
15 rit.
. . But rar - er, but fair - er, but fin - er far Is the in - gle - side for me.
f
rit.
far, but rar - er, but fair - er, but fin - er far Is the in - gle - side for me.
f
rit.
rar - er, fair - er, fin - er far Is the in - gle - side for me.
2 f
19 rit.
. . That makes to us a warl' com - plete; O . . the in - gle - side's for me.
f
rit.
us, that makes to us a warl' com-plete; O the in - gle - side's for me.
f
rit.
makes to us a warl' com - plete; O the in - gle - side's for me.

The Windmill

Solo for Medium Voice, with Chorus

DAVID KILBURN STEVENS

H. CLOUGH-LEIGHTER

Andante con moto

SOLO *mf*

1. The wind - mill stands by the fer - tile plain, Where the
2. The gold - en days of the sum - mer fade, And the
3. The treas-ures rich in his cof - fers roll, But no

p *mp*

breez - es fresh-ly blow; And he sees the prom - ised fields of grain As the
reap - ers now ap - pear; While the ripe grain falls to shin - ing blade, And
mis - er grim is he, He re-stores it, save the mod - est dole Which he

poco rit. *poco più lento* *mf*

care - ful farm - ers sow. And when the wind from o'er the croft The
crowns the fruit - ful year. The wind - mill shakes his i - dle sails, And
keeps for his law - ful fee. Now, tho' the cold earth lie a-sleep, He

poco più lento; sempre legato

poco rit. *poco cres.* *mf*

Ped. ✱

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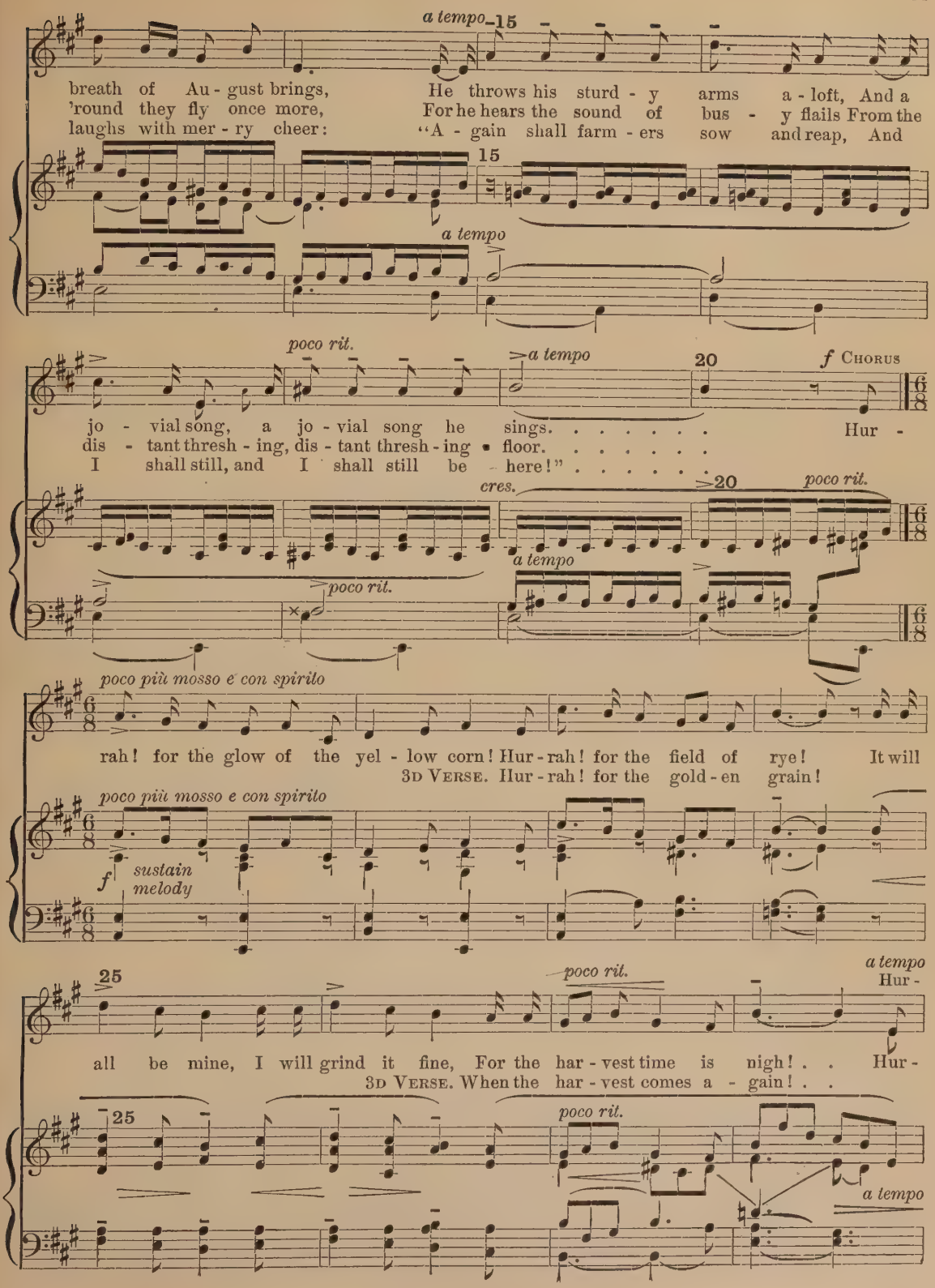
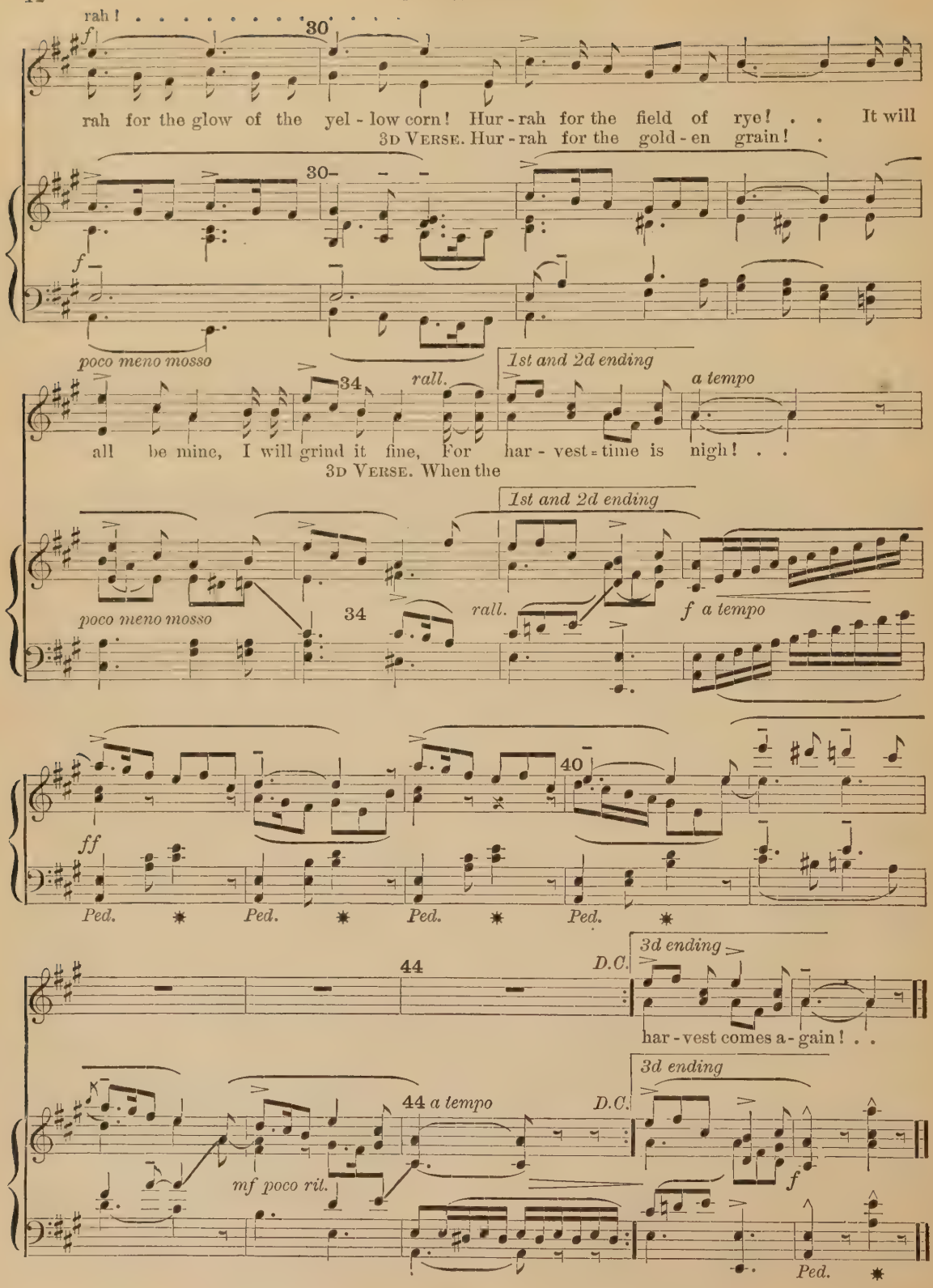

a tempo
15
breath of Au - gust brings, He throws his sturd - y arms a - loft, And a
'round they fly once more, For he hears the sound of bus - y flails From the
laughs with mer - ry cheer: "A - gain shall farm - ers sow and reap, And
poco rit.
a tempo
20
f Chorus
jo - vial song, a jo - vial song he sings. . . . . Hur -
dis - tant thresh - ing, dis - tant thresh - ing floor. . . . . .
I shall still, and I shall still be here!" . . . . . .
cres.
poco rit.
poco più mosso e con spirito
rah! for the glow of the yel - low corn! Hur - rah! for the field of rye! It will
3d Verse. Hur - rah! for the gold - en grain!
f sustain melody
25
all be mine, I will grind it fine, For the har - vest time is nigh! . . Hur -
3d Verse. When the har - vest comes a - gain! . .


rah! . . . . . .
30
f
rah for the glow of the yel - low corn! Hur - rah for the field of rye! . . It will
3D VERSE. Hur - rah for the gold - en grain! .
30
f
poco meno mosso
34
rall.
1st and 2d ending
a tempo
all be mine, I will grind it fine, For har - vest - time is nigh! . .
3D VERSE. When the
1st and 2d ending
poco meno mosso
34
rall.
f a tempo
40
ff
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
44
D.C.
3d ending
har - vest comes a - gain! . .
3d ending
44 a tempo
D.C.
mf poco ril.
f
Ped.

My Native Land

Song for Medium Voice, with Four-Part Chorus

ALFRED C. PAGE

From "A Trip to Africa" by VON SUPPÉ

Allegretto brillante

mf

con espressione

SOLO OR SEMI-CHORUS

p

1. A rest-less wan-der-er, . . whose wea-ry feet . . So long have pressed the soil of dis-tant strand, . With night how oft there comes, . . my dreams to greet, . A vis-ion of my own dear Na-tive Land!
2. In smil-ing fields I breathe the fra-grant air, . . Thro' val-ley green I roam, or for-est grand; . But O! there is no ver-dure a-ny-where . Like vale and for-est in my Na-tive Land.
3. Tho' won-ders rare are seen . a-cross the sea, . . Tho' a-lien shores may wave a beck-'ning hand, . There is no path I tread . . so fair to me . . As that which leads me to my Na-tive Land.

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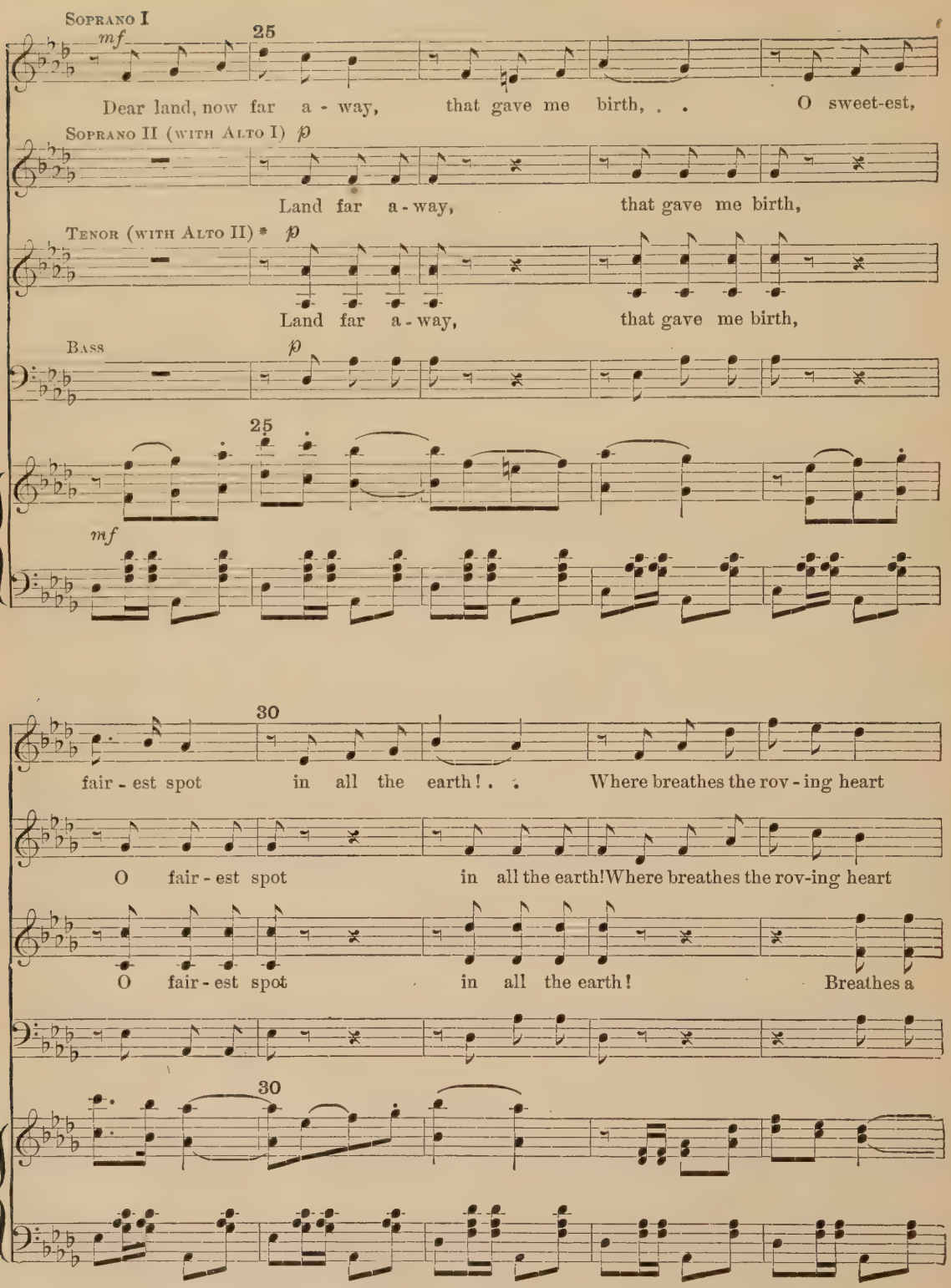


* Upper notes for changed voices; lower notes for unchanged voices.

35 1 & 2 cres. ff

that can with - stand The ev - er thrill-ing voice of Fa - ther - land?

cres. ff

that can with - stand The ev - er thrill-ing voice of Fa - ther - land?

cres. ff

heart can with-stand The voice of Fa - ther - land?

cres. ff

35 1 & 2

cres. ff

Fa - - - - - ther - land!

3 40 rit. e cres. fff

The ev - er thrill - ing voice of Fa - ther - land? . . . . . .

rit. e cres. fff

The ev - er thrill - ing voice of Fa - ther - land? . . . . . .

rit. e cres. fff

stand The ev - er thrill - ing voice of Fa - ther - land? . . . . . .

fff

rit. e cres. The voice of

3 40

rit. e cres. fff

Greetings

Two-Part Song for Equal* Voices

C. Eyserbeck — Franz Abt

Andantino

mf

First Voice

mf 5 *p*

1. Who is the boy with gold - en hair? At dawn he comes with looks so fair, It
2. To my be - lov - ed home do tly, To my dear friends, O sun - beam, hie, Say
3. And if they sad and lone - ly seem, Then, sun-shine, send your bright - est beam, Tell

Second Voice

mf 5 *p*

f 10

is the Spring sun's first bright ray, It is the Spring sun's first bright ray.
that I fond - ly think of them, Say that I fond - ly think of them.
them we soon shall meet a - gain, Tell them we soon shall meet a - gain.

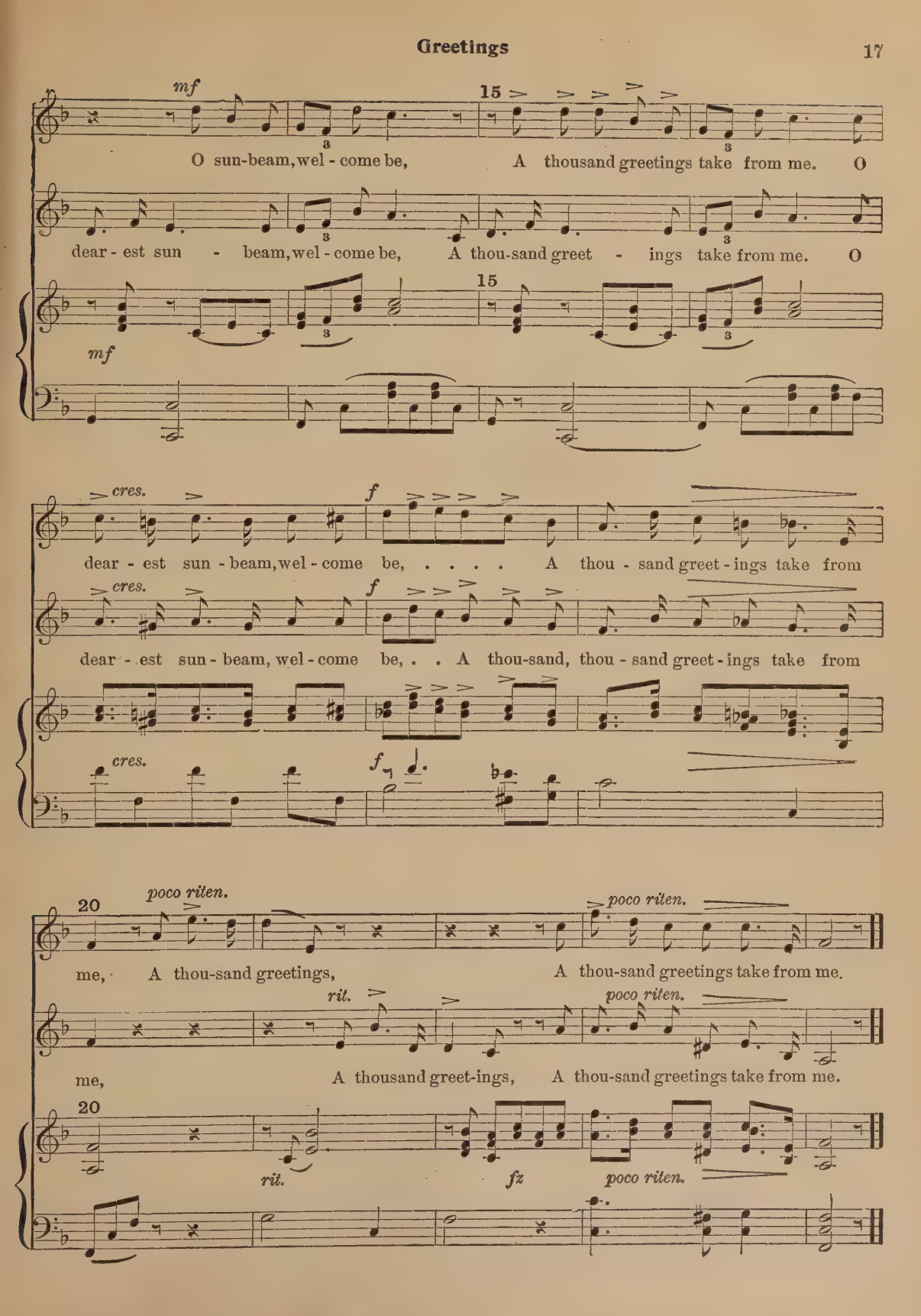
Second Voice

f *mf*

It is the Spring sun's first bright ray. O
Say that I fond - ly think of them. O
Tell them we soon shall meet a - gain. O

10 *f*

* Equal voices are those of the same general register. Thus, this number is suitable for Soprano and Contralto, or fo Tenor and Bass; but not for Soprano and Bass, or Tenor and Contralto.


mf
15
O sun-beam, wel - come be, A thousand greetings take from me. O
dear - est sun - beam, wel - come be, A thou-sand greet - ings take from me. O
mf
15
cres.
f
dear - est sun - beam, wel - come be, ... A thou - sand greet - ings take from
cres.
f
dear - est sun - beam, wel - come be, . . A thou-sand, thou - sand greet - ings take from
cres.
f
20
poco riten.
poco riten.
me, A thou-sand greetings, A thou-sand greetings take from me.
rit.
poco riten.
me, A thousand greet-ings, A thou-sand greetings take from me.
20
rit.
fz
poco riten.

To the Nightingale

Unison Song

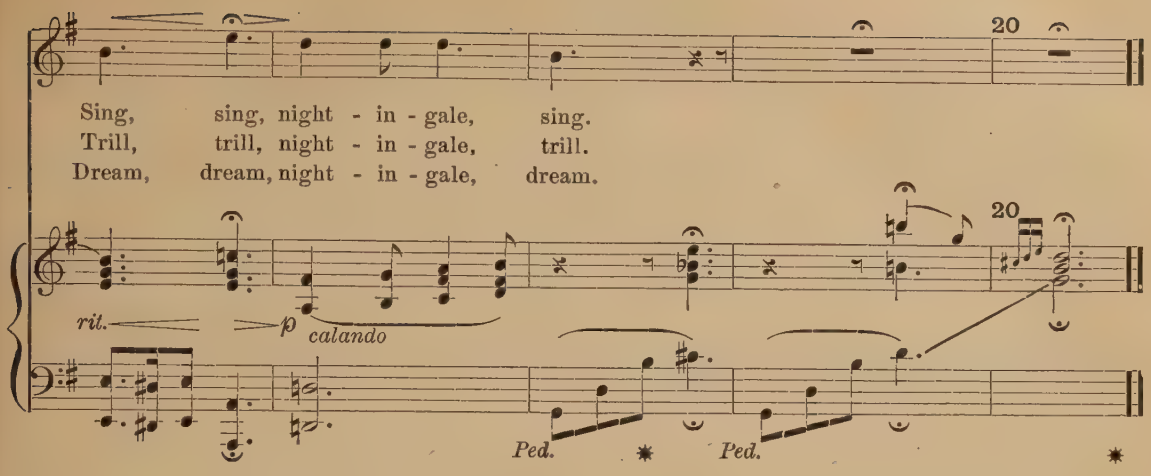
NIXON WATERMAN — HALFDAN KJERULF

Allegro moderato

1. Sing, sing, night-in-gale, sing, Soft - ly the shad - ows are fall - ing;
2. Trill, trill, night-in-gale, trill, While your sweet dream you are tell - ing —
3. Dream, dream, night-in-gale, dream, Safe in your green leaf-y bow - er;

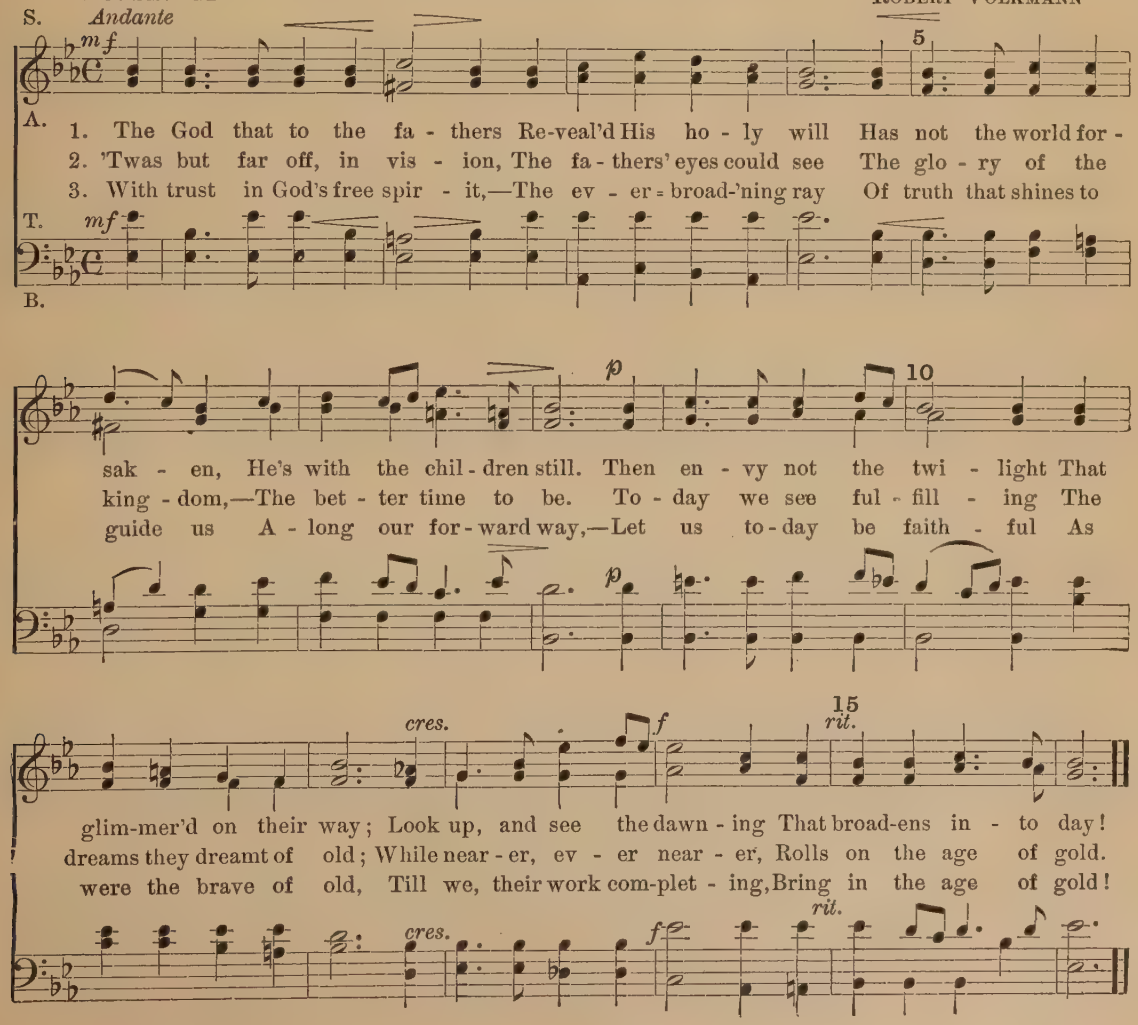
Gent - ly your mel - o - dy goes, Stir - ring the heart of the rose; Sing, oh,
Stars in their heav - en a - bove, Look on the val - leys they love; Trill, oh,
Bath - ing the vales with her light, Comes the fair queen of the night; Dream, oh,

sing, your fond mate is call - - ing.
trill, your mu - sic up - well - - ing.
dream, with bud and with flow - - er.



The Age of Gold

M. J. Savage — Robert Volkmann



At Close of Day

Unison Song

GEORGE Y. HUME

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Not fast; with grace

1. While the twi - light sha - dows Gath - er o'er the mead - ows; When the crim - son
2. As the day is dy - ing, Swal-lows home-ward fly - ing; One by one the

p

increase *p*

sun has gone to rest; Vil - lage chimes are ring - ing; Whip-poor-wills are
stars ap - pear a - bove. On the dream-ing riv - er Sil - ver moon-beams

increase *play the bass delicately* *p* *always legato* *mp*

expressively *retard gradually to the close*

sing - ing; Pur - ple clouds are sink - ing low in the west.
quiv - er; Heav'n is shed - ding o'er the earth peace and love.

with expression

mf

retard gradually

p

pp

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The Bright Rosy Morning

Three-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

The Earl of Oxford

Old English Air
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. *Con spirito* *f*

1, 2. Tra - la la la la la la la la la

A. *f*

1. Peeps o - ver the hills, With blush - es a -
2. A - way seems to fly, . . And pants to the

B. *f*

1. The bright ro - sy morn - ing Peeps o - ver the hills, With blush - es a -
2. The stag roused be - fore us A - way seems to fly, And pants to the

Tra la la la la la la la la la la la. While the mer-ry horn
Fol - low, fol - low,

dorn - ing The mead - ows and fields. While the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry horn Calls
cho - rus Of hounds in full cry. Then fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low The

dorn - ing The mead - ows and fields. While the mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry horn Calls
cho - rus Of hounds in full cry. Then fol-low, fol-low, fol-low, fol - low The

poco rit.

Calls "Come, come a-way," A - wake from your slum-bers, And hail the new day.
Fol - low, fol - low, Where pleasure and vig - or And health all em - brace.

poco rit.

"Come, come a - way," A - wake from your slum-bers, And hail the new day.
mus - i - cal chase, Where pleas-ure and vig - or And health all em - brace.

poco rit.

"Come, come a - way," A - wake from your slum-bers, And hail the new day.
mus - i - cal chase, Where pleas-ure and vig - or And health all em - brace.

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Ship of State

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW — GEORGE LOWELL TRACY

S. 1 *f* *Maestoso*

S. 2

1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Un - ion
2. We know what Mas - ter laid thy keel, What Work - men wrought thy
3. Fear not each sud - den sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and
4. In spite of rock and tem - pest's roar, In spite of false lights

T. *f*

A.

1. Sail on, sail on, O Ship of State! Sail on, O Un - ion
2. We know what Mas - ter laid thy keel, What Work - men wrought thy
3. Fear not each sud - den sound and shock, 'Tis of the wave and
4. In spite of rock and tem - pest's roar, In spite of false lights

B. *f*

Maestoso

f

mf 5 *cres.*

strong and great! Hu - man - i - ty with all its fears, With all the hopes of
ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope; What an - vils rang, what
not the rock; 'Tis but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made
on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are

mf *cres.*

strong and great! Hu - man - i - ty with all its fears, With all the hopes of
ribs of steel, Who made each mast, and sail, and rope; What an - vils rang, what
not the rock; 'Tis but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made
on the shore, Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea! Our hearts, our hopes, are

mf *cres.*

5 3 3 *mf* *cres.*

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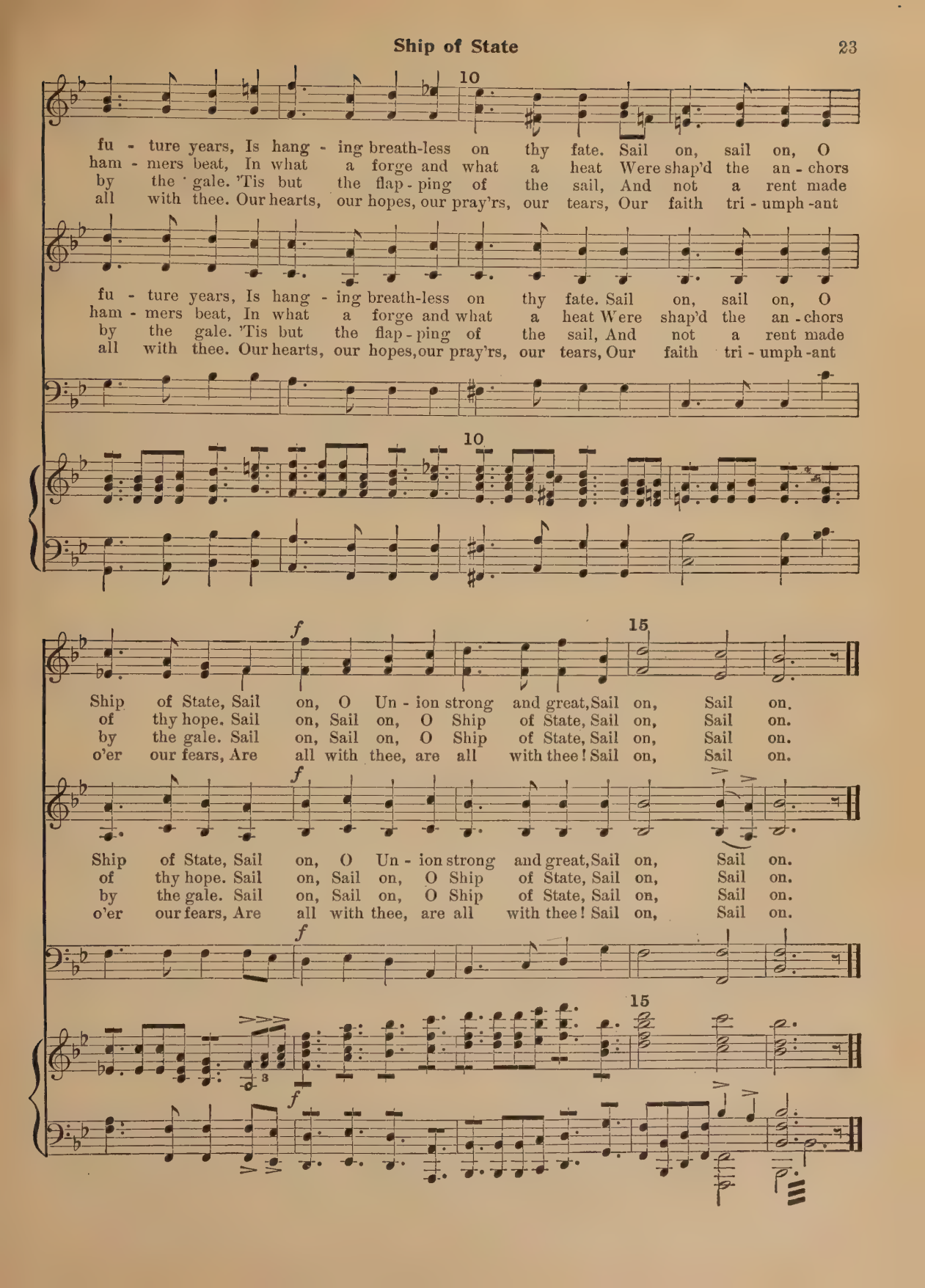
10
fu - ture years, Is hang - ing breath-less on thy fate. Sail on, sail on, O
ham - mers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shap'd the an - chors
by the gale. 'Tis but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made
all with thee. Our hearts, our hopes, our pray'rs, our tears, Our faith tri - umph -ant
fu - ture years, Is hang - ing breath-less on thy fate. Sail on, sail on, O
ham - mers beat, In what a forge and what a heat Were shap'd the an - chors
by the gale. 'Tis but the flap - ping of the sail, And not a rent made
all with thee. Our hearts, our hopes, our pray'rs, our tears, Our faith tri - umph -ant
10
f
15
Ship of State, Sail on, O Un - ion strong and great, Sail on, Sail on.
of thy hope. Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, Sail on.
by the gale. Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, Sail on.
o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee! Sail on, Sail on.
f
Ship of State, Sail on, O Un - ion strong and great, Sail on, Sail on.
of thy hope. Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, Sail on.
by the gale. Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of State, Sail on, Sail on.
o'er our fears, Are all with thee, are all with thee! Sail on, Sail on.
f
15
f

The Spinning Wheel

Song for Medium Voice, with Chorus for Equal Voices

DAVID K. STEVENS — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Not too fast, smoothly

p *leggiero* — *mf*

p

1. By an o - pen cot - tage win-dow, where the summer rose is fair, And hon - ey = la - den
2. The bee is in the clo - ver and a - mong the trump-et vines, The humming-bird is
3. And when the clos - ing sha-dows mark the end - ing of the day, The spin- ner stops her

p

li - lacs scent the ear - ly morn- ing air, Where va - grant lit - tle sun-beams thro' the
bus - y where the hon - ey - suck - le twines; And min-gling with the mel - o - dy that
wheel and puts the card - ed wool a - way; But when the dawn is break-ing, and an -

mf — *poco rit.*

leaf - y trel - lis steal, The bus - y spin- ner, all the day, is sing - ing at her
lark and thrush pro-long, From out the o - pen win - dow comes the cease - less spin- ning
oth - er day is come, The wheel a - gain is whirl - ing with its ev - er bus - y

mf — *poco rit.*

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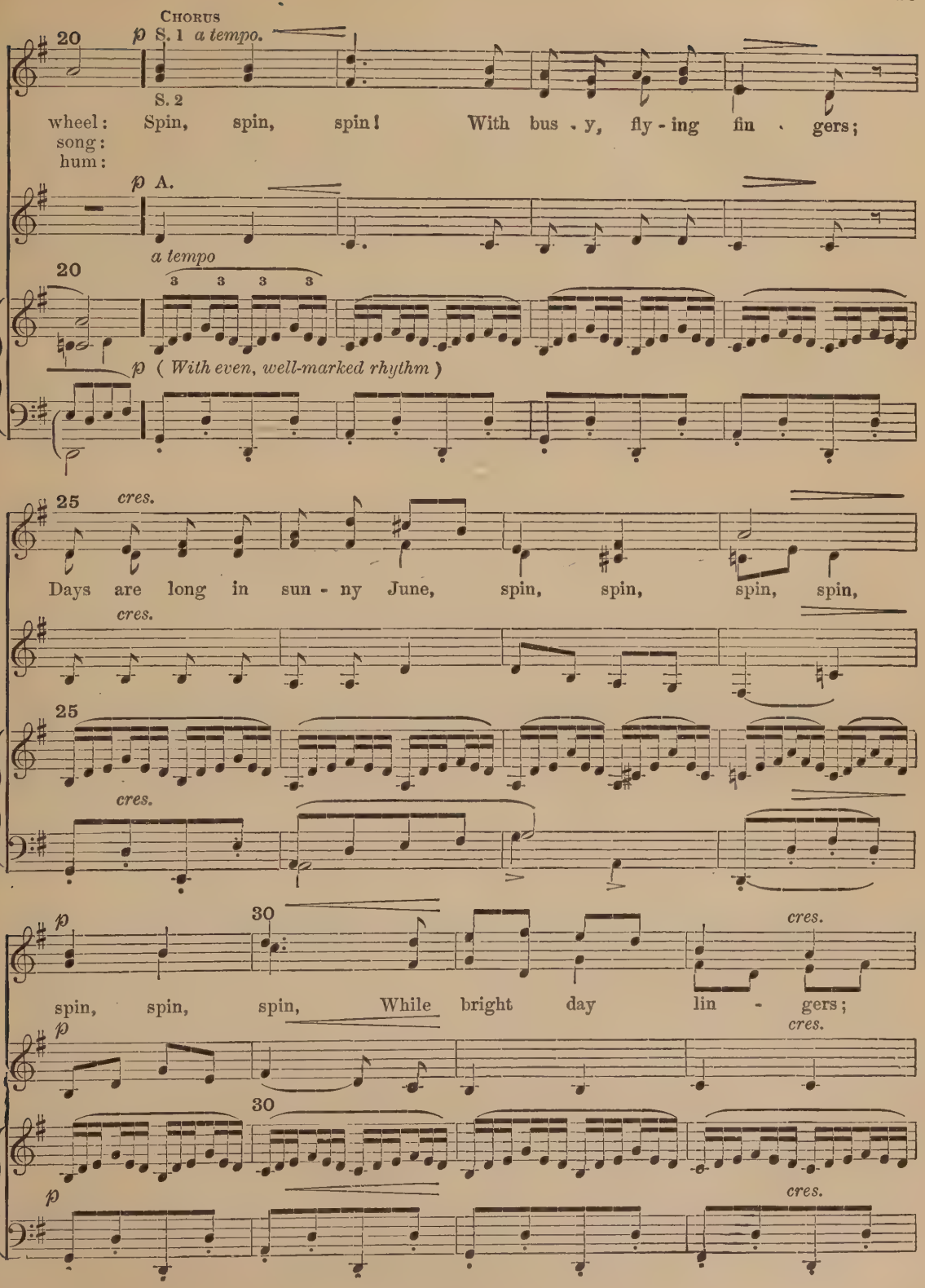
Chorus
20
p S. 1 a tempo.
S. 2
wheel: Spin, spin, spin! With bus - y, fly - ing fin - gers;
song:
hum:
p A.
a tempo
20
p (With even, well-marked rhythm)
25
cres.
Days are long in sun - ny June, spin, spin, spin, spin,
cres.
25
cres.
p
30
cres.
spin, spin, spin, While bright day lin - gers;
p
cres.
30
p
cres.

f *poco allarg.* 35

Win - ter nights are com - ing soon, spin, spin, spin!

f *poco allarg.*

f *poco allarg.* 35

Ped.

To a Star

Unison Song for Medium or Low Voices

JIXON WATERMAN L. B. MARSHALL

Andante espressivo

1. When night's dark cur-tain veils the sky, Oh, star! thou gleamest from on high; From
2. As thou to us, when viewed a-far, So earth, to thee, is but a star; Oh,
3. A kin-dred, thou, of us and ours; The sky with worlds, the fields with flow'rs, Were

5 *piu cres.* *rit.* *dim.*

dark till dawn thy light doth shine In beau-ty con-stant and di-vine.
hast thou might-y tribes that see And think on us, as we on thee?
strewn by One whose works they are, With thee and us, oh, won-drous star!

5 *dim.*

piu cres. *rit.* *colla voce.*

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The Winds of March

WILLIAM HENRY BANCROFT — GEORGE B. NEVIN

S. 1 *Marcato* *f*

S. 2

1. Blow loud your storm-y trump-ets, Ye li - on = heart-ed gales, Through all the fields and
2. Ye tell of burst-ing or - chards, Of A - pril's jew - eled show'rs, And of the fields be -
3. Then blow your storm-y trump-ets, Ye prin - ces in dis - guise, And come like those in

T. *f*

A.

1. Blow loud your storm-y trump-ets, Ye li - on=heart - ed gales, Through all the fields and
2. Ye tell of burst-ing or - chards, Of A - pril's jew - eled show'rs, And of the fields be -
3. Then blow your storm-y trump-ets, Ye prin - ces in dis-guise, And come like those in

B. *f*

cres - cen - do

wood - lands, And through the mountain vales. I love to hear your mu - sic A -
deck - ing Them-selves with grass and flow'rs; Of brooks and stream-lets flow - ing A -
fa - bles, To o - pen dreaming eyes, To wake the sleep - ing beau - ties In

cres - cen - do

wood - lands, And through the moun-tain vales. I love to hear your mu - sic A -
deck - ing Them-selves with grass and flow'rs; Of brooks and streamlets flow - ing A -
fa - bles, To o - pen dream-ing eyes, To wake the sleep - ing beau - ties In

cres - cen - do

ff *rit.*

cross the mead-ows roar, For ye are but the her - alds That come the Spring be - fore.
long their course in glee, And riv - ers, once im - pris - oned, On = leap - ing to the sea.
Win - ter's cas - tle strong, Un - til their spell is bro - ken, And thro' its gates they throng.

ff *rit.*

cross the mead-ows roar, For ye are but the her - alds That come the Spring be - fore.
long their course in glee, And riv - ers, once im - pris - oned, On = leap - ing to the sea.
Win - ter's cas - tle strong, Un - til their spell is bro - ken, And thro' its gates they throng.

ff *rit.*

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The Edelweiss

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

J. Annie Bense — Friedrich Kücken

S. 1 *Andantino* — *p*

S. 2

1. When the moun - tain peaks burn with rose, When the gold - en east flam - ing
2. "On the crest - ed height's sun - lit sea Blooms a no - ble flow'r all for

A. — *p*

5 — *dim.*

glows, All the depths be - low lie a - sleep, While the dark, gloomy mists vig - ils
thee!" In the vale be - low dawns the day, And the pure, pearl-y mists steal a -

dim.

cres. — 10 *dim.* — *p*

keep; Then the wild winds blow From the heights of snow, As they rise . . To the
way. Still the glad voice sings, And the ech - o rings; Sweet the cry . . From on

cres. — *dim.* — *p*

15

skies. Then the yo - del clear Of the moun-tain - eer, Yo - ho, ho,
high. For one wakes to hear Still the yo - del clear, Yo - ho, ho,

(*Soprano 2 reads text with Alto*)

La, la, la, la, la, la,

cres. — *p* — 20

yo - ho, ho, Wakes ech - o free, Yo - ho, . . Yo - ho, Yo - ho!
yo - ho, ho, "Pure flow'rs for thee," Yo - ho, . . Yo - ho, Yo - ho!

cres. — *p*

la, la, la, la, lee, Yo - ho, . . Yo - ho, . . Yo - ho!

A Moonlight Phantasy

Three-Part Song, for Soprano, Alto, and Bass

J. Annie Bense — W. A. Mozart

Tempo di menuetto

S. *mp*

A.

1. Where state - ly lil - ies gleaming Lift cen - sers to the skies, . .
2. Soft in the pur - ple shad-ows, Veil'd in the trembling shade, . .
3. Where state - ly lil - ies gleaming Lift chal - ic'd cen-sers white, . .

B. *mp*

1. Where state - ly lil - ies gleam-ing Lift cen - sers, cen - sers to the
2. Soft in the pur - ple shad-ows, Veil'd in the trem - bling, trembling
3. Where state - ly lil - ies gleam-ing Lift chal - iced, chal - iced cen-sers

5

Fair 'neath the moon's pale beam - ing The chal - ic'd beau - ty lies.
White in the star - lit mead - ows, In won-drous light ar - rayed,
Wrapp'd in the clois-ter'd dream - ing, In heav'n - ly ra - diance bright,

skies, And fair 'neath moon's pale beam-ing, The chal - ic'd, chal - ic'd beau - ty lies.
shade, And white in star - lit mead-ows, In won-drous, won - drous light ar - rayed,
white, And wrapp'd in clois - ter'd dreaming In heav'n - ly, heav'n - ly ra - diance bright,

pp 10

Soft night wind from the riv - er, And breeze from the rip-pling sea,—
Glow - ing like flow'rs of heav - en, A-bloom 'neath the bend-ing skies,—
Comes clear a sweet note wing - ing On wind from the list-'ning sea,—

pp

Soft night wind from the riv - er And breeze from the rip - pling sea,
Glow - ing like flow'rs of heav - en A - bloom 'neath the bend - ing skies,
Comes clear a sweet note wing - ing On wind from the list - 'ning sea,

cres. *f* 15

Where glanc-ing moonbeams quiv - er, Waft fra-grance un - to me.
Like souls from earth=thought shriv - en, Toward Heav'n the lil - ies rise.
On throb-bing harp=string ring - ing In heav'n - ly min - strel - sy.

cres. *f*

Where . . . glanc - ing moon - beams quiv - er, Waft fra - grance un - to me.
Like . . . . souls from earth = thought shriv - en, Toward Heav'n the lil - ies rise.
On . . . . throb-bing harp = string ring - ing In heav'n - ly min - strel - sy.

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The Pilot

Bass Solo or Unison Song, with Four-Part Chorus

THORNTON W. STANDISH — STEPHEN RUSSELL

Allegro — *Con spirito* — *f* — *mf* — *mp* — *:8: Slower* — *mf* — *rit.* — *colla voce* — *a tempo*

1. In win-ter's night or a sum-mer's day, Blow high or low on the sea's high-way, The Pi - lot rides the wave; . . . . His ti - ny craft is staunch and true, And fear - less - ly his hard - y crew Their dai - ly per - ils brave. . . . . .
2. The wea - ry ves - sel that, tem-pest-toss'd, A thou- sand wa-ter - y leagues has cross'd, Its port is draw - ing near; . . . . And soon they hear a heart - y hail, From a craft with a number on her sail, And an-swer with a cheer. . . . . .
3. He climbs the lad - der and takes command; The Captain and crew at his or - ders stand, The Pi - lot rules su - preme; . . . . Now straight and true the ship he guides, Till in - to port she safe- ly glides And anchors in the stream. . . . . .

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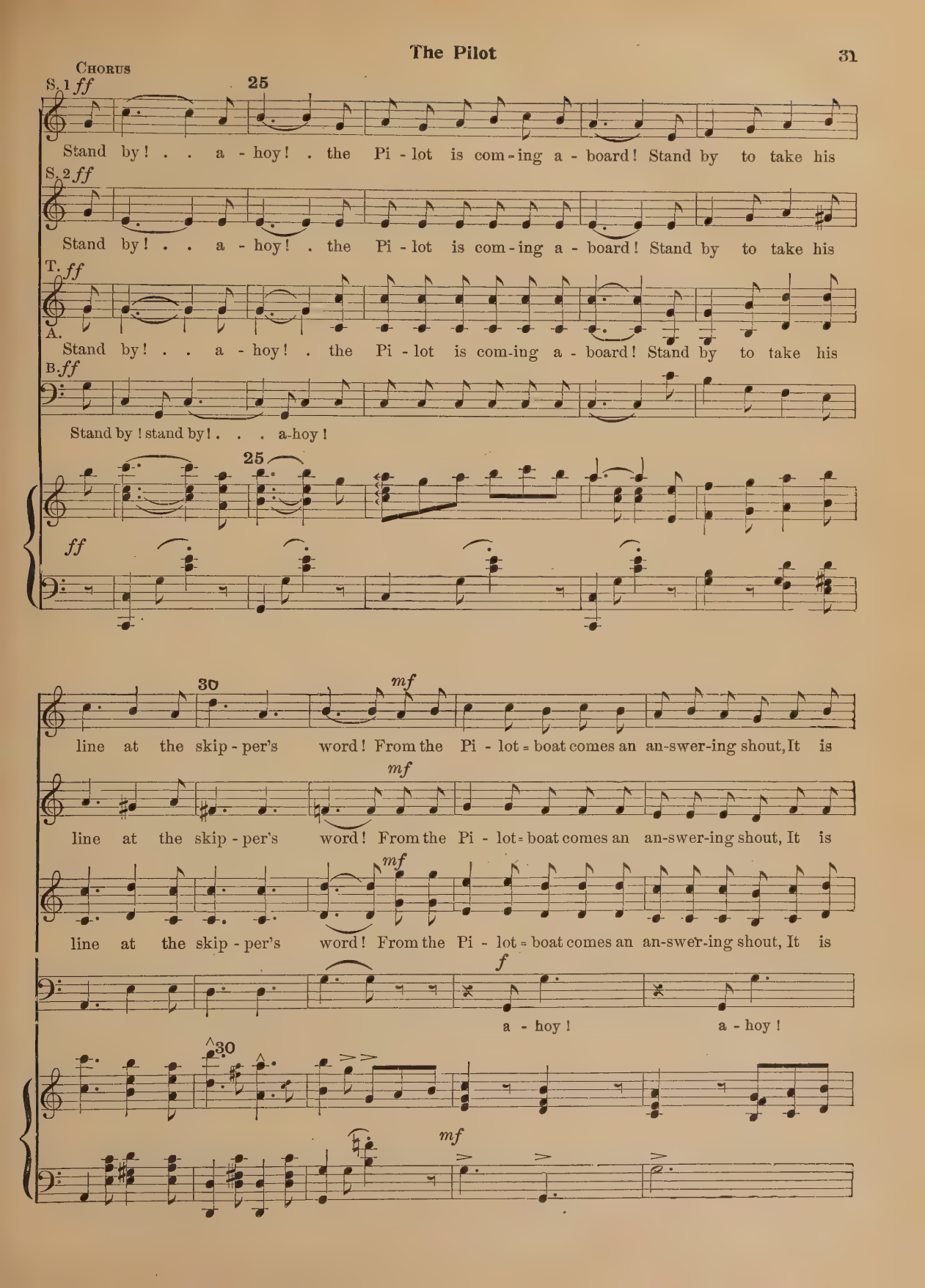
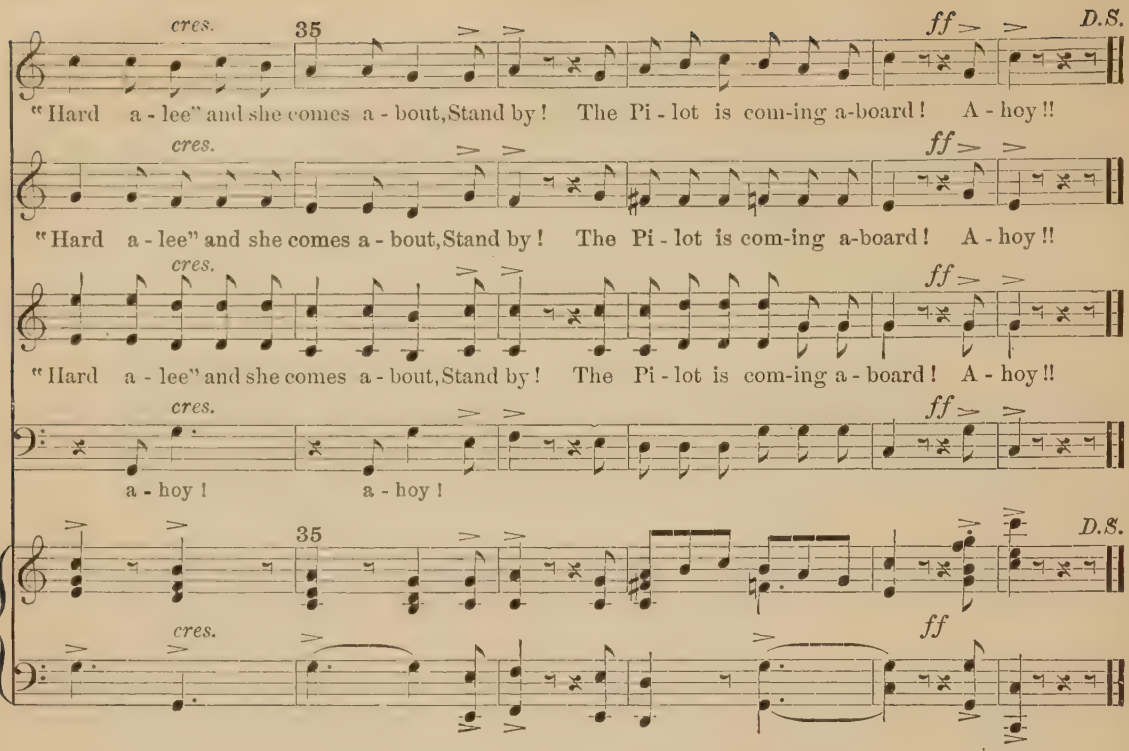
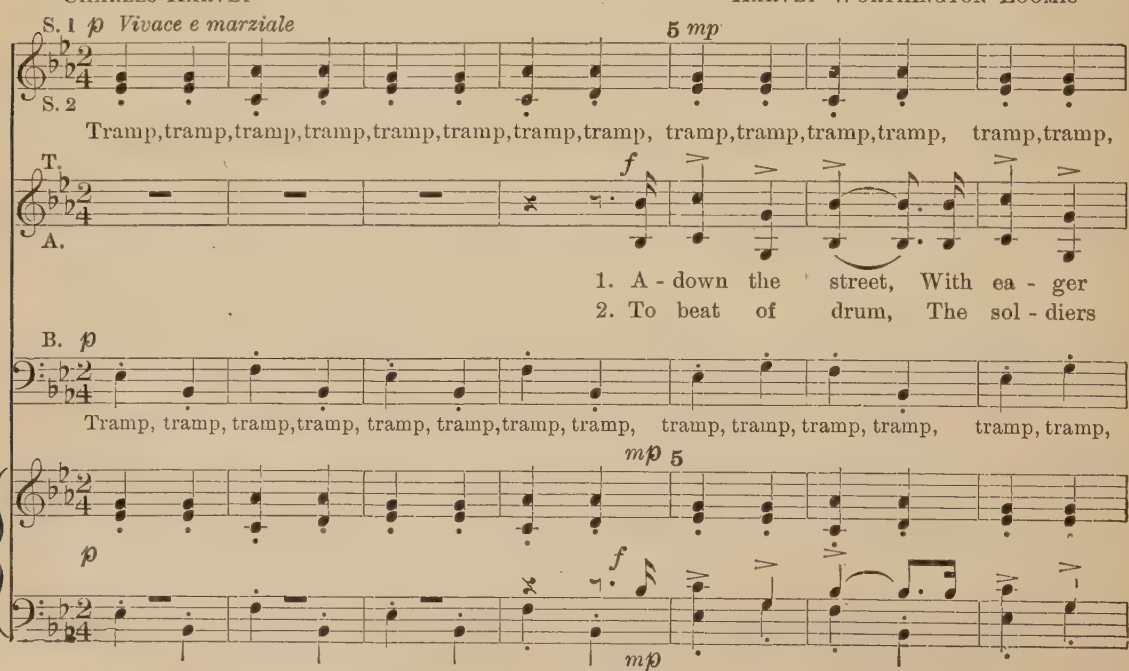

Chorus
S. 1 ff
25
Stand by! . . a - hoy! . the Pi - lot is com - ing a - board! Stand by to take his
S. 2 ff
Stand by! . . a - hoy! . the Pi - lot is com - ing a - board! Stand by to take his
T. ff
A.
Stand by! . . a - hoy! . the Pi - lot is com-ing a - board! Stand by to take his
B. ff
Stand by! stand by! . . . a-hoy!
25
ff
30
mf
line at the skip - per's word! From the Pi - lot = boat comes an an-swer-ing shout, It is
mf
line at the skip - per's word! From the Pi - lot = boat comes an an-swer-ing shout, It is
mf
line at the skip - per's word! From the Pi - lot = boat comes an an-swer-ing shout, It is
f
a - hoy! a - hoy!
30
mf



The Volunteers

Four-Part Song, with Solo for Tenor-Alto

CHARLES HARVEY HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS



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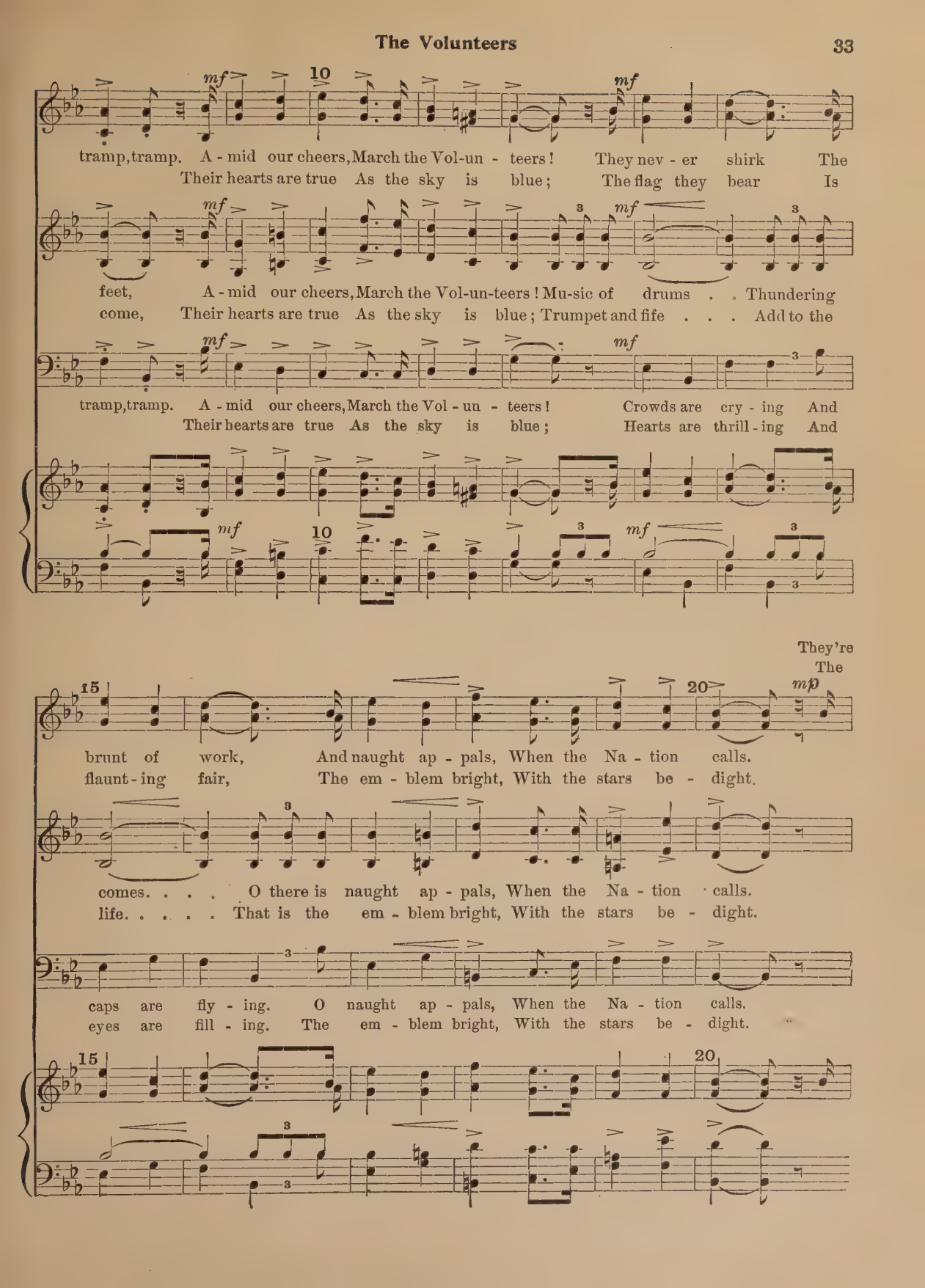
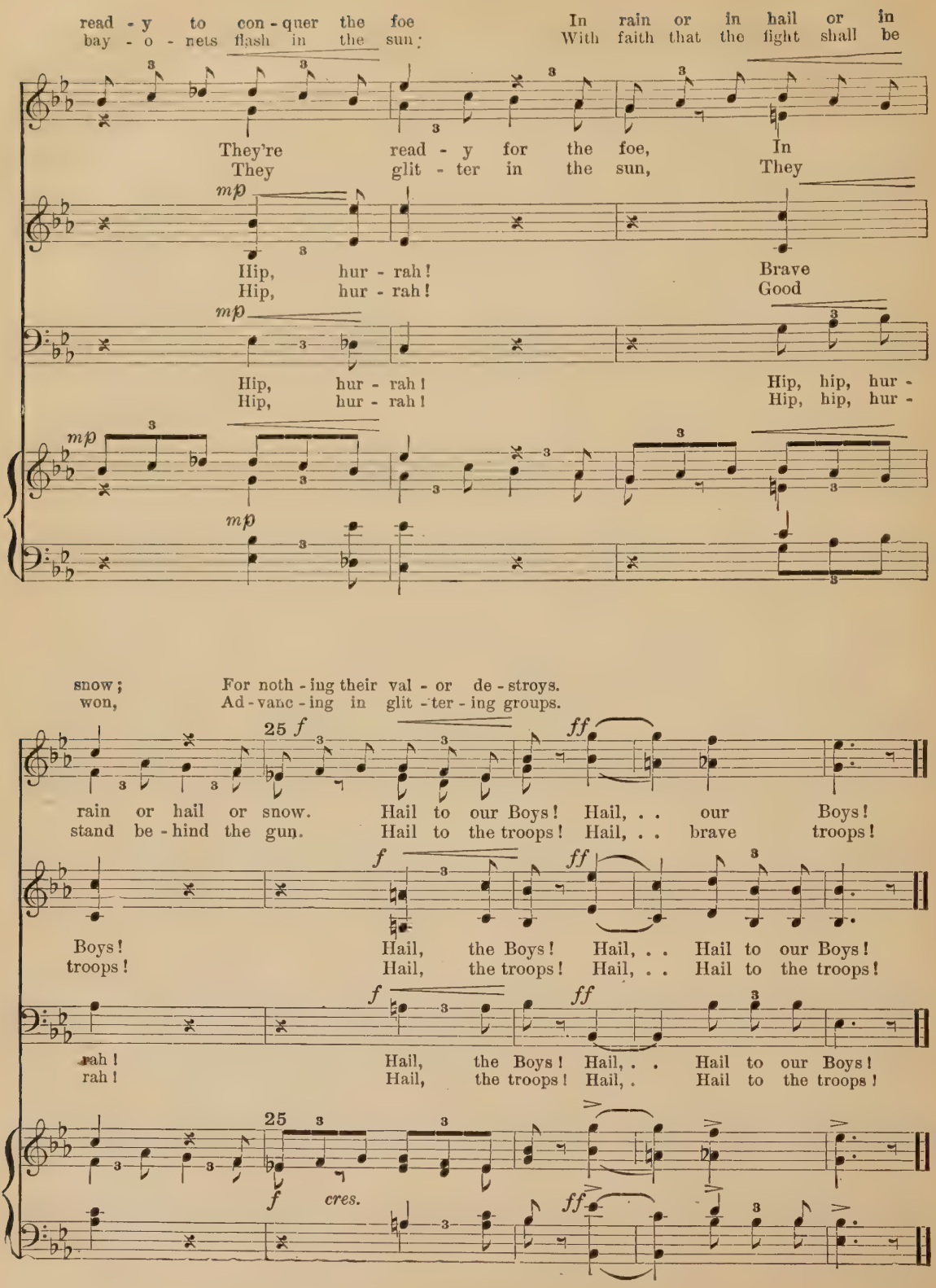

mf
10
tramp, tramp. A - mid our cheers, March the Vol-un - teers! They nev - er shirk The
Their hearts are true As the sky is blue; The flag they bear Is
feet, A - mid our cheers, March the Vol-un-teers! Mu-sic of drums . . Thundering
come, Their hearts are true As the sky is blue; Trumpet and fife . . . Add to the
tramp, tramp. A - mid our cheers, March the Vol - un - teers! Crowds are cry - ing And
Their hearts are true As the sky is blue; Hearts are thrill - ing And
15
20
They're
The
mp
brunt of work, And naught ap - pals, When the Na - tion calls.
flaunt - ing fair, The em - blem bright, With the stars be - dight.
comes. . . . O there is naught ap - pals, When the Na - tion calls.
life. . . . . That is the em - blem bright, With the stars be - dight.
caps are fly - ing. O naught ap - pals, When the Na - tion calls.
eyes are fill - ing. The em - blem bright, With the stars be - dight.


read - y to con - quer the foe In rain or in hail or in
bay - o - nets flash in the sun: With faith that the fight shall be
snow; For noth - ing their val - or de - stroys.
won, Ad - vanc - ing in glit - ter - ing groups.
They're read - y for the foe, In
They glit - ter in the sun, They
mp
Hip, hur - rah! Brave
Hip, hur - rah! Good
mp
Hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur -
Hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur -
mp
mp
25 f ff
rain or hail or snow. Hail to our Boys! Hail, . . our Boys!
stand be - hind the gun. Hail to the troops! Hail, . . brave troops!
f ff
Boys! Hail, the Boys! Hail, . . Hail to our Boys!
troops! Hail, the troops! Hail, . . Hail to the troops!
f ff
rah! Hail, the Boys! Hail, . . Hail to our Boys!
rah! Hail, the troops! Hail, . Hail to the troops!
25
f cres.
ff

The Farmer Boy

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

ROBERT W. MERRICK — WILHELM TAUBERT

S. 1 — *Vivo grazioso mf* — *p*

S. 2

1. The farm - er boy at break - of day Sings gay - ly on his ear - ly way A
2. Be - side his path in fresh ar - ray, The ear - ly flow - ers, fair and gay, A -
3. His heart, with joy of liv - ing glad, "Good morn-ing!" shouts the farm - er lad, And

A. — *mf* — *p*

5 — 10 — *mp*

live - ly round - e - lay, ... While
wake to hear his lay. . . . . They
ends his round - e - lay; . . . . . While

mp

mp — 14 — *cres.*

from the tree near by Mer - ry lark and thrush re - ply, And as ear - ly birds all
rise from moss - y beds And shake their dew - y heads And, as ear - ly flow - ers
from the rock - y hill Comes the voice of Ech - o shrill, And, as ear - ly ech - oes

mp — *cres.*

f — *cres.* — 20 — *ff*

do, Sing "Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! An ex - cel - lent Good morn-ing to you!"
do, Nod "Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! An ex - cel - lent Good morn-ing to you!"
do, Calls "Good morn-ing! Good morn-ing! An ex - cel - lent Good morn-ing to you!"

f — *cres.* — *ff*

The Snowdrop

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

EDWARD OXENFORD — CIRO PINSUTI

S. 1 — *Allegretto, dolce* — *p* — *f* — *p*

S. 2 — A. — *p dolce* — *f* — *f* — *p*

1. Fair har - bin - ger of bright - er days, We love thee, we love thee, For thou a her - ald true al - ways Dost prove thee, dost prove thee;
2. We love to see thy ti - ny bells, Ap - pear - ing, ap - pear - ing, For spring-time then each one fore - tells, Is near - ing, is near - ing;

When in - stead of win - ter drear,
Bright - er days are draw - ing nigh,

p

When in - stead of win - ter drear, Gold - en spring-time draw - eth near,
Bright-er days are draw - ing nigh, Days that cheer both heart and eye.

p [ALTO *reads text with* SOPRANO I.]

p animando assai

near, draw - eth near, O'er the mead-ow land, so green, Are thy eye, heart and eye, When the flow'rs that low have lain, All will snow - white blos-soms seen.
wake and bloom a - gain.

p animando assai

Allegro

Hail, Hail, hail! . .

f

Hail, hail, hail! All hail, all hail!
Hail, hail, hail! All hail, all hail!

f

A Warrior Bold

Three-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

EDWIN THOMAS

STEPHEN ADAMS
Arr. by C. B. RICH

S. *f Allegretto marziale* *dim.* *mp*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, in days . . of old, when knights were
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, so this . . brave knight, in ar - mor

A. *f* *dim.* *mp*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, in days . . of old, when knights were
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, so this . . brave knight, in ar - mor

B. *f*

1. In days of old, when knights were bold, And
2. So this brave knight, in ar - mor bright, Went

5 *cres.*

bold, when knights were bold, And barons held their sway,— A war- rior bold, with spurs of
bright, in ar- mor bright Went gayly to the fray; He fought the fight, but, ere the

cres.

bold, A war - rior bold, ... with spurs of gold, Sang
bright, He fought the fight, ... but, ere the night, His

cres.

bar-ons held their sway, A war - rior bold, with spurs of gold, Sang
gay - ly to the fray, He fought the fight but, ere the night, His

9 *f* *mp* *dolce*

gold, sang his lay, Sang mer-ri- ly . . his lay: "My love is
night, ere the night, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plighted

f *mp* *dolce*

mer - ri- ly his lay, . . Sang mer - ri - ly his lay: "She's
soul had pass'd a - way, . . His soul had pass'd a-way. The

f *mf*

mer - ri - ly his lay, Sang mer - ri- ly his lay: "My love is young and
soul had pass'd a-way, His soul had pass'd a - way. The plight-ed ring he

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15 *cres.*

young and fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so
ring he wore Was crush'd and wet . . with gore; Yet, ere he

cres.

fair, My love hath eyes so blue, and heart so
ring Was crush'd; yet, ere he died, he brave-ly

cres.

fair, My love hath gold - en hair, And eyes so blue, and
wore Was crush'd and wet with gore; Yet, ere he died, he

f 20 *sempre. f*

blue, and heart so true, That none with her com-pare! So what care
died, he brave-ly cried: "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care

f *sempre f*

true, ... That none with her com-pare! So what care I, tho'
cried: . . . . . "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho'

f *sempre f*

heart so true That none with her com - pare! So what care I, tho'
brave - ly cried: "I've kept the vow I swore. So what care I, tho'

25

I, tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love, for love I'll die; So what care
I, tho' death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love I die; So what care

death be nigh, I'll live for love, for love . . I'll die; So what care I tho'
death be nigh, I've fought for love, for love . . I die; So what care I tho'

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die; So what care I tho'
death be nigh, I've fought for love and die; So what care I tho'

1 rit. 2 30 rit. ff

I, . . . tho' death be nigh, I'll live for love or die!" I, . . . tho' death be nigh, I've

rit. rit. ff

death be nigh, I'll live for love or die!" death be nigh, be nigh, I've

rit. rit.

death be nigh, I'll live for love, or die!" death be nigh, I've fought for love, I've

35 p

fought for love, for love, for love I die, for love I die!"

dim.

fought, I've fought for love, for love I die!" . . . .

dim.

fought for love, ... I've fought for love, for love, for love I die!" . . . .

My Old Kentucky Home

Four-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

S. C. Foster

S. C. Foster
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. 1 *Andante.* *pp sotto voce*

S. 2

1, 2, 3. Old Ken-tuck-y Home,

A. *pp sotto voce*

1, 2, 3. Old Ken-tuck-y Home,

B. *mf*

1. The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y Home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the meadow, the hill and the
3. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may

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Ken - tuck - y Home,

5

My old Ken- tuck - y Home, Old Ken - tuck - y

My old Ken-tuck - y Home, Old Ken - tuck - y

gay, The corn top's ripe, and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
go; A few more days, and the trou - ble all will end, In the

mf

Home, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, The young folks roll on the
Home, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, The day goes by like a
Home, my old Ken - tuck - y Home, A few more days for to

Home, my old Ken- tuck - y Home.

mf

birds make mu - sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab - in door; The day goes by like a
field where the su - gar = canes grow; A few more days for to

Ken - tuck-y Home, ... Ken-tuck-y Home, (*as below*)

10

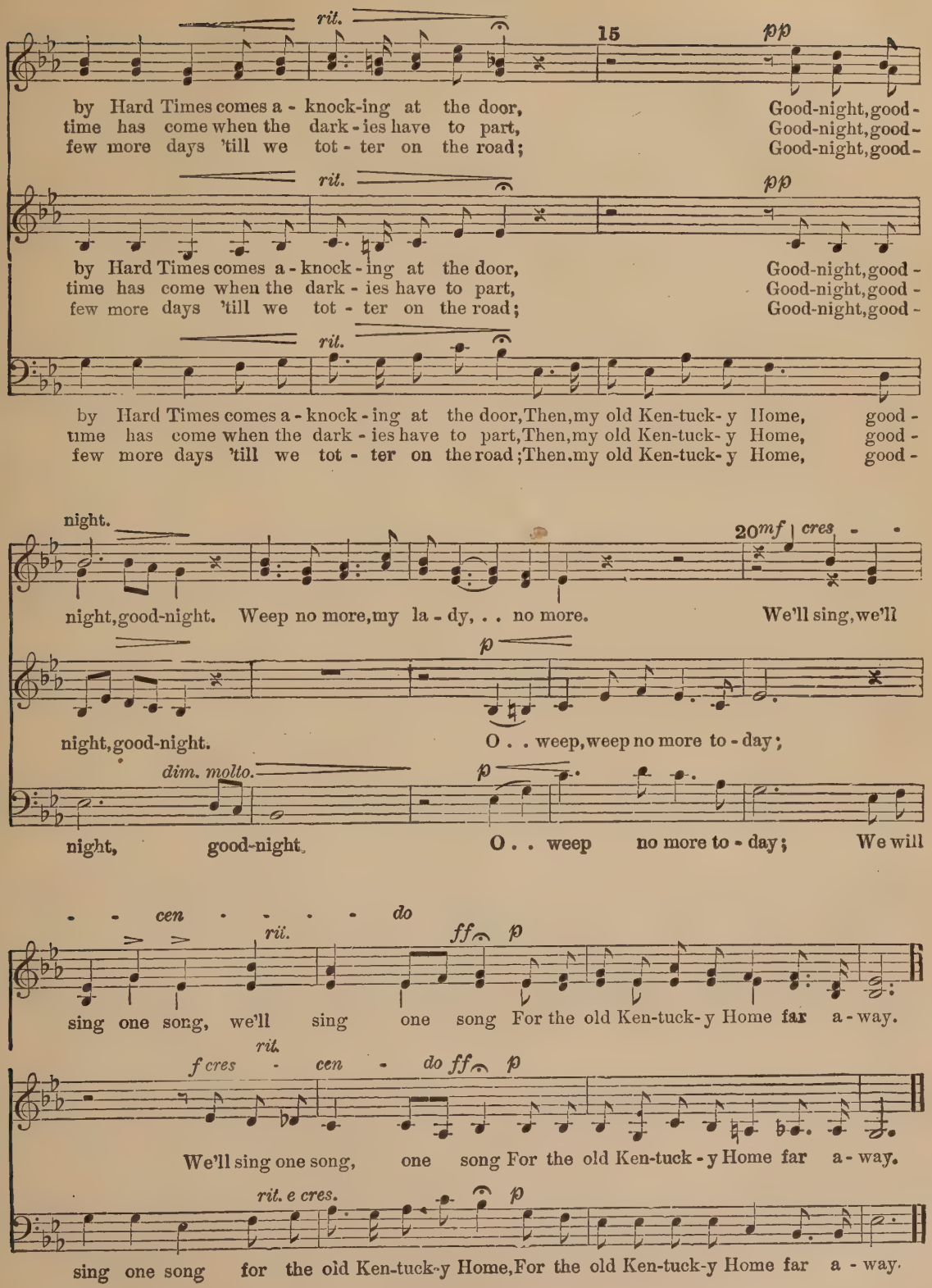
pp *mf* *mf*

lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, and hap - py and bright, ... By'n -
sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor- row where all was de - light; . . . . . The
tote the wea - ry load;— No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; . . . . . A

pp *mf*

My old Ken-tuck - y Home, (*as above*)

lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, and hap - py and bright, ... By'n-
sha - dow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; . . . . . The
tote the wea - ry load;— No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; . . . . . A


rit.
15
pp
by Hard Times comes a - knock-ing at the door, Good-night, good -
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Good-night, good -
few more days 'till we tot - ter on the road; Good-night, good -
rit.
pp
by Hard Times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Good-night, good -
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Good-night, good -
few more days 'till we tot - ter on the road; Good-night, good -
rit.
by Hard Times comes a - knock - ing at the door, Then, my old Ken-tuck- y Home, good -
time has come when the dark - ies have to part, Then, my old Ken-tuck- y Home, good -
few more days 'till we tot - ter on the road; Then, my old Ken-tuck- y Home, good -
night.
20 mf cres - -
night, good-night. Weep no more, my la - dy, . . no more. We'll sing, we'll
p
night, good-night. O . . weep, weep no more to - day;
dim. molto.
p
night, good-night. O . . weep no more to - day; We will
- - cen - - - - do
rit.
ff p
sing one song, we'll sing one song For the old Ken-tuck- y Home far a - way.
f cres rit. - cen - do ff p
We'll sing one song, one song For the old Ken-tuck - y Home far a - way.
rit. e cres.
p
sing one song for the old Ken-tuck-y Home, For the old Ken-tuck-y Home far a - way.

Napoli

Two-Part Song for Equal Voices

NIXON WATERMAN — LUIGI CARACCIOLO

S. *Allegretto con brio*

p

1. Fair Na - ples, 'neath your skies of soft - est az - ure, You dream a -
2. By day or night, 'neath sun or star re - pos - ing, Your vine - clad
3. When o'er your fes - tal scenes with glad - ness glow - ing, The mel - low

A.

p

pp *mp*

5

bove your bay whose charm en - tranc - ing, A - wak - ens in the breast a thrill of
hills lead up to shin - ing moun - tains. Your ma - ny wind - ing streets with grace dis -
moon with ra - diant glance is beam - ing. 'Tis then, with life and beau - ty o - ver -

5

10 *mf con brio*

pleasure, When o'er the waves the hap - py sails are danc - ing. Such light and lus - ter,
clos - ing Your thousand gar-dens glad with fruits and foun - tains. Such light and lus - ter,
flow-ing, You seem a vis - ion fashioned 'mid our dream-ing. Such light and lus - ter,

mf con brio

10

mf con brio

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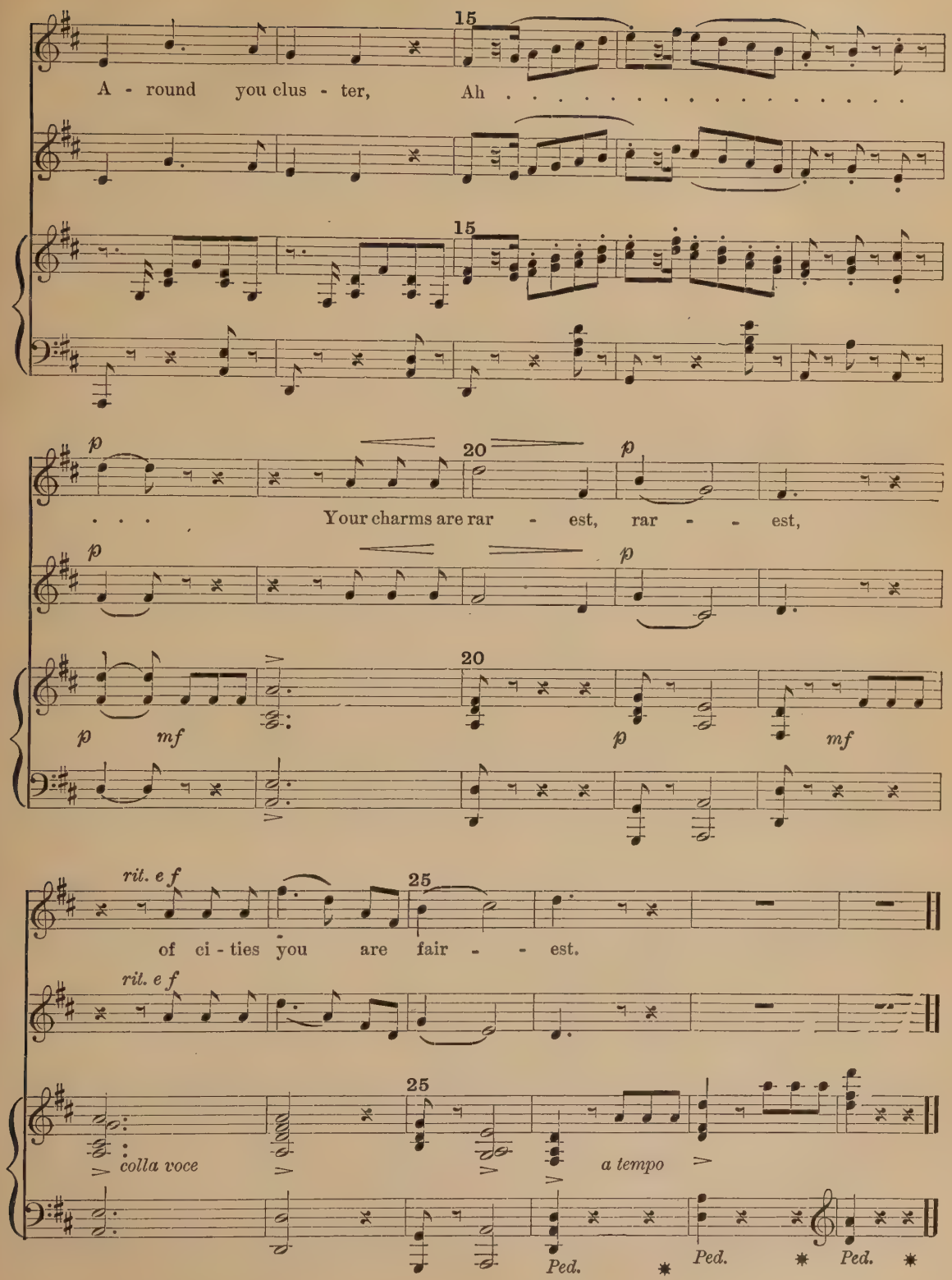

15
A - round you clus - ter, Ah . . . . . .
15
p
20
p
. . . Your charms are rar - est, rar - - est,
p
p
p mf
20
p mf
rit. e f
25
of ci - ties you are fair - - est.
rit. e f
25
colla voce
a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

Home, Sweet Home

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE — HENRY R. BISHOP

S. 1 *Moderato ed espressivo*

S. 2

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam; Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; O . .
3. To thee I'll re - turn o - ver - bur - dened with care, The . .

T.

A.

1. 'Mid pleas - ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam; Be it
2. An ex - ile from home, splen - dor daz - zles in vain; O . .
3. To thee I'll re - turn o - ver - bur - dened with care, The .

B.

5 10

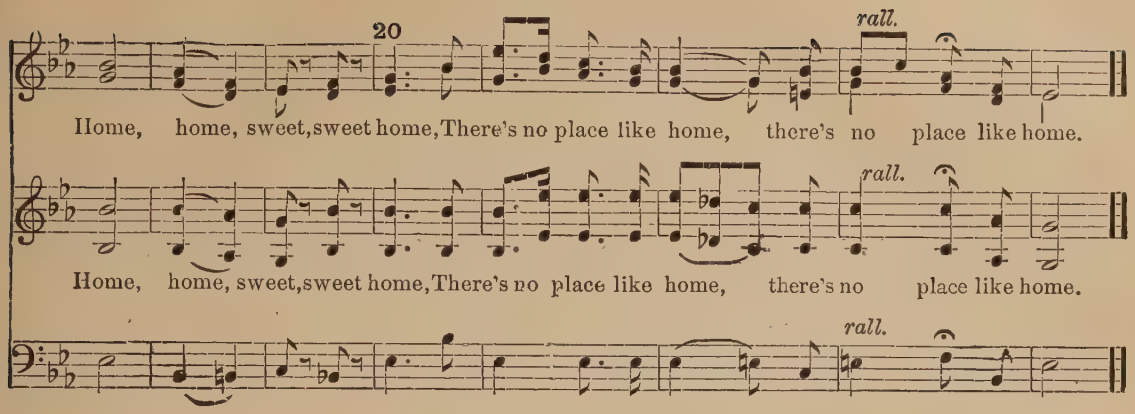
ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the sky seems to
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gay - ly, that
heart's dear - est sol - ace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a -

ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home; A charm from the sky seems to
give me my low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain! The birds sing - ing gay - ly, that
heart's dear - est sol - ace will smile on me there; No more from that cot - tage a -

15

hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
come at my call, Give me them and that peace of mind, dear - er than all!
gain will I roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home.

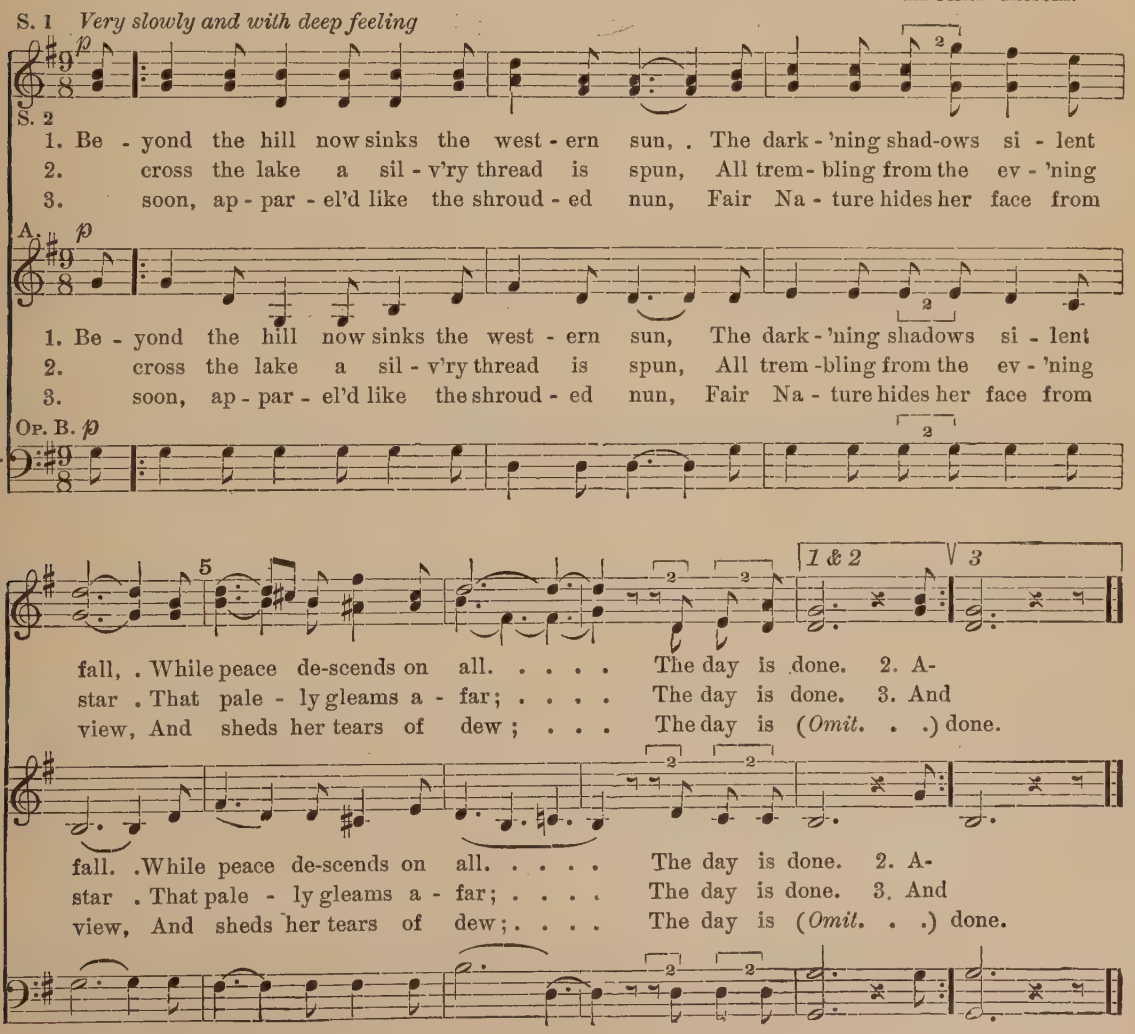
hal - low us there, Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else-where.
come at my call, Give me them and that peace of mind, dear - er than all!
gain will I roam, Be it ev - er so hum - ble, there's no place like home



Eventide

Three-Part or Four-Part Song (Optional Bass)

STANLEY C. WORCESTER — EDUARD LASSEN



The Happy Miller

Unison Song for Basses, with Four-Part Chorus

DAVID K. STEVENS — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro vivace

BASS SOLO, OR UNISON CHORUS

1. In a shel - tered vale Lives a mil - ler hale, And the mill - race churn-ing, Keeps the bus - y wheel a - turn - ing, And the val - ley rings, As the mil - ler sings: "While the bus - y wheel is turn - ing And a pen - ny I am earn - ing, Trou - ble
2. To the shel - tered vale Comes the win - ter gale, And the hearth-fire's burn-ing, But the wheel's no lon - ger turn - ing; "Nev-er mind the gale!" Sings the mil - ler hale; "While the fire is bright - ly burn - ing Tho' there's ne'er a mill-wheel turn - ing, Hun - ger

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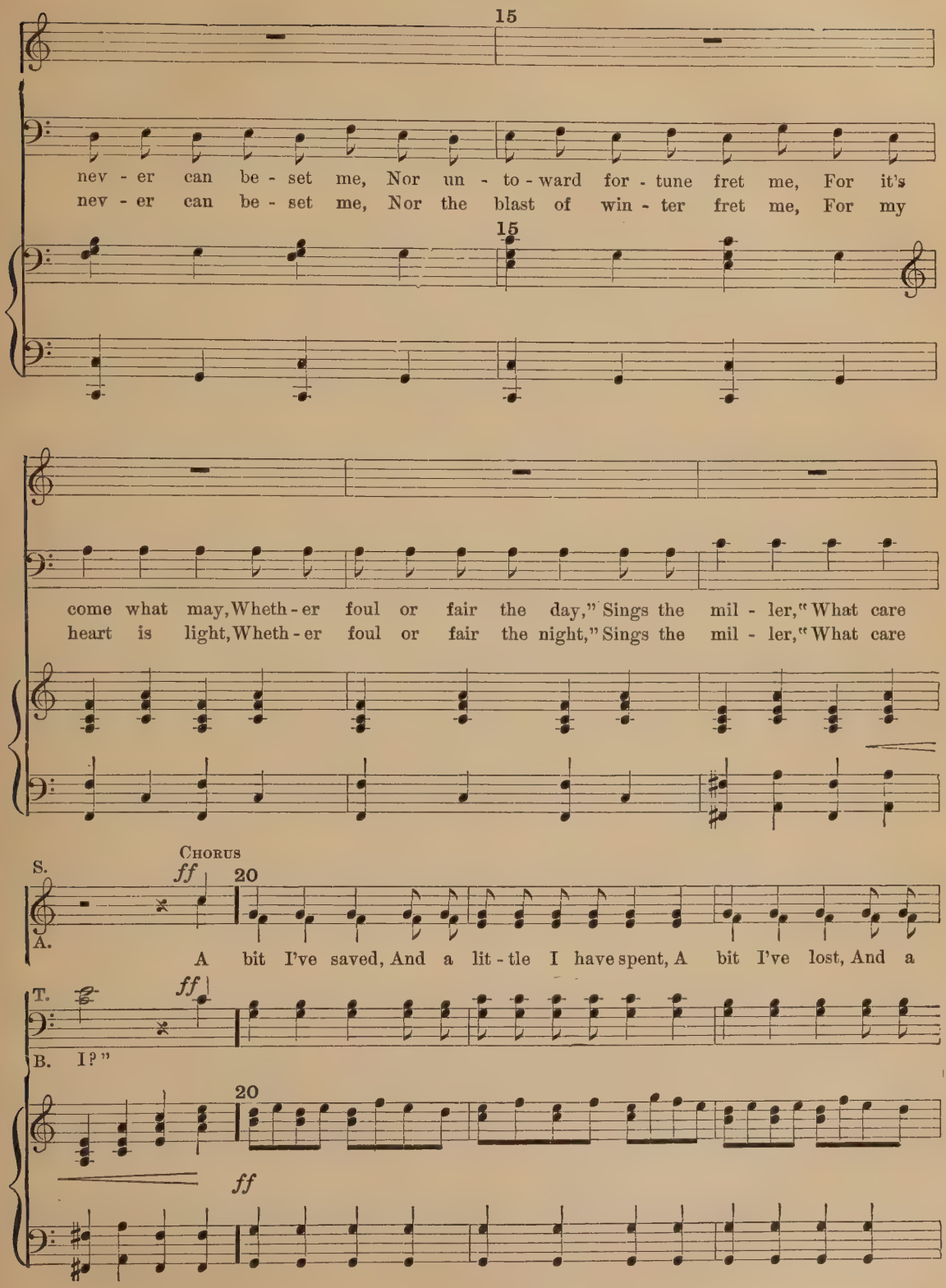
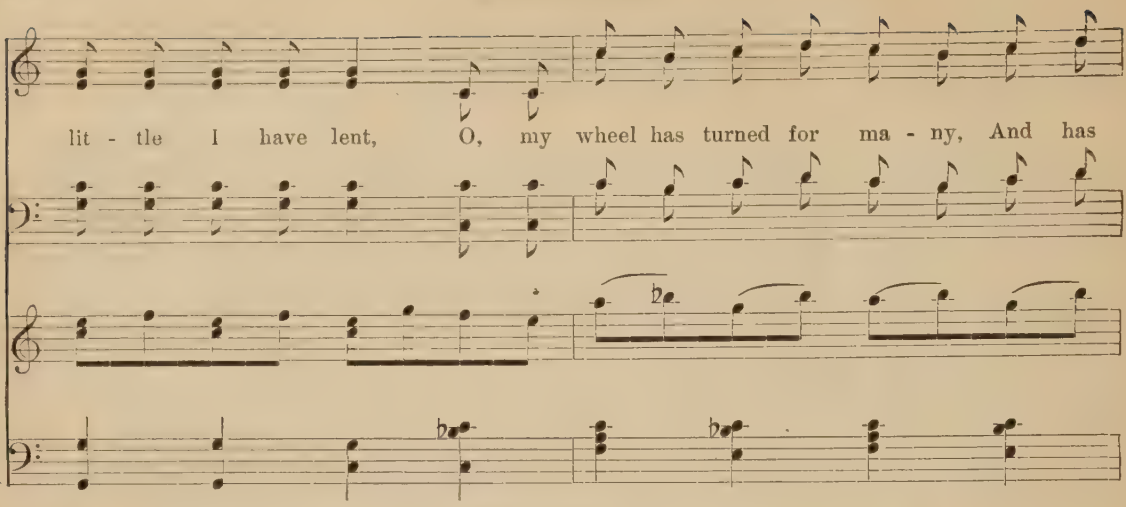
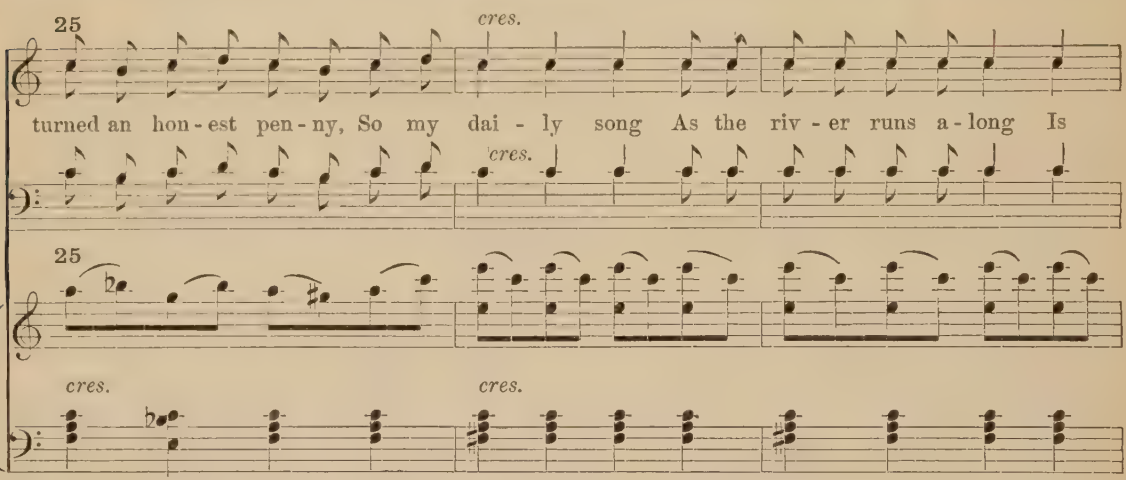
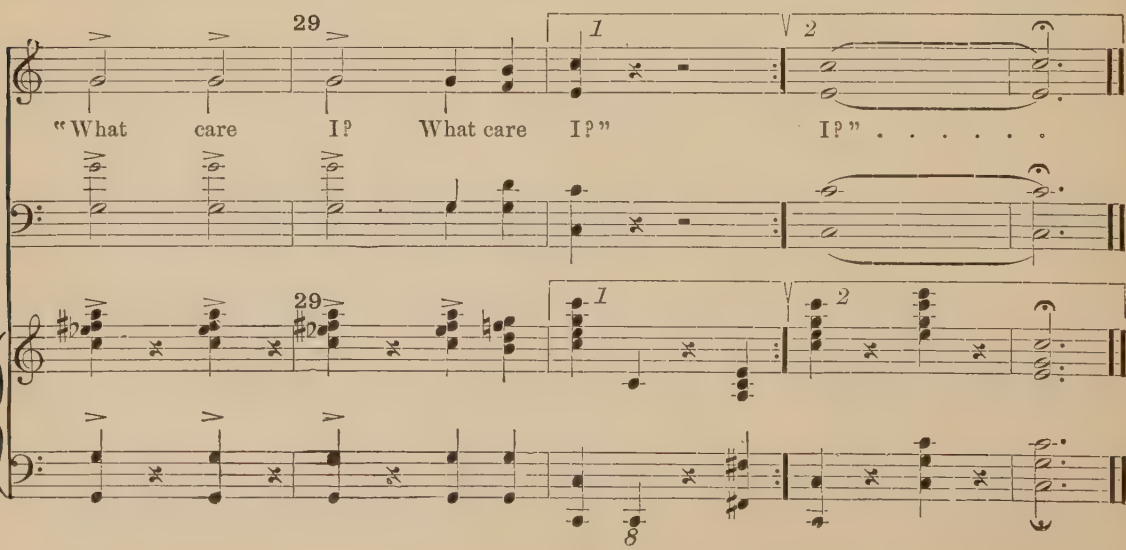

15
nev - er can be - set me, Nor un - to - ward for - tune fret me, For it's
nev - er can be - set me, Nor the blast of win - ter fret me, For my
15
come what may, Wheth - er foul or fair the day," Sings the mil - ler, "What care
heart is light, Wheth - er foul or fair the night," Sings the mil - ler, "What care
S.
A.
Chorus
ff
20
A bit I've saved, And a lit - tle I have spent, A bit I've lost, And a
T.
B.
ff
I?"
20
ff


lit - tle I have lent, O, my wheel has turned for ma - ny, And has


25
cres.
turned an hon - est pen - ny, So my dai - ly song As the riv - er runs a - long Is
cres.
25
cres.
cres.


29
1
2
"What care I? What care I?"
I?" . . . . . .
29
1
2

March, March Along

Unison Song for Medium or Low Voices

GEORGE F. MORTON

GEORGE W. CHADWICK

Tempo di marcia

mf — *cres.*

1. The trump - et-call is sound-ing With wild and wel - come ring; To
2. Our tramp grows firm and stea - dy As we get un - der way; For
3. Each mo - ment growing bold - er As in our strength we go, With

mf — *cres.*

f — *f*

pla - ces swift - ly bound-ing, We catch the rhyth-mic swing. March, march along,
con - flict nerv'd and rea - dy, We has - ten to the fray. March, march along,
shoul-der touch-ing shoul-der, We scorn the wait - ing foe! March, march along,

f — *f*

joy - ous and strong, Tho' dangers lie before us, We bid all fear be gone: Shout, loud and long

cres. e rit. — *ff* — 1, 2 — 3

our bat-tle-song In one u - nit - ed cho - rus, As we march on! we march on!

1, 2 — 3

cres. e rit. — *ff*

By permission, from the Zeta Psi Song-Book

Lullaby

Three-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

From the German of K. Simrock

Johannes Brahms
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. *Andante pp*

1, 2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

A. *pp*

1, 2. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

B. *p*

1. Lul - la - by and good night; With ro - ses be - dight, . . With lil - ies o'er=
2. Lul - la - by and good night, Thy moth - er's de - light. . . Bright an - gels be -

più f

lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la - by,

più f

lul - la - by, lul - - - la, lul - la - by, lul - la, lul - la - by,

mp

spread Is ba - by's wee bed. Lay thee down now and
side My dar - ling a - bide. They will guard thee at

10

lul -la, lul - la -by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul-la - by, lul - la, lul - la - by,

lul -la, lul - la -by, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul - la, lul-la - by, lul - la, lul - la - by,

rest, May thy slum - ber be blest; Lay thee down now and
rest, Thou shalt wake on my

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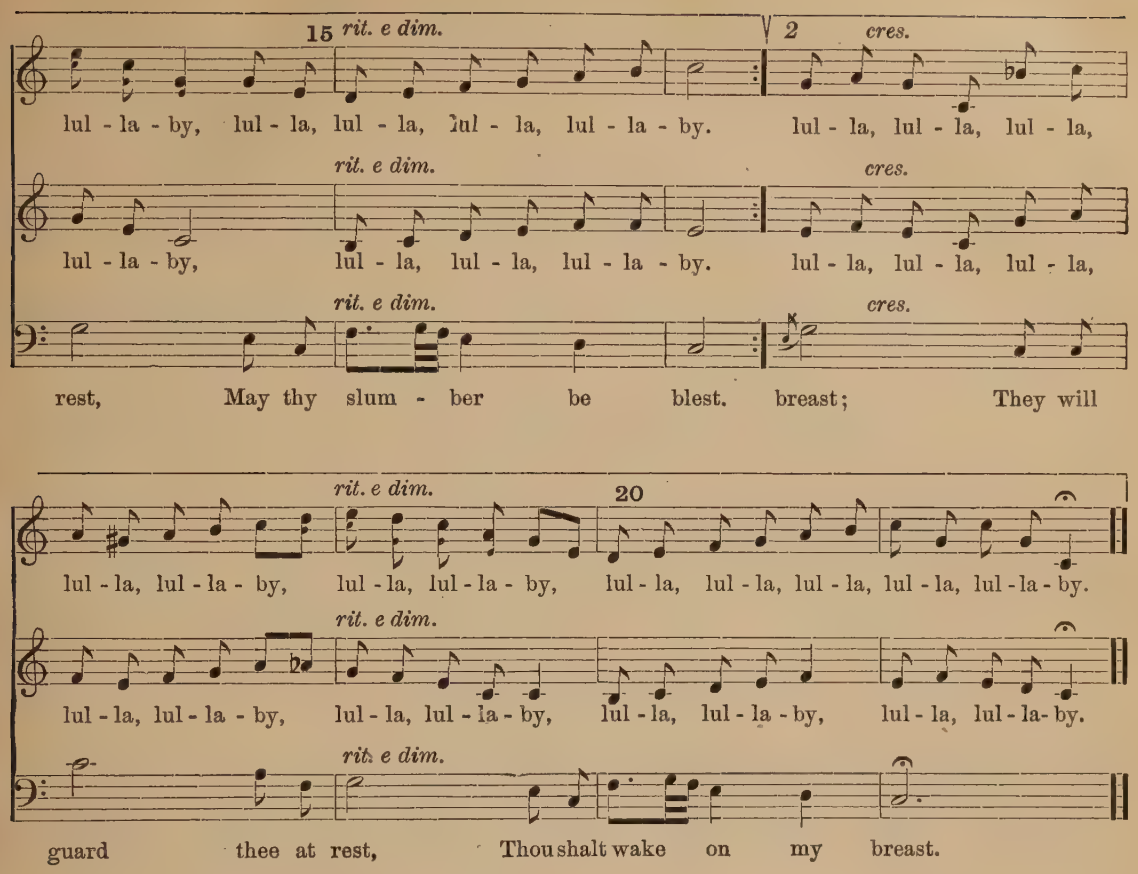
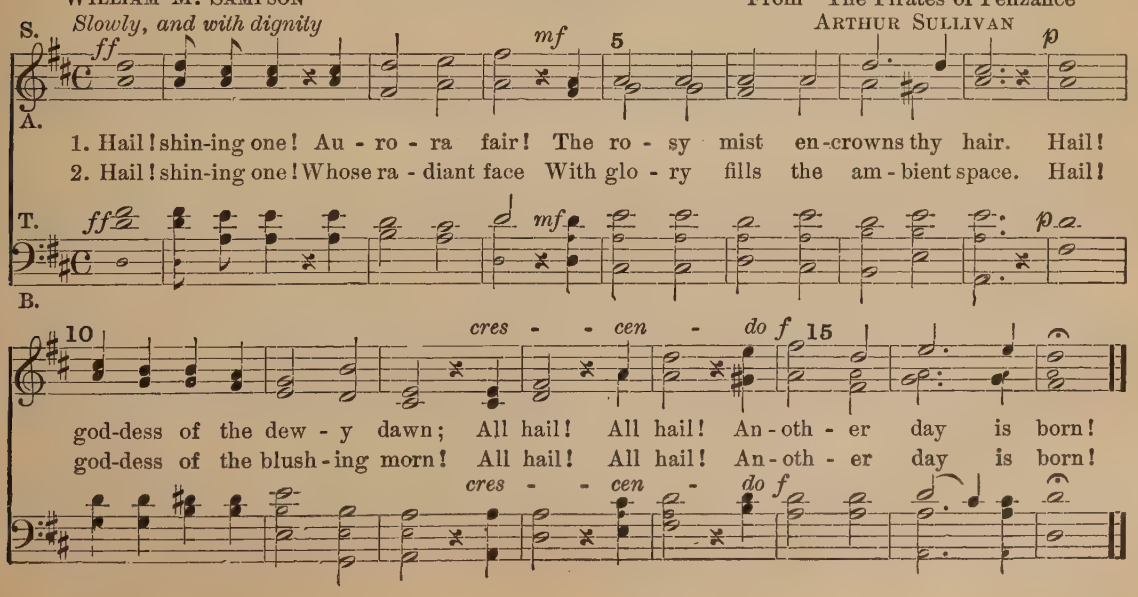


Morning

Chorale in Four Parts



I Chose a Star in Heaven

For Four-Part Chorus

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN — JOHN W. TUFTS

S. *Andante tranquillo*

A. *mp*

1. I chose a star in heav - en, My guid - ing star to be, . . And
2. It was my guide so faith - ful, In man - y a gloom-y night, . And

T. *mp*

B.

oft as I looked thith - er, It bright - ly shone on me. . .
oft through un - seen dan - gers Led all my steps a - right.. .

The Shipwright

Unison Song for Low Voices

F. E. WEATHERLY — J. L. MOLLOY

Allegro moderato — *mf*

1. The morn-ing breez - es gay - ly sing, The
2. The work is done, the skies are blue, The

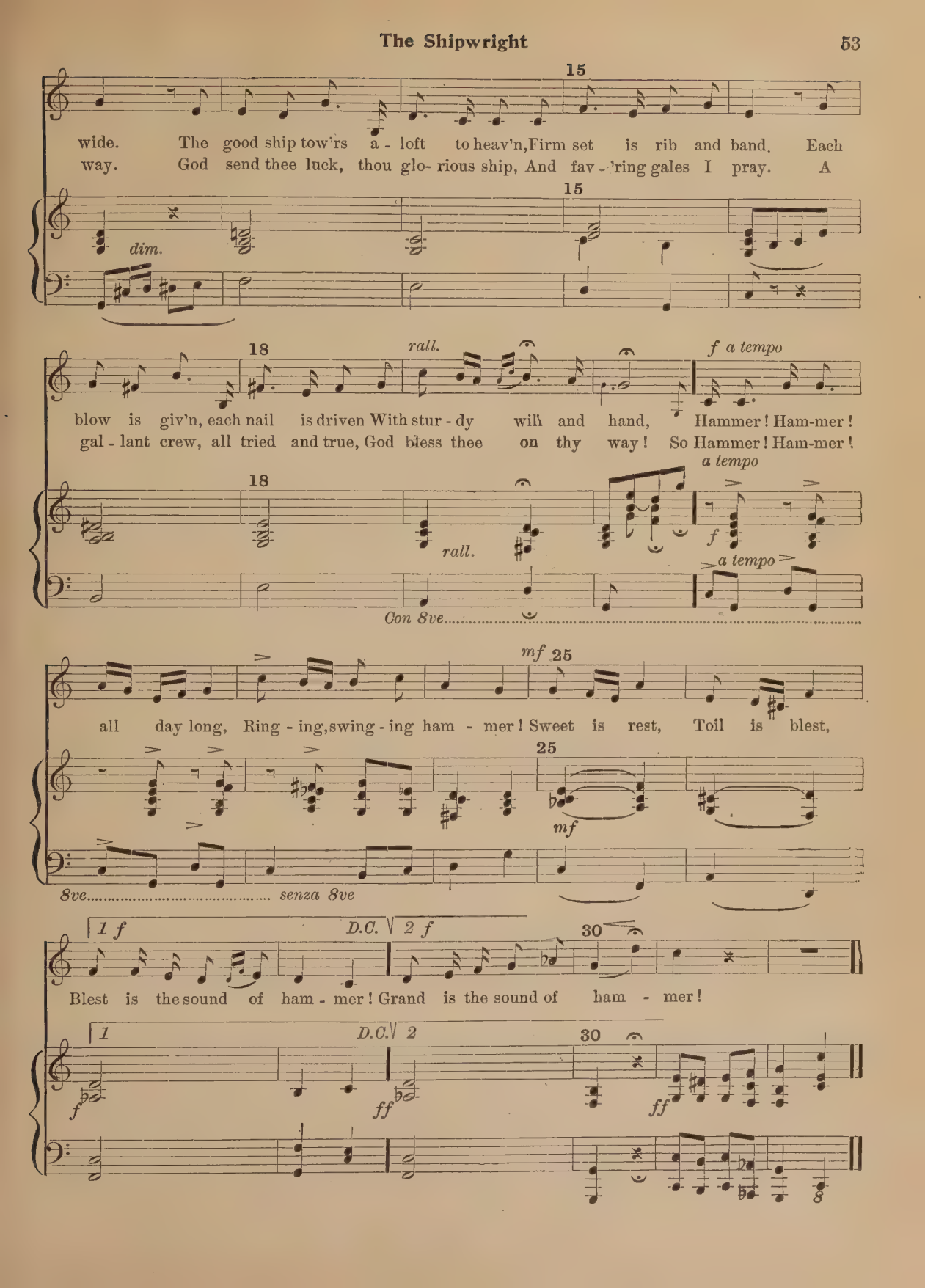
Con spirito — *f* — *p*

Con 8ve

sun is on the tide, A thou - sand ham-mers fall and ring A - cross the dock yard
wind blows fresh and gay — Then cut the strain-ing ropes in two And dash the shores* a -

Ped.

* Props or beams.


15
wide. The good ship tow'rs a - loft to heav'n, Firm set is rib and band. Each
way. God send thee luck, thou glo- rious ship, And fav - 'ring gales I pray. A
dim.
18
rall.
f a tempo
blow is giv'n, each nail is driven With stur - dy will and hand, Hammer! Ham-mer!
gal - lant crew, all tried and true, God bless thee on thy way! So Hammer! Ham-mer!
a tempo
rall.
Con 8ve
mf 25
all day long, Ring - ing, swing - ing ham - mer! Sweet is rest, Toil is blest,
8ve
senza 8ve
1 f
D.C.
2 f
30
Blest is the sound of ham - mer! Grand is the sound of ham - mer!
1
D.C.
2
ff

The Faithful Echo

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices, with Optional Bass

HENRY HERSEE — WILHELM GANZ

S. 1 — *Moderato* — *p*

S. 2

1. Through the val - ley, soon as morn Its wreath of gold - en sun - light brings,
2. Oft have lov - ers tried to gain A smile from Lil - la's laugh - ing eyes,

A. — *p*

5 — *cres.* — *f*

A song is on the breeze up-borne, 'Tis Lil - la's voice, and thus she sings: "My
But all their plead - ings are in vain; She still in mer - ry song re - plies: "I

cres. — *f*

10 — *poco rall.*

joy - ous heart is free from care, And thus in care - less, hap - py strain, I
call on Ech - o to re - ply, For that can ne'er de - ceive you know." Then

poco rall.

a tempo — 15

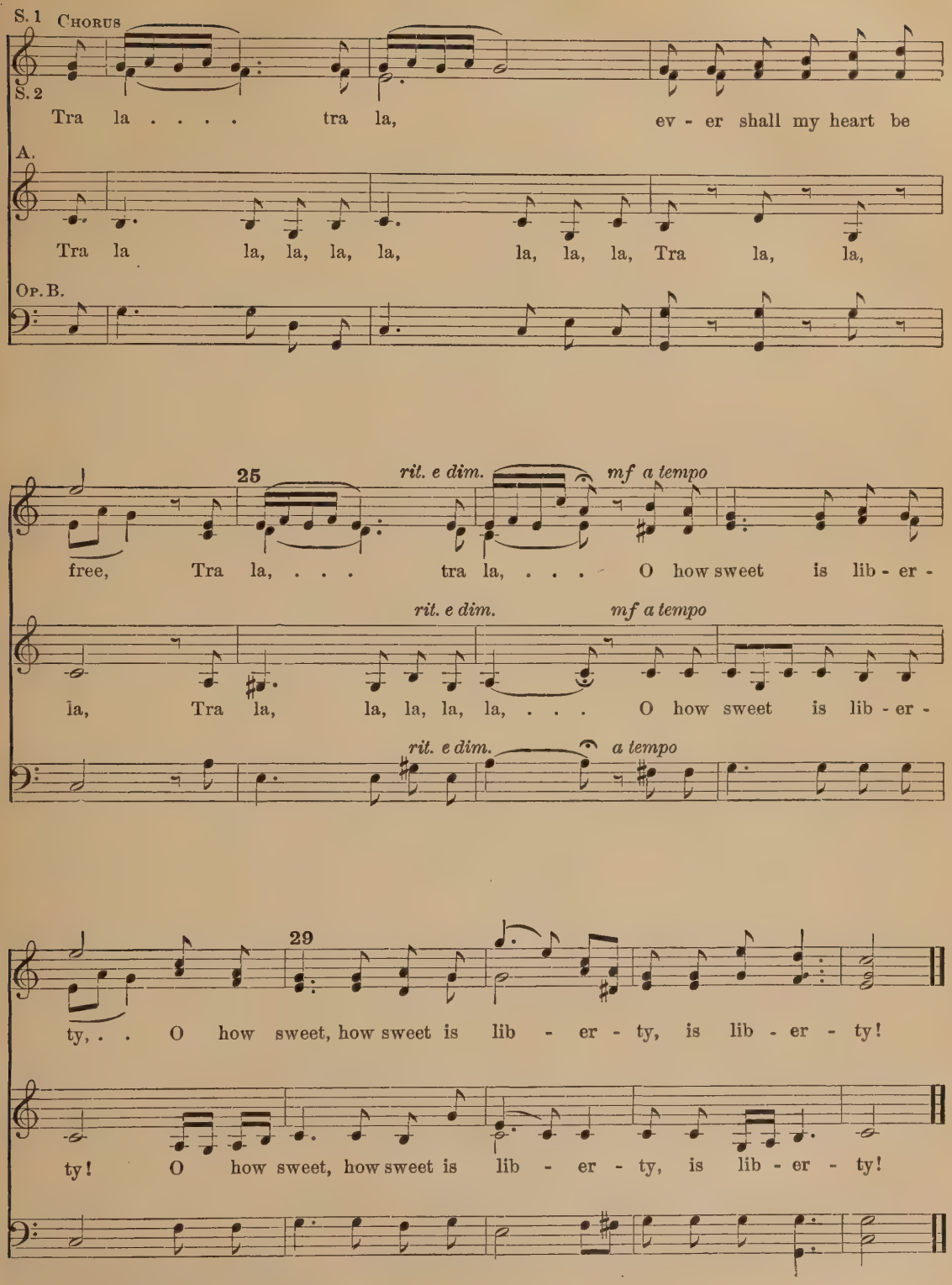
wel - come in the morn - ing fair, I wel - come in the morn - ing fair, While
laugh - ter spark - les in her eye, Then laugh - ter spark - les in her eye, While

a tempo

p — *p* — *poco rit.* — 20

ech - o, ech - o, While ech - o, ech - o, while ech - o an - swers back a - gain."
ech - o, ech - o, While ech - o, ech - o, while faith - ful ech - o an - swers "No."

poco rit.



*Small note for use when Bass is sung.

Vacation Song

Three-part or Four-part Song (Optional Bass)

NORMAN D. SHERWOOD — KARL FRIEDRICH ZOLLNER

S. 1 *mf* *Andante* — *Allegro moderato*

S. 2

1. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the days, hap - py days, when the morn's first beam Soft - ly
2. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the days, sun - ny days, when the heart is light As the
3. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the cool morn - ing walk by a shad - owed way To the

A. *mf*

1. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the days, hap - py days, when the morn's first beam Soft - ly
2. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the days, sun - ny days, when the heart is light As the
3. Sing, com - rades, sing! Of the cool morn - ing walk by a shad - owed way To the

Op. B. *mf*

5 *cres* - - - - *cen* - -

touch - es the glade with a gold - en gleam, And a - wak - ens the lark from the
wing of a swal - low in morn - ing flight, And the swift fly - ing mo - ments with
clear - flow - ing stream where the fish - es play, And the mead - ow be - yond where the

cres - - - - *cen* - -

touch - es the glade with a gold - en gleam, And a - wak - ens the lark from the
wing of a swal - low in morn - ing flight, And the swift fly - ing mo - ments with
clear - flow - ing stream where the fish - es play, And the mead - ow be - yond where the

cres - - - - *cen* - -

- - - - *do* *1, 2* *f* 10 *3* *ff*

still night's dream — Sing, com - rades, sing!
joy are bright — Sing, com - rades, sing!
flow'rs are gay — (*Omit* . . . . .) Sing, com - rades, sing!

- - - *do* *f* *ff*

still night's dream — Sing, com - rades, sing!
joy are bright — Sing, com - rades, sing!
flow'rs are gay — (*Omit* . . . . .) Sing, com - rades sing!

- - - *do* *f* *ff*

Spring Song

Three-Part Song for Soprano, Alto and Bass

THORNTON W. STANDISH — FERD. GUMBERT

Allegretto

S. *p* — *f* — *p*

1. Joy - ous Spring has come a - gain With her ways so woo - ing;
2. Through the blos - som - scent - ed grove, Hap - py birds are wing - ing;
3. All the world is bright and fair In the soft spring weath - er;

A. *p* — *f* — *p*

1. Joy - ous Spring has come a - gain With her ways so woo - ing;
2. Through the blos - som - scent - ed grove, Hap - py birds are wing - ing;
3. All the world is bright and fair In the soft spring weath - er;

B. *p* — *f* — *p*

5 *mp* — *p* — *p*

Through the hap - py grove and glen, O'er the grass - y field and fen
'Mid the leaf - y haunts they love, In a mer - ry troop they rove,
Joy and beau - ty ev - 'ry-where, Bird and blos - som, earth and air,

mp — *p*

Through the hap - py grove and glen, the grove and glen,
'Mid the leaf - y haunts they love, the haunts they love,
Joy and beau - ty ev - 'ry-where, yes, ev - 'ry - where,

Through the hap - py grove and glen, O'er the grass - y field and fen,
'Mid the leaf - y haunts they love, In a mer - ry troop they rove,
Joy and beau - ty ev - 'ry - where, Bird and blos - som, earth and air,

10 *f* — *mp* — *p*

Her soft sun - shine strew - ing, Her soft sun - shine strew - ing.
Their gay car - ols sing - ing, Their gay car - ols sing - ing.
All are glad to - geth - er, All are glad to - geth - - er.

f — *mp* — *p*

Her soft sun - shine strew - ing, Her soft sun - shine strew - ing.
Their gay car - ols sing - ing, Their gay car - ols sing - ing.
All are glad to - geth - er, All are glad to - geth - er.

f — *mp* — *p*

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The Venetian Gondolier

NIXON WATERMAN — HENRY HADLEY

S. 1 *Allegretto grazioso* — *p*

S. 2

1. Joy - ful - ly the gon - do - lier Guides his hap - py boat, . . Glid - ing o'er the
2. Up and down her Grand Ca - nal, 'Mid her world of boats, . . In a ga - la
3. When at night the moon and stars Crown the skies a - bove, . . Then the notes of

T. *p*

A.

1. Joy - ful - ly* the gon - do - lier Guides his boat, his hap - py boat, Glid - ing o'er the
2. Up and down her Grand Ca - nal, 'Mid her world of boats, of boats, In a ga - la
3. When at night the moon and stars Crown the skies a - bove, a - bove, Then the notes of

B. *p*

Guides his hap - py boat, . .
'Mid her world of boats, . .
Crown the skies a - bove, . .

Allegretto grazioso — *p*

mf

wa - ters clear, Like a swan a - float. Thread-ing ma - ny a shin - ing way
fes - ti - val, Love - ly Ven - ice floats. Through her wind - ings, far and near,
soft gui - tars Tell of life and love. Mov - ing gay - ly to and fro,

mf

wa - ters clear, Like a swan a - float. Thread - ing a shin - ing way
fes - ti - val Love - ly Ven - ice floats. Through her wind - ings, far and near,
soft gui - tars Tell of life and love. Mov - ing gay - ly to and fro,

mf

mf

* Alto-tenors prominent.

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Toward his hap - py goal, . . .
Street or lone la - goon, . . .
On their wind - ing ways, . . .

cres. *f*

Toward his hap - py goal, Sings the gon - do - lier, so gay,
Street or lone la - goon, Still the hap - py gon - do - lier
On their wind - ing ways Boats like fai - ry fan - cies go

cres. *f*

Toward his . . . hap - py goal, Sings the gon - do - lier, so gay,
Street or . . . lone la - goon, Still the hap - py gon - do - lier
On their . . wind - ing ways, Boats like fai - ry fan - cies go

cres. *f*

Toward his . . . goal, . . .
Street or la - goon, . . .
On their . . ways, . . .

cres. *f*

15 CHORUS *p* 20

Sings his bar - ca - rolle. Ven - ice, jew - el of the sea, ...
Sings his mer - ry tune.
In a mel - low maze.

p

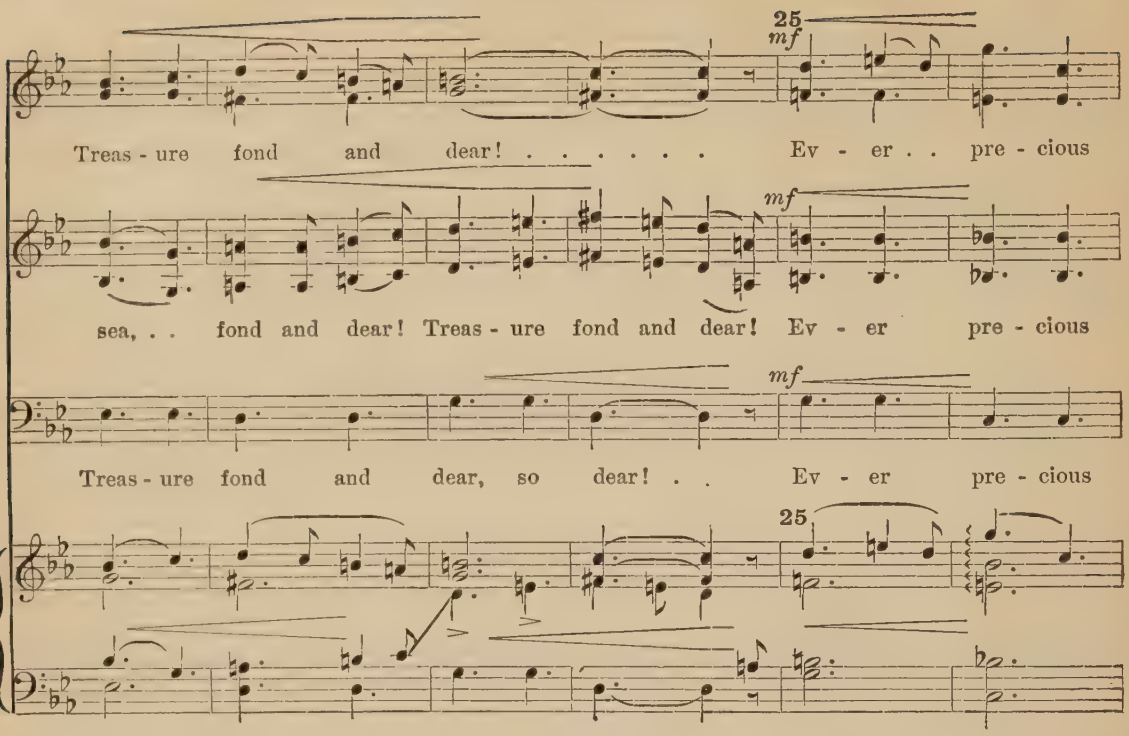
Sings his bar - ca - rolle. Ven - ice, Ven - ice, jew - el of the
Sings his mer - ry tune.
In a mel - low maze.

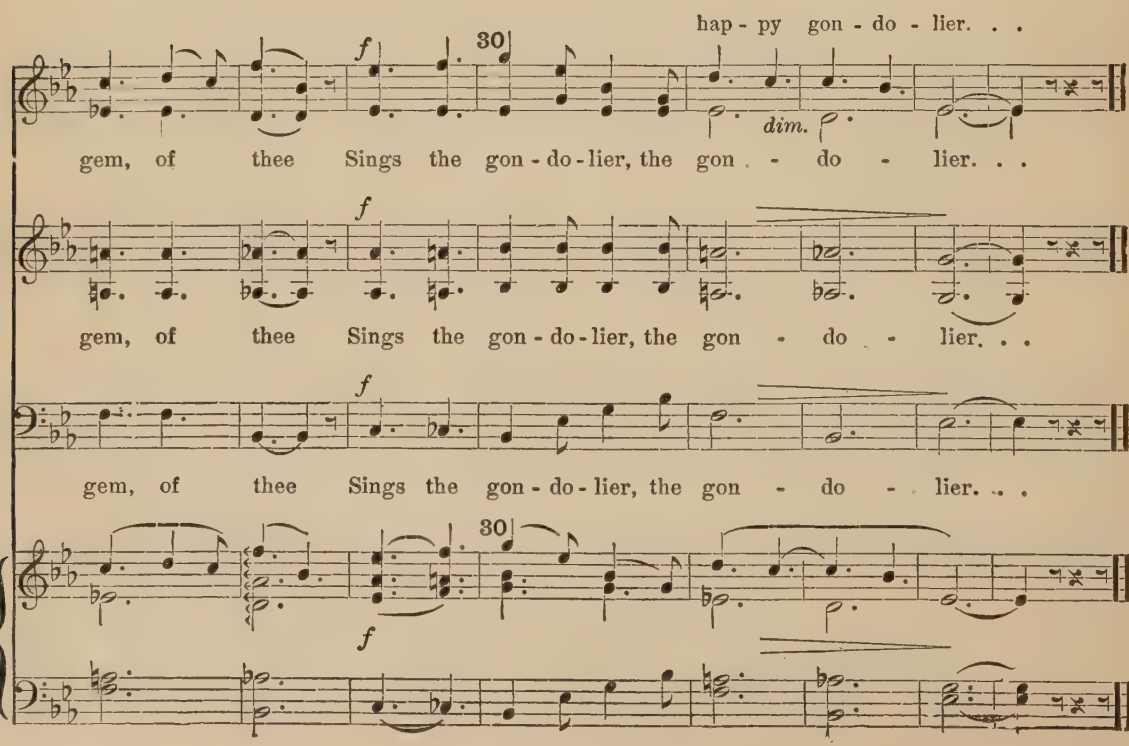
p

Ven - ice, jew - el of the sea, . . held so dear

15 20

p


25
mf
Treas - ure fond and dear! . . . . . Ev - er . . pre - cious
mf
sea, . . fond and dear! Treas - ure fond and dear! Ev - er pre - cious
mf
Treas - ure fond and dear, so dear! . . Ev - er pre - cious
25


hap - py gon - do - lier. . .
f
30
dim.
gem, of thee Sings the gon - do - lier, the gon - do - lier. . .
f
gem, of thee Sings the gon - do - lier, the gon - do - lier. . .
f
gem, of thee Sings the gon - do - lier, the gon - do - lier. . .
30
f

A Forest Ramble

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

EDWARD CORNWALL — FRANZ ABT

S. 1 *mf Alla marcia*

S. 2

1. The day - star is shin - ing o'er moun - tain and lake,—The birds of the
2. As thus thro' the green-wood we wan - der a - long, And hear the wild
3. The world's bright - est treas - ures soon van - ish and cloy, Com-pared with the

A. *mf*

for - est from slum - ber a - wake, The dews hang like pearl drops on wild rose and
lin - net,—me - lo - dious with song, We seem in its free - dom and glad - ness to
pleas - ures like these we en - joy, They soothe and they cheer us, and light - en life's

a tempo

thorn, All na - ture re - joic - es to wel - come the morn, All na - ture re -
share; Our hearts are un - burd - en'd of sor - row and care, Our hearts are un -
hours; Then wel - come the song-birds, the green-wood and bow'rs, Then wel - come the

joic - es to wel - come the morn. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la,
burd-en'd of sor - row and care. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la,
song-birds, the green - wood and bowr's. Tra la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Tra la,

rit. *pp* *f a tempo*

la, la, la, la, la, la, . All na - ture re - joic - es to wel - come the morn.
la, la, la, la, la, la, . Our hearts are un - burd - en'd of sor - row and care.
la, la, la, la, la, la, . Then wel - come the song - birds, the green-wood and bow'rs.

rit. *pp* *f a tempo*

Football Song

DAVID K. STEVENS — ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro con brio — *mf* VOICES IN UNISON

1. Let ev-'ry voice tri - umphant ring, We have made the foe - man yield; We have won the day, By the gal - lant play Of our lads on the white-barred field. For our col - ors now, a - bove them all, Float
2. 'Tis a thrilling sight when the teams line up, And a- wait the first at - tack; From the struggling mass Comes a for- ward pass, Or a kick of the quar - ter - back. A clev - er catch—a breath - less run, And a
3. O sing the game of the autumn field, When the frost is in the air, When friend - ly strife is the joy of life, In a sport be - yond com-pare! And give a cheer to the pluck - y foe, Who

f *mf* *simile*

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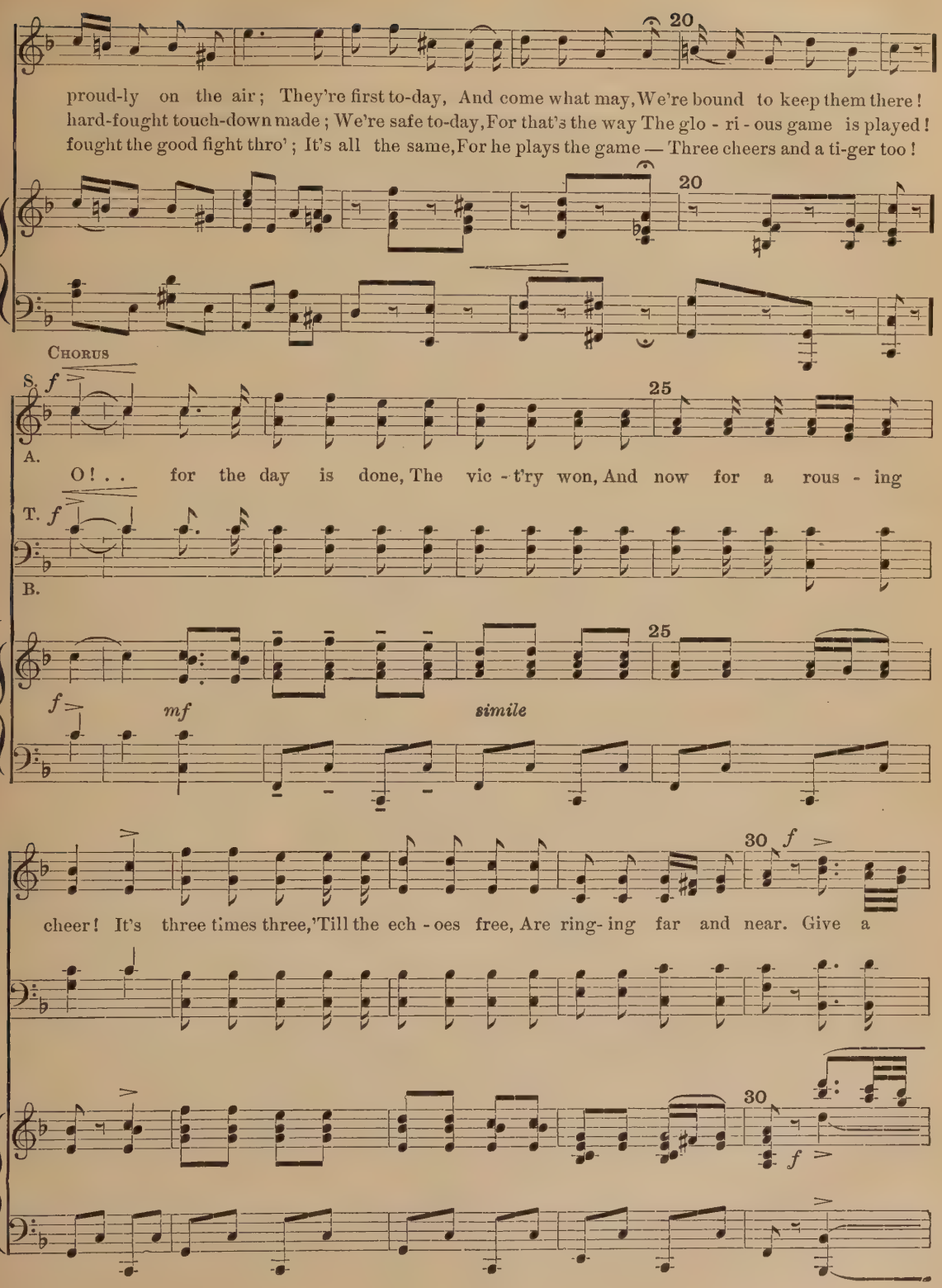
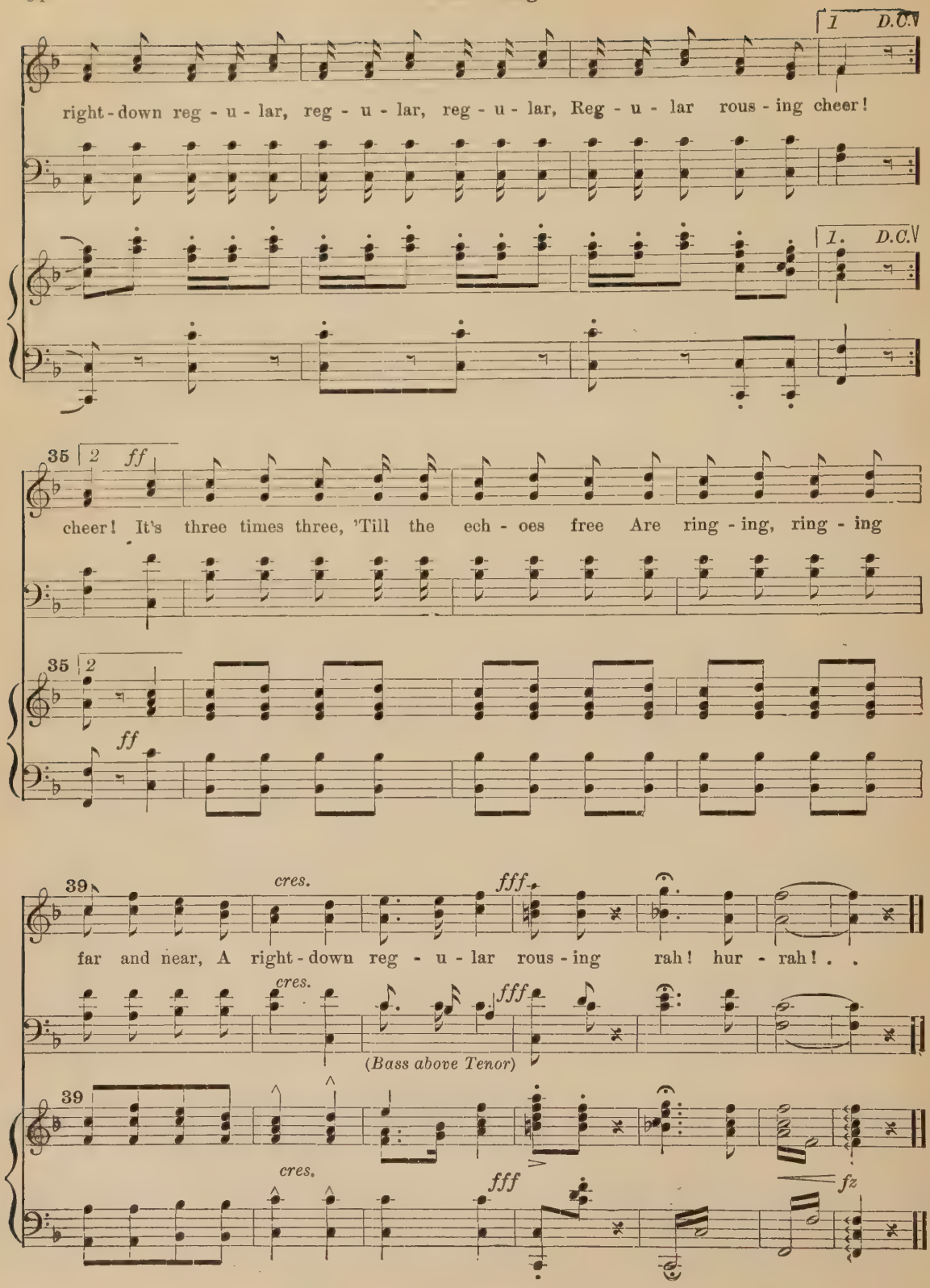

20
proud-ly on the air; They're first to-day, And come what may, We're bound to keep them there!
hard-fought touch-down made; We're safe to-day, For that's the way The glo - ri - ous game is played!
fought the good fight thro'; It's all the same, For he plays the game — Three cheers and a ti-ger too!
20
Chorus
S. f
25
A.
O! . . for the day is done, The vic - t'ry won, And now for a rous - ing
T. f
B.
25
f
mf
simile
30 f
cheer! It's three times three, 'Till the ech - oes free, Are ring- ing far and near. Give a
30
f


1 D.C.
right-down reg - u - lar, reg - u - lar, reg - u - lar, Reg - u - lar rous - ing cheer!
1. D.C.
35 2 ff
cheer! It's three times three, 'Till the ech - oes free Are ring - ing, ring - ing
35 2
ff
39
cres.
fff
far and near, A right-down reg - u - lar rous - ing rah! hur - rah! . .
cres.
fff
(Bass above Tenor)
39
cres.
fff
fz

Toward the Shores of Pellestrina*

Two-Part Song, with Optional Humming Accompaniment

From "The Tales of Hoffmann"
JACQUES OFFENBACH

DAVID K. STEVENS

Moderato, tempo di barcarruola

SECOND VOICE *p*

1. Toward the shores of Pel - les-tri - na, boat-man, row a -
2. Toward the shores of Pel - les-tri - na, boat-man, row a -

pp

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

way, . . Twink-ling lights in friendly win - dows gleam a-cross the bay.
way, . . Let our barque go leap-ing light - ly o'er the flash - ing spray.

FIRST VOICE *p*

In the vel - vet sky a-bove a mil - lion stars are bright, . . Shin - ing there like
Sing, un-til the wea - ry cares of day have tak - en flight, . . Sing of gen - tly

SECOND VOICE

* Pellestrina is a beautiful island a few miles out from Venice. From this point a fine view of the Bay of Venice can be obtained. Near by is the island of Lido, where Byron wrote many of his works.

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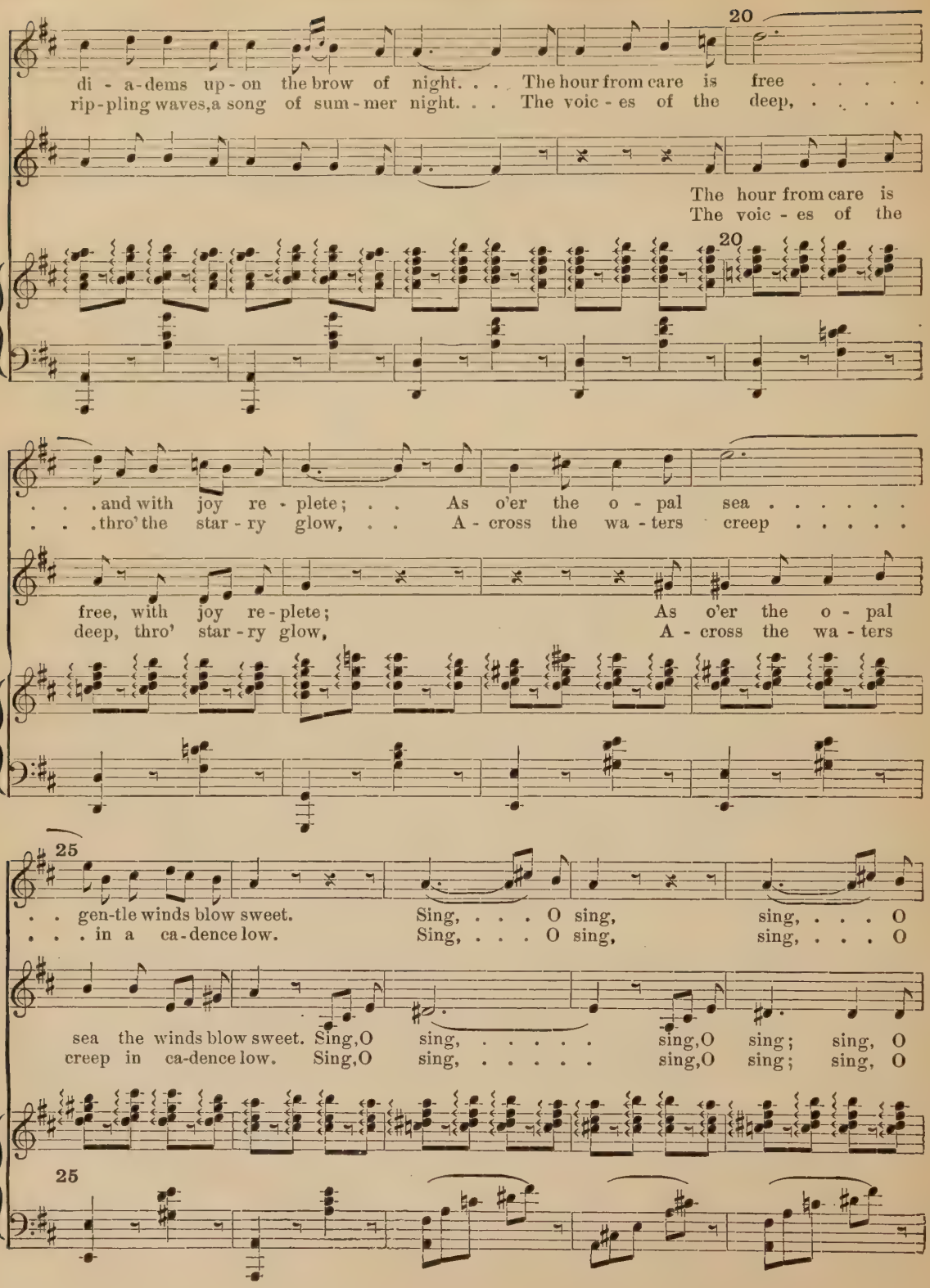
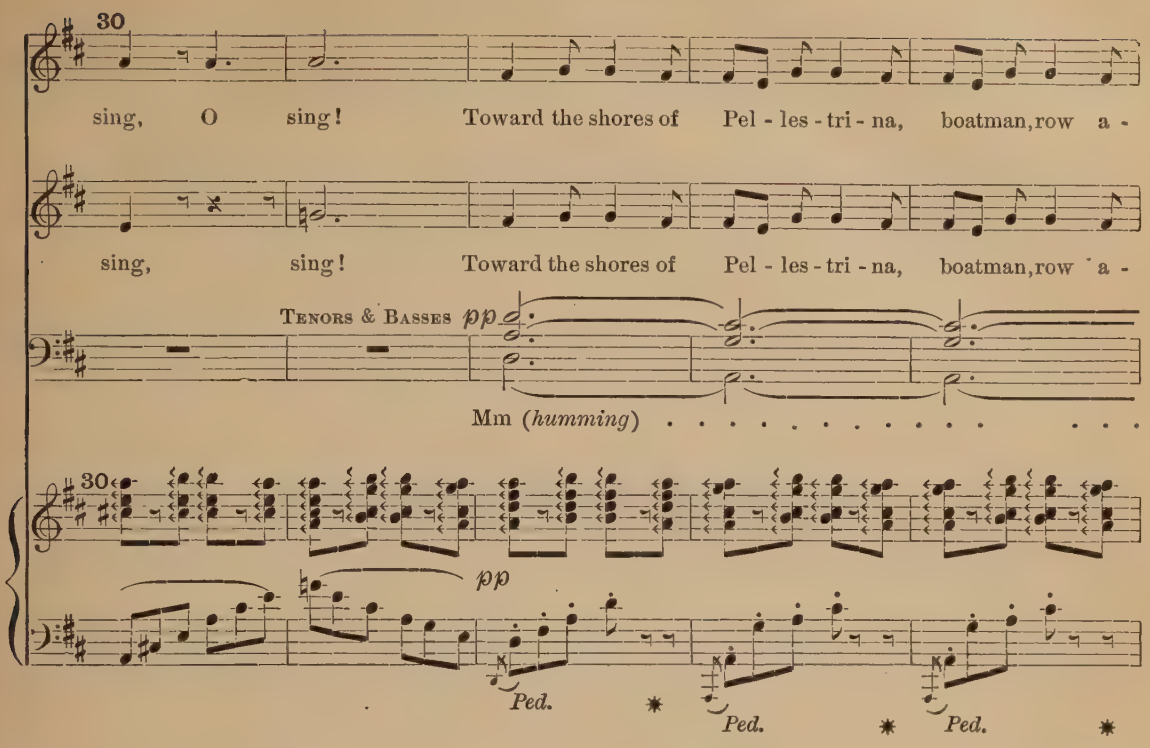
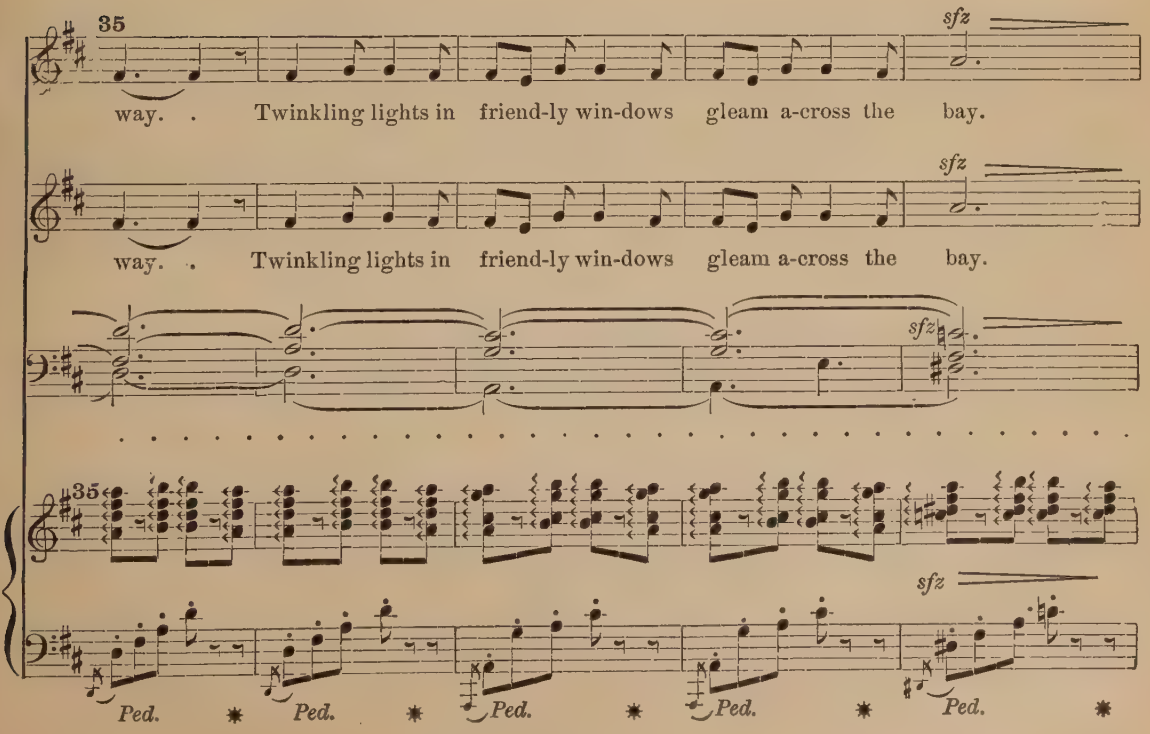

20
di - a-dems up - on the brow of night. . . The hour from care is free . . . . .
rip-pling waves, a song of sum - mer night. . . The voic - es of the deep, ...
The hour from care is
The voic - es of the
20
. . . and with joy re - plete; . . As o'er the o - pal sea . . . . . .
. . . thro' the star - ry glow, . . A - cross the wa - ters creep . . . . .
free, with joy re - plete; As o'er the o - pal
deep, thro' star - ry glow, A - cross the wa - ters
25
. . gen-tle winds blow sweet. Sing, . . . O sing, sing, . . . O
. . . in a ca-dence low. Sing, . . . O sing, sing, . . . O
sea the winds blow sweet. Sing, O sing, ... sing, O sing; sing, O
creep in ca-dence low. Sing, O sing, ... sing, O sing; sing, O
25


30
sing, O sing! Toward the shores of Pel - les - tri - na, boatman, row a -
sing, sing! Toward the shores of Pel - les - tri - na, boatman, row a -
Tenors & Basses pp
Mm (humming)
30
pp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


35
sfz
way. Twinkling lights in friend-ly win-dows gleam a-cross the bay.
sfz
way. Twinkling lights in friend-ly win-dows gleam a-cross the bay.
sfz
35
sfz
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

40

f

Ah, now homeward we go, ... Ah, boat-man,

f

Now homeward we go. . . Row, boat-man, row,

f

Home - - ward we go, Row, . .

40

p *f* *dim.*

Ped. *

45

pp

row, . . Ah, boat man, row, Now home - - ward we

dim. *pp*

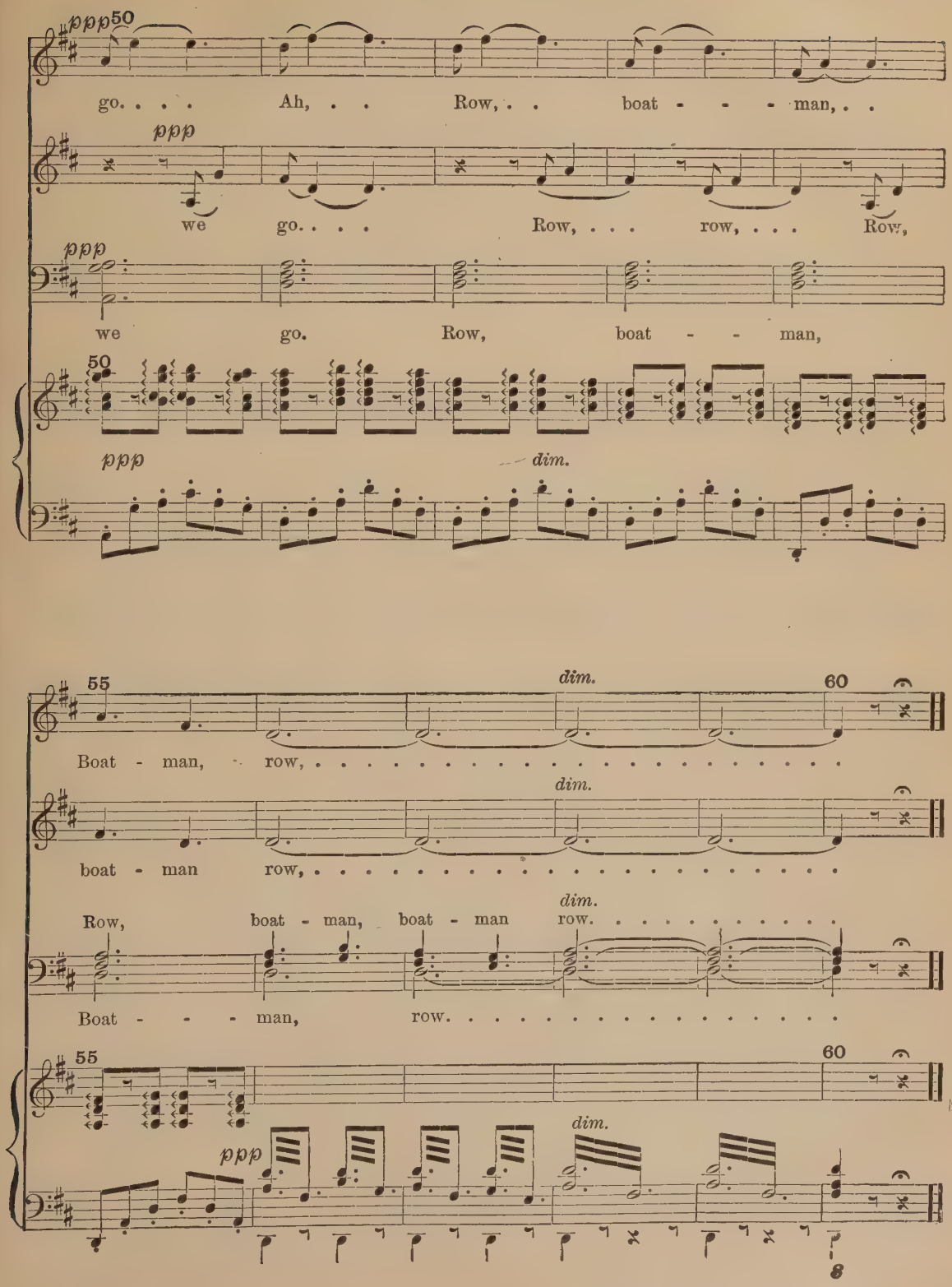
Ah, boat-man, boat - man, row, Home - ward

pp

boat - - man, row, Home - - ward

45

pp


ppp
50
go. . . . Ah, . . Row, . . boat - - - man, . .
ppp
we go. . . . Row, . . . row, . . . Row,
ppp
we go. Row, boat - - man,
50
ppp
dim.
55
dim.
60
Boat - man, row, ...
dim.
boat - man row, ...
dim.
Row, boat - man, boat - man row. . . . . .
Boat - - - man, row. . . . . .
55
60
dim.
ppp

There's Music in the Air

Three-Part Song, with Melody in Different Voices

George F. Root
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. *Andante* *p*

1. There's mu - sic in the air . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And

A. *p*

1. There's mu - sic in the air . . When the in - fant morn is nigh, And

B. *p*

5

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky. Ma - ny a harp's ec -

faint its blush is seen On the bright and laugh - ing sky. Ma - ny a harp's ec -

10 *cres.*

sta - tic sound Thrills us with a joy pro - found, While we list, en-chant - ed there, To the

cres.

sta - tic sound Thrills us with a joy pro - found, While we list, en-chant - ed there, To the

cres.

15 *rit. e dim.* *p*

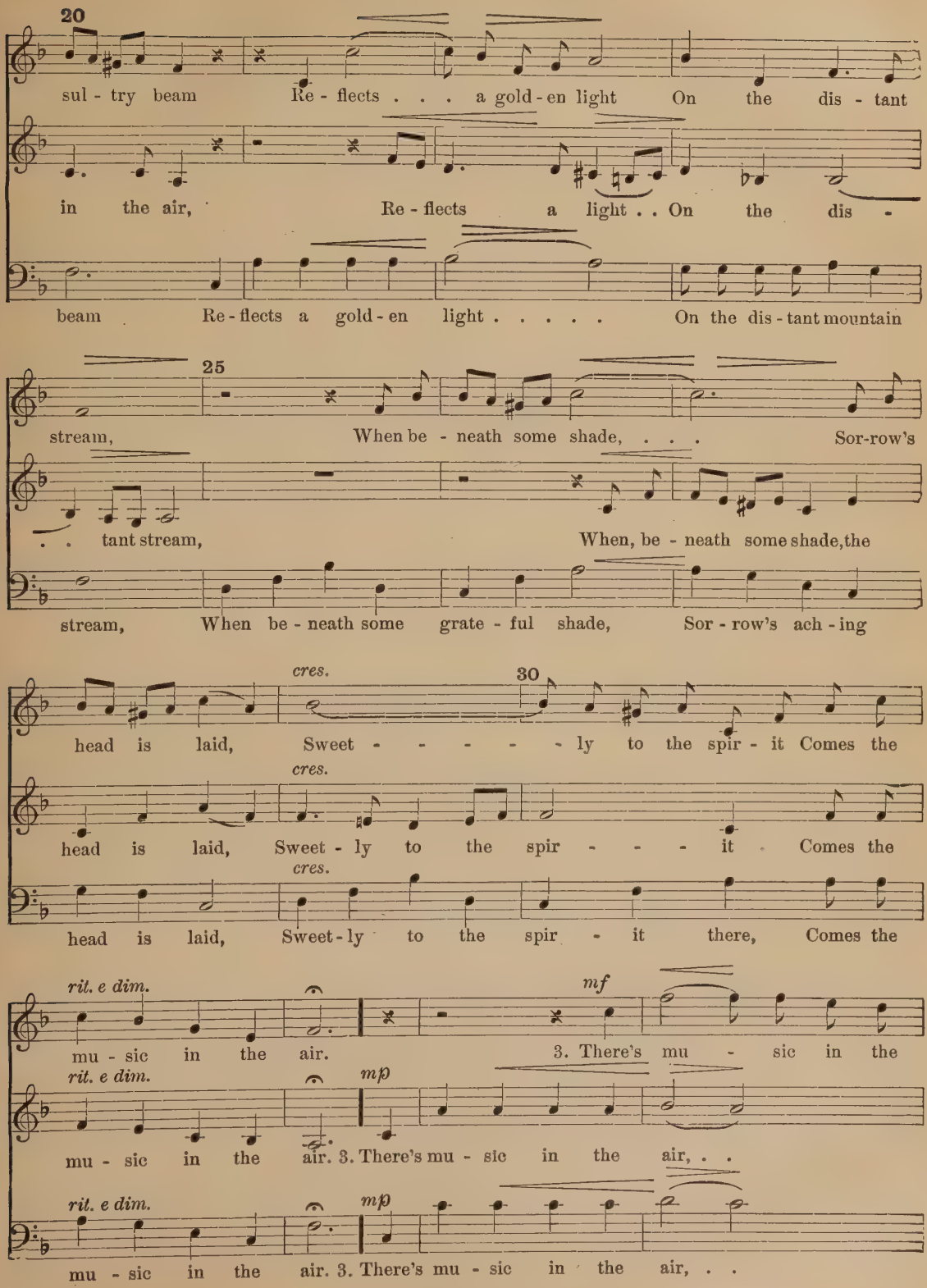
mu-sic in the air. 2. There's mu-sic in the air, When noontide's

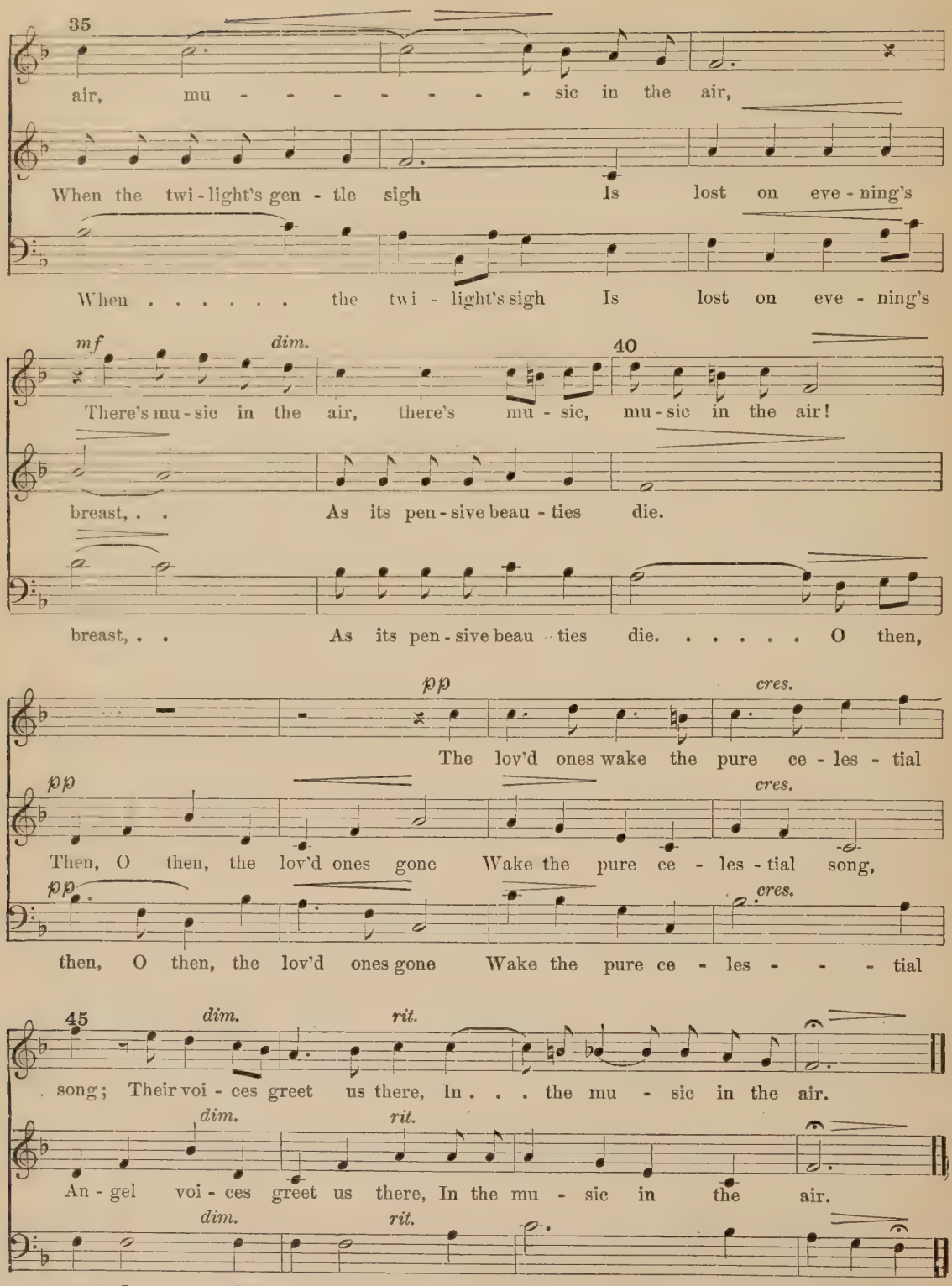
rit. e dim. *p*

mu-sic in the air. 2. There's mu - sic in the air,

rit. e dim. *p*

2. There's mu - sic in the air, ... When the noon-tide's sul - try


20
sul - try beam Re - flects . . . a gold - en light On the dis - tant
in the air, Re - flects a light . . On the dis -
beam Re - flects a gold - en light . . . . . On the dis - tant mountain
25
stream, When be - neath some shade, . . . Sor-row's
. . tant stream, When, be - neath some shade, the
stream, When be - neath some grate - ful shade, Sor - row's ach - ing
cres.
30
head is laid, Sweet - - - - - ly to the spir - it Comes the
cres.
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - - - it Comes the
cres.
head is laid, Sweet - ly to the spir - it there, Comes the
rit. e dim.
mf
mu - sic in the air. 3. There's mu - sic in the
rit. e dim.
mp
mu - sic in the air. 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . .
rit. e dim.
mp
mu - sic in the air. 3. There's mu - sic in the air, . .


35
air, mu - - - - - - - sic in the air,
When the twi - light's gen - tle sigh Is lost on eve - ning's
When . . . . . the twi - light's sigh Is lost on eve - ning's
mf
dim.
40
There's mu - sic in the air, there's mu - sic, mu - sic in the air!
breast, . . As its pen - sive beau - ties die.
breast, . . As its pen - sive beau - ties die. . . . . O then,
pp
cres.
The lov'd ones wake the pure ce - les - tial
pp
cres.
Then, O then, the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - tial song,
pp
cres.
then, O then, the lov'd ones gone Wake the pure ce - les - - - tial
45
dim.
rit.
song; Their voi - ces greet us there, In . . . the mu - sic in the air.
dim.
rit.
An - gel voi - ces greet us there, In the mu - sic in the air.
dim.
rit.
song In the mu - sic, the mu - - - sic in the air.

The Woodland Stream

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

CHARLES MACKAY — W. T. WRIGHTON

S. 1 *Moderato*

S. 2

A.

1. How oft a-long thy wood-land way, Fair stream-let of the hills, We've lis-ten'd to the
2. We saw the verd-ure on thy brink, The grass and fern, the flow'rs,—We heard the song of
3. And when thy con-stant rip-ple show'd, In morn or eve-ning bright, The glo-ry of the

mur-m'ring voice of all thy gush-ing rills, And gaz-ing on thy lu-cid breast, Be-
hap-py birds That sport-ed in the bow'rs, And fond-ly hoped that round our heads Such
ris-ing sun, Or moon's se-ren-er light, We pray'd that Love on us might beam, With

neath thy groves of pine, Have wish'd the cur-rent of our joys Might flow as clear as
calm de-lights might twine, And that the bless-ings of our hearts, Might be as pure as
ra-diance so di-vine, And that the lus-ter of our lives, Might come from Heav'n like

thine, Might flow, might flow, might flow as clear as thine.
thine, Might be, might be, might be as pure as thine.
thine, Might come, might come, might come from Heav'n like thine.

might flow, might flow,
might be, might be,
might come, might come,

The Dance of the Fairies

Unison Song, with Humming Accompaniment, and Four-Part Chorus

MAURICE K. TALBOT

LOUIS GREGH

SOPRANO I

SOPRANO II (WITH ALTO I)

p

Mm (*humming*)

TENOR (WITH ALTO II)

p

Mm (*humming*)

BASS

p

Allegretto giojoso

5

ff ben legato

dim.

p

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

10

p

1. Soft-ly the woodland is dream - ing, Wrapped in the mantle of night:
2. Now the sad nightin-gale sing - ing, Tells her sweet grief to the moon,

p

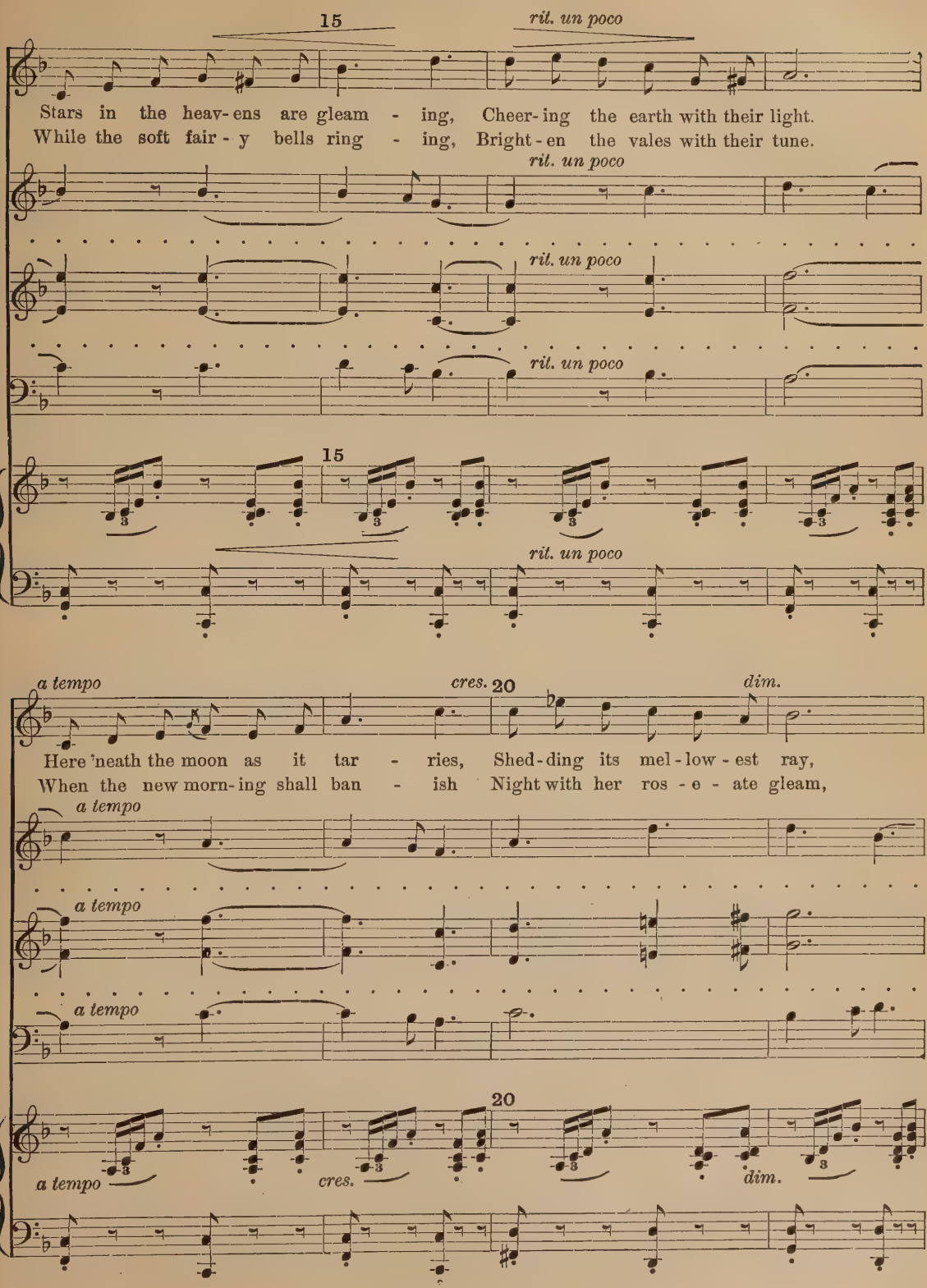
p

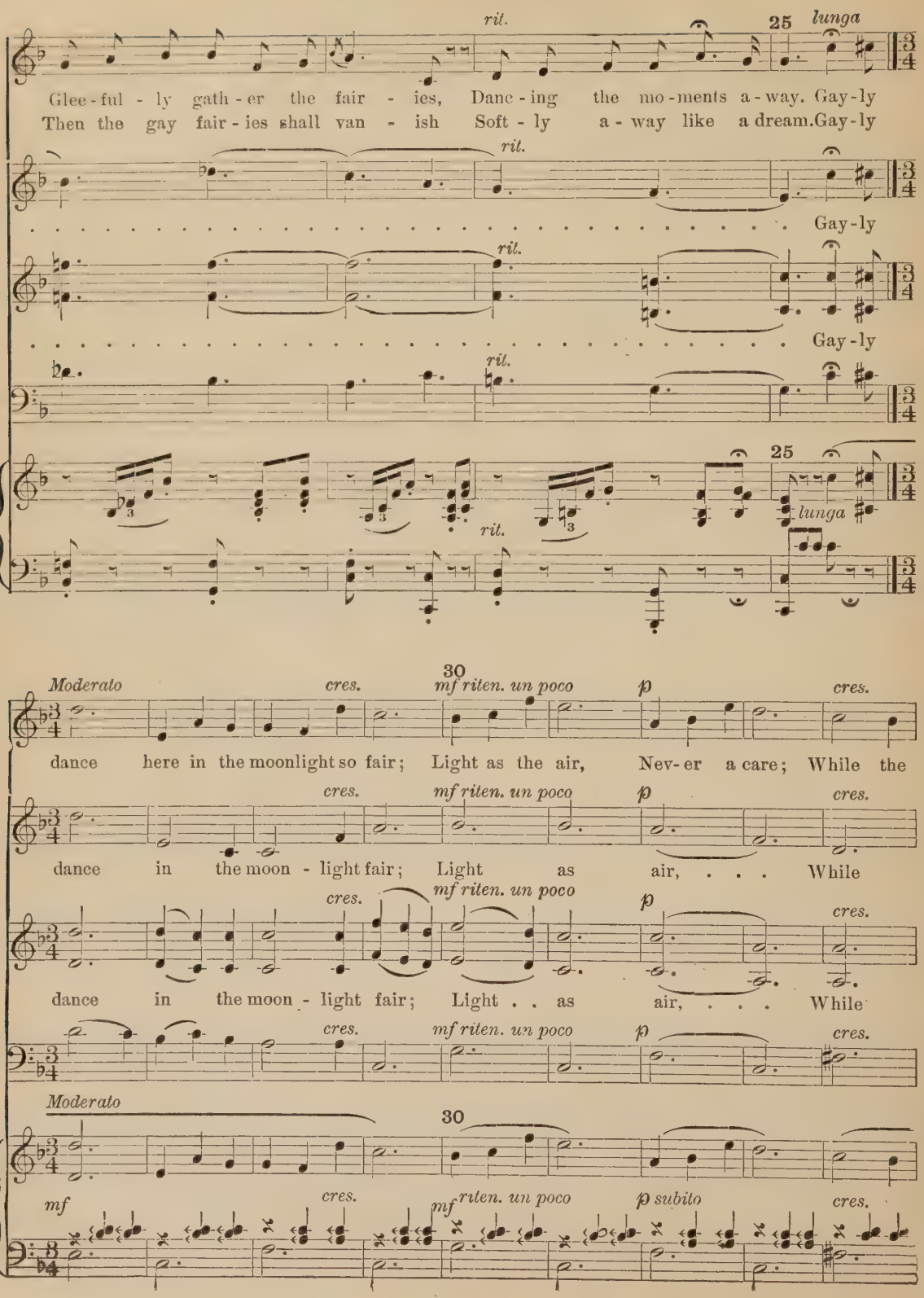
p

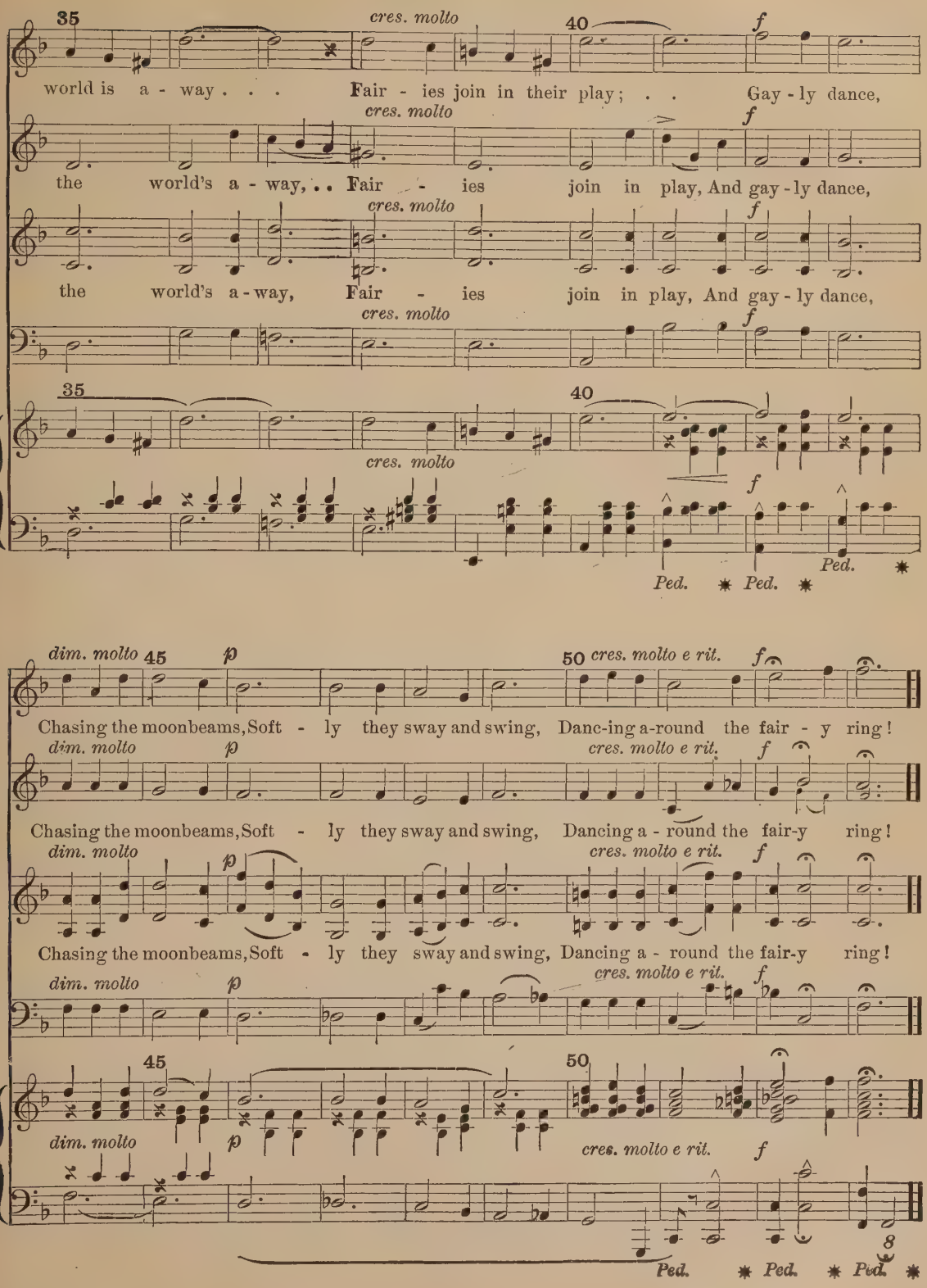
10

p

leggiero


15
rit. un poco
Stars in the heav-ens are gleam - ing, Cheer-ing the earth with their light.
While the soft fair-y bells ring - ing, Bright-en the vales with their tune.
rit. un poco
rit. un poco
rit. un poco
15
rit. un poco
a tempo
cres.
20
dim.
Here 'neath the moon as it tar - ries, Shed-ding its mel-low-est ray,
When the new morn-ing shall ban - ish Night with her ros-e-ate gleam,
a tempo
a tempo
a tempo
20
a tempo
cres.
dim.


rit.
25
lunga
Glee-ful-ly gath-er the fair-ies, Danc-ing the mo-ments a-way. Gay-ly
Then the gay fair-ies shall van-ish Soft-ly a-way like a dream. Gay-ly
Gay-ly
Gay-ly
Moderato
cres.
mf riten. un poco
p
30
dance here in the moonlight so fair; Light as the air, Nev-er a care; While the
dance in the moon-light fair; Light as air, . . . While
dance in the moon-light fair; Light . . as air, . . . While
mf
p subito


35
cres. molto
40
f
world is a - way . . . Fair - ies join in their play; . . Gay - ly dance,
cres. molto
f
the world's a - way, . . Fair - ies join in play, And gay - ly dance,
cres. molto
f
the world's a - way, Fair - ies join in play, And gay - ly dance,
cres. molto
f
35
40
cres. molto
f
Ped. * Ped. *
Ped. *
dim. molto
45
p
50
cres. molto e rit.
f
Chasing the moonbeams, Soft - ly they sway and swing, Danc-ing a-round the fair - y ring!
dim. molto
p
cres. molto e rit.
f
Chasing the moonbeams, Soft - ly they sway and swing, Dancing a - round the fair-y ring!
dim. molto
p
cres. molto e rit.
f
Chasing the moonbeams, Soft - ly they sway and swing, Dancing a - round the fair-y ring!
dim. molto
p
cres. molto e rit.
f
45
50
dim. molto
p
cres. molto e rit.
f
8
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

A Summer Evening

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

DAVID K. STEVENS

THOMAS KOSCHAT

Slow - ly sinks be - hind a gold - en
As he slow - ly wings his loft - y
When the heart is filled with qui - et

S. 1 *Andante, molto espressivo* *p* *poco rit.*

S. 2

1. Now the day is done, And the sum - mer sun Sinks be - hind a
2. In the pur - ple sky Sounds the night-hawk's cry, As he wings his
3. With the eve-ning chime, Comes the pen - sive time When the heart is

A. *p* *poco rit.*

a tempo 5

cloud; And the eve - ning shades Creep from dusk - y glades, Wrap - ping
flight; O'er the dis - tant marsh Comes the ac - cent harsh Of the
calm; And the gen - tle breeze, Through the whis - p'ring trees, Seems to

a tempo

ff *p*

all the scene in som - bre shroud. Peace, with wing out-spread, Is hov - 'ring
her - on call - ing to the night. From the wood - land still, The cry of
soothe us like a heal - ing balm. Then, at Na - ture's shrine We plead for

ff *p*

The wea - ry toil - er rests con - tent;
Is min - gled with the night - birds' tune;
To guide us through the com - ing day;

10

o - ver - head; The wea - ry toil - er seeks his rest con - tent; Now his
whip - poor-will Is min - gled with the night-birds' plain-tive tune; While a -
love di - vine To guide us safe - ly through the com - ing day; Though it

The wea - ry toil - er rests con - tent;
Is min - gled with the night - birds' tune;
To guide us through the com - ing day;

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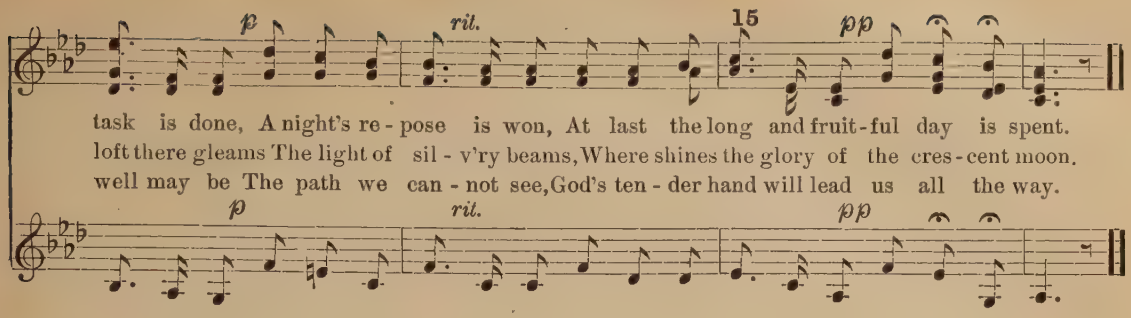
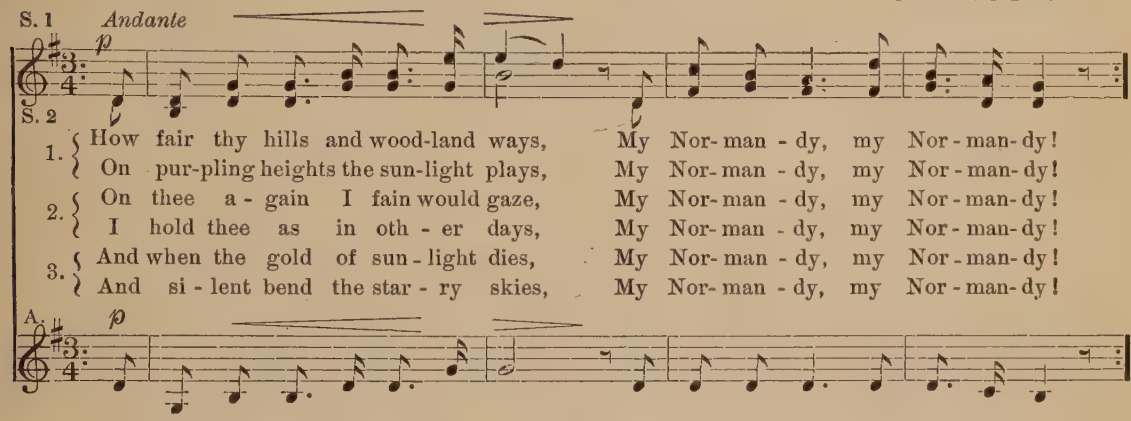
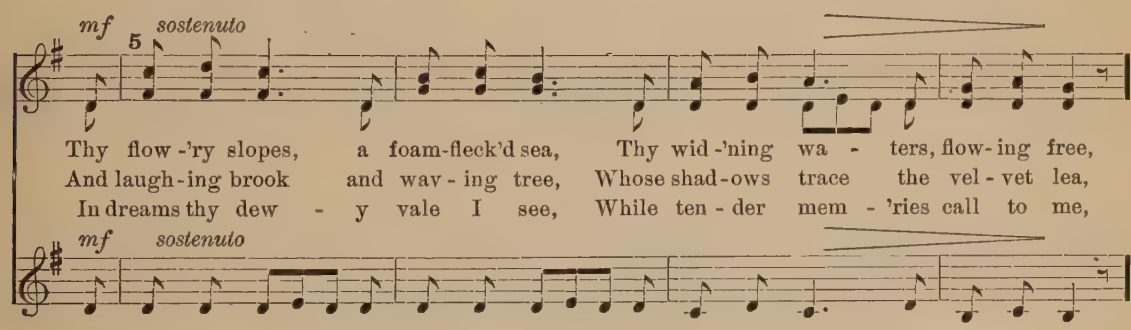


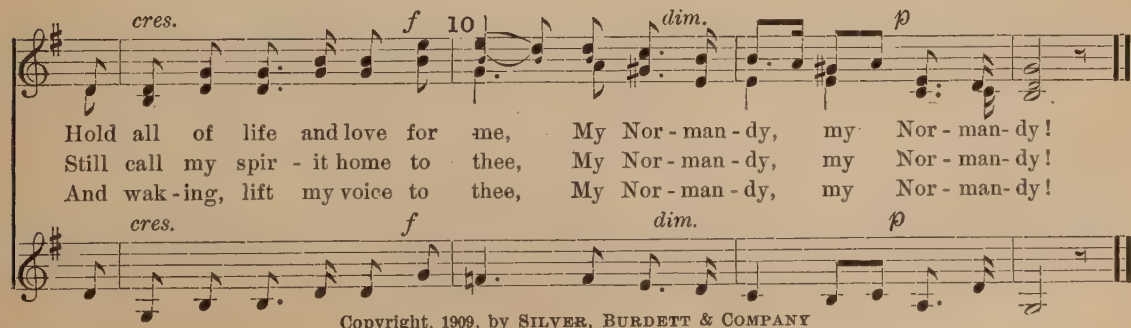
My Normandy

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

J. Annie Bense — Frédéric Bérat







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Bonnie Doon

Three-Part Song, with Melody in the Bass

ROBERT BURNS, adapted

Scotch Folksong
Arr. by C. B. RICH

S. *Allegretto* *mp*

1. Ye banks and braes* o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fair? . . . How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the wood - bine twine, . . . To

A. *mp*

1. Ye banks and braes* o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, To

B. *mp*

1. Ye banks and braes* o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine, To

5 *poco rit.*

can ye chant, . . ye lit - tle birds, . . And I sae fu' o' care? . .
hear the birds . . sing o' their loves, . . As once I sang o' mine. . .

poco rit.

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea-ry, fu' o' care? . .
hear the birds sing o' their loves, As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. . .

poco rit. *mf*

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' o' care? Thou'lt
hear the birds sing o' their loves, As fond - ly once I sang o' mine. Wi'

mf 10 *rit. e dim.* *p*

Thou bon - nie bird, That sings up - on the flow - 'ry thorn, Thou
I stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But

mf *rit. e dim.* *p*

That sings up - on the flow - 'ry thorn, Thou
And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But

rit. e dim. *p*

break my heart, thou bon - nie bird, That sings up - on the flow - 'ry thorn, Thou
light-some heart I stretch'd my hand, And pu'd a rose - bud from the tree; But

* Hill-slopes.

a tempo moderato — *rit.*

'mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn. . . .
my fause* lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me! . . .

a tempo moderato — *rit.*

'mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne'er to re - turn. . . .
my fause* lov - er stole my rose, And left the thorn wi' . . . me! . . .

a tempo moderato — *rit.*

'mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed nev - er to re - turn.
my fause* lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me!

* false.

The Mountain Brook

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

NIXON WATERMAN — FRANZ ABT

S. 1 — *Allegretto, molto grazioso* — *mf* — *cres.*

S. 2

1. Slip - ping, slid - ing, danc - ing, glid - ing, Goes the brook, so . .
2. Glanc - ing, gleam-ing, bab - bling, beam - ing, Till with - in the .
3. Croon - ing, curl - ing, spark - ling, whirl - ing, Call - ing, mur - m'ring
4. Rush - ing, creep-ing, laugh - ing, leap - ing, Flows the brook by . .

A. — *mf* — *cres.*

poco dim. — *f*

glad and . gay: Where the sun's bright beams a - bid - ing Fleck with
qui - et . . pool, 'Neath the wil - low branch-es dream - ing Rests the
all day . long; Foam - ing, swirl - ing, play - ing, purl - ing, Sings the
lane and . lea, Till it joins the riv - er sweep - ing Ev - er

poco dim. — *f*

f

gold . . the shin - ing way, Fleck with gold . . the shin - ing way.
brook . so calm and cool, Rests the brook . so calm and cool.
brook its mer - ry song, Sings the brook . its mer - ry song.
on - ward to the sea, Ev - er on - ward to the sea.

f

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Waiting for the Maytime

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

DAVID KILBURN STEVENS — FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY

S. 1 *Assai sostenuto*

S. 2

1. Ea - ger hearts im - pa - tient beat, Wait - ing for the May - time;
2. Win - ter wanes and grim - ly dies, Soon will come the May - time;
3. A - pril rain will wash the earth, Then will come the May - time;

A.

5 *mf* *mp*

Wait - ing for the sigh - ing breeze That whis - pers low a - mong the trees; O
Li - lac bring, and gold - en bell, Sweet mig - non - ette and as - pho - del, O
Fair and fresh the rose will bloom, The li - ly shed its sweet per - fume And

mf *mp*

cres. 10 *dim.*

hap - py is the May - time, Fra - grant, balm - y May - time.
soon will come the May - time, Fra - grant, balm - y May - time.
blithe - ly deck the May - time, Fra - grant, balm - y May - time.

cres. *dim.*

The Shepherd Lad

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

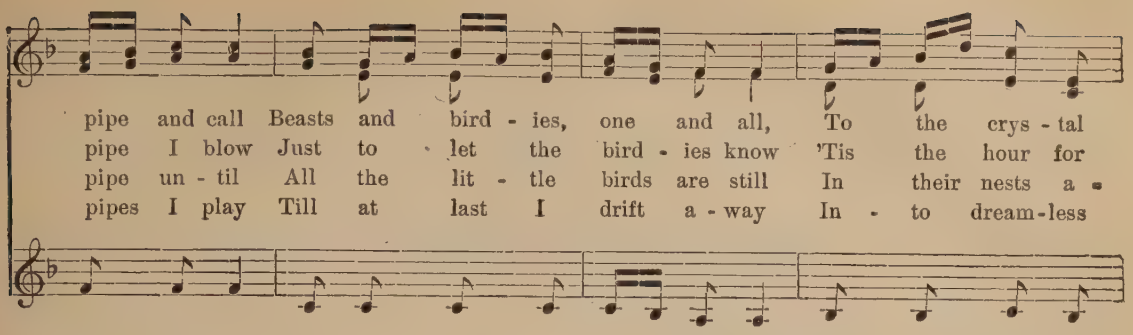
NIXON WATERMAN — CARL HERING (Hungarian)

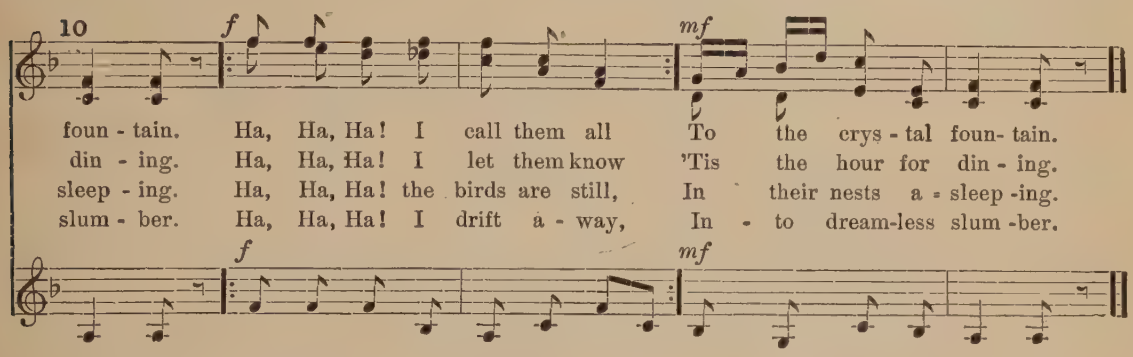
S. 1 *Vivo e leggiero* *mf* 5

S. 2

1. When the ro - sy morn a - wakes, Light-ing plain and moun - tain, Then I take my
2. When the gold - en sun of noon High a - bove is shin - ing, Then up - on my
3. When at eve a - down the west Goes the sun a - creep - ing, Then I blow my
4. When the stars of eve-ning shine In a count - less num - ber, Then my mel-low

A. *mf*

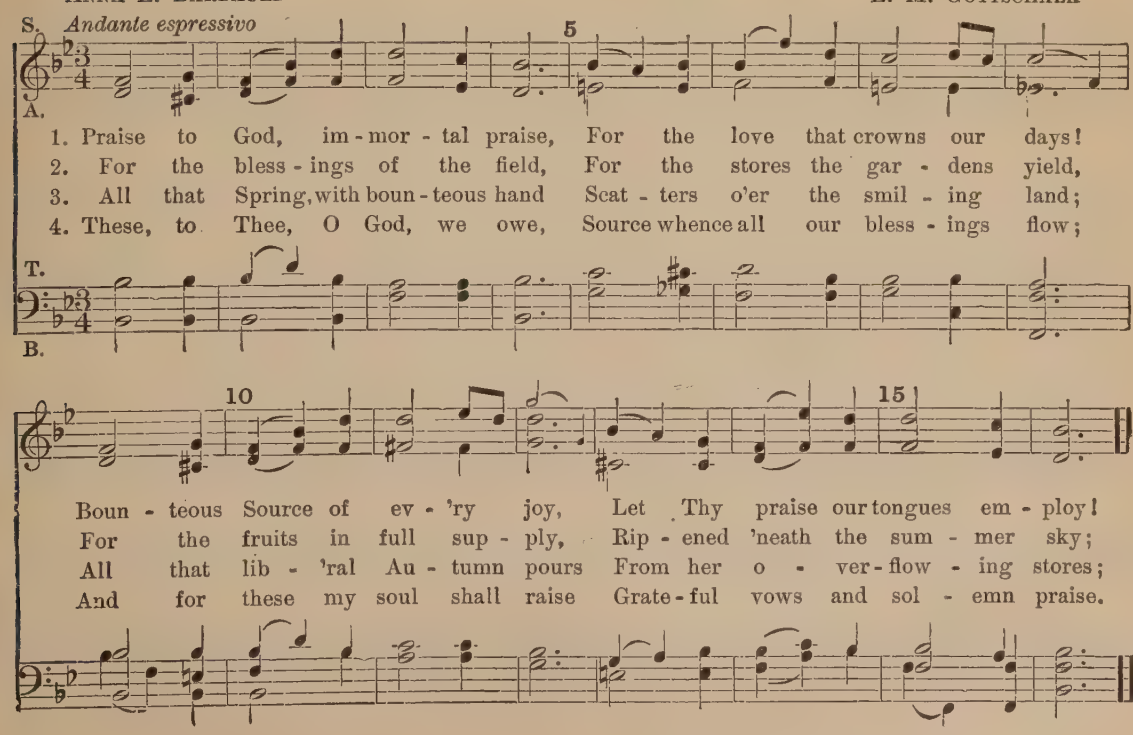




Praise to God, Immortal Praise

For Four-Part Chorus

ANNA L. BARBAULD — L. M. GOTTSCHALK



The Carnival of Venice

Three-part or Four-part Song (Optional Bass)

HENRY F. SOUTHWORTH — Italian Melody

S. 1 *Alleyretto* — *mf*

S. 2

1. O fount of pur - est pleas - ure, O mel - low, mer - ry round, In rich - est, full - est meas - ure, Of joy - ous sight and sound! Gay
2. With spir - its blithe and cheer - y, In hap - py voi - ces troll Thy gon - do - liers, so mer - ry, Their lilt - ing bar - ca - role. 'Neath
3. With pag-eants all - en - tranc - ing; With wav - ing ban - ners bright; With mu - sic, mirth, and danc - ing; With games by day and night; So

A. — *mf*

1. O fount of pur - est pleas - ure, O mel - low, mer - ry round, In rich - est, full - est meas - ure, Of joy - ous sight and sound! Gay
2. With spir - its blithe and cheer - y, In hap - py voi - ces troll Thy gon - do - liers, so mer - ry, Their lilt - ing bar - ca - role. 'Neath
3. With pag - eants all - en - tranc - ing; With wav - ing ban - ners bright; With mu - sic, mirth, and danc - ing; With games by day and night; So

OP. B. — *mf*

mp — *f* — *cres.*

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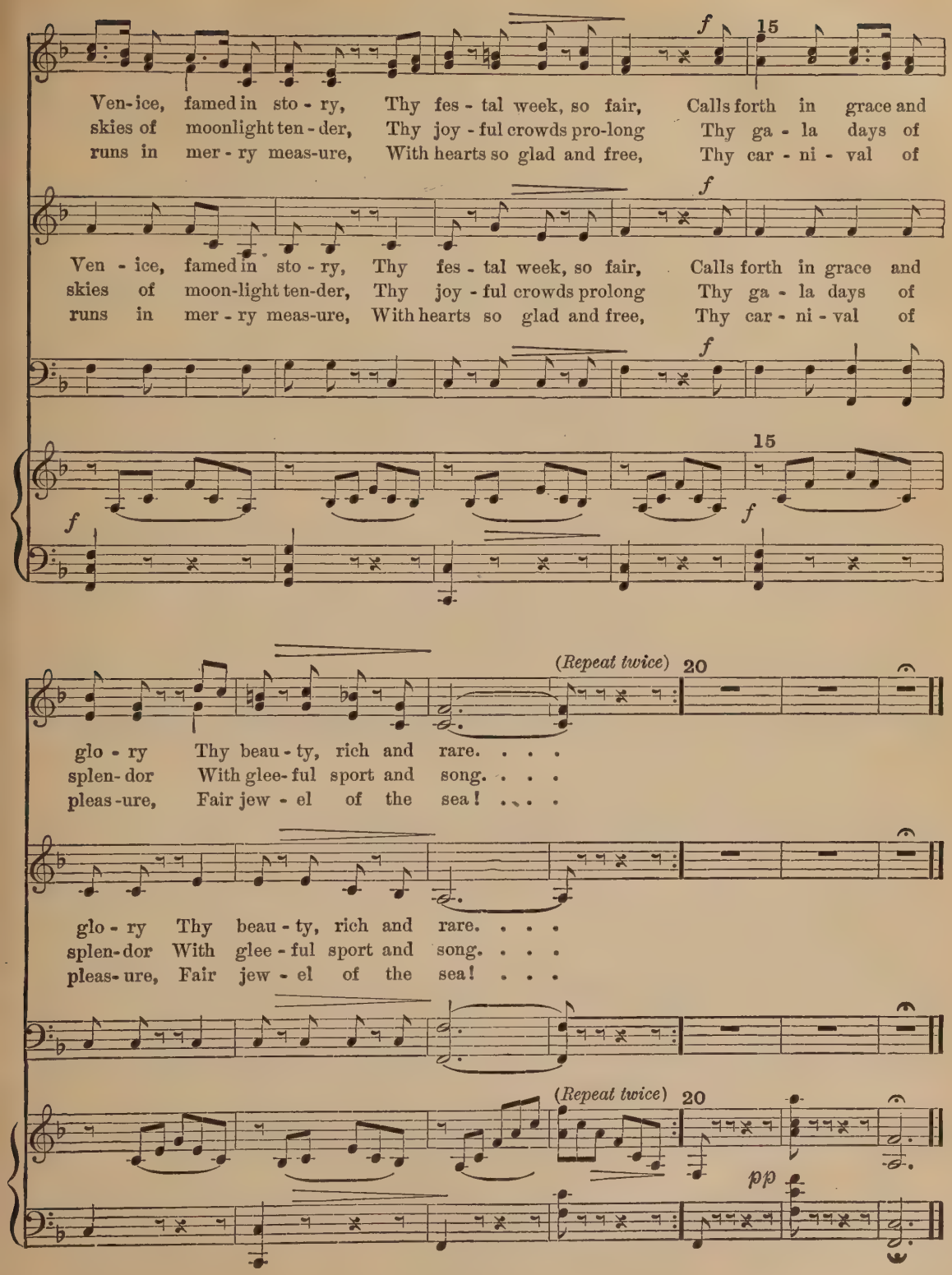

f
15
Ven-ice, famed in sto - ry, Thy fes - tal week, so fair, Calls forth in grace and
skies of moonlight ten - der, Thy joy - ful crowds pro-long Thy ga - la days of
runs in mer - ry meas-ure, With hearts so glad and free, Thy car - ni - val of
Ven - ice, famed in sto - ry, Thy fes - tal week, so fair, Calls forth in grace and
skies of moon-light ten-der, Thy joy - ful crowds prolong Thy ga - la days of
runs in mer - ry meas-ure, With hearts so glad and free, Thy car - ni - val of
(Repeat twice)
20
glo - ry Thy beau - ty, rich and rare. . . .
splen- dor With glee- ful sport and song. . . .
pleas -ure, Fair jew - el of the sea! . . . .
glo - ry Thy beau - ty, rich and rare. . . .
splen-dor With glee - ful sport and song. . . .
pleas- ure, Fair jew - el of the sea! . . .
pp

A Fairy Voyage

Two-Part Song for Equal Voices

KATE LOUISE BROWN

H. WALMSLEY LITTLE

f Con spirito

1. O'er an el - fin sea I glide, Cra-dled by its sil - ver tide, On a
2. Fair - y hands un-furl the sail, Swell-ing to a fair - y gale; Fair-y
3. Care and sor - row flee a - way, Vis-ions of an earth-born day— Joy and

f

5

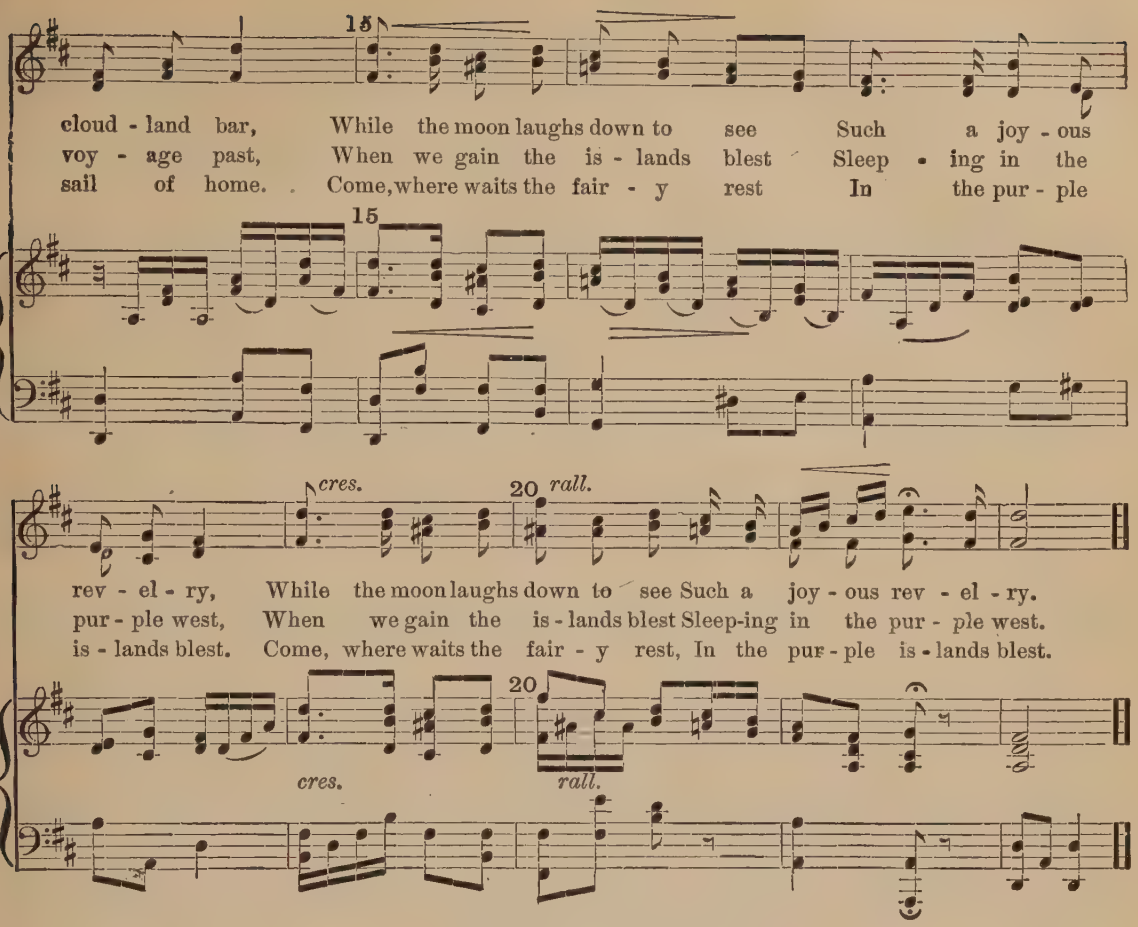
fair - y sea we roam, Far from sail or light of home. Far from
fin - gers guide the prow, Fair - y fac - es crowd the bow. Fair - y
mirth our guests shall be, Laughing as this sil - ver sea. Laugh-ing

5

10

sail or light of home. In the west the eve-ning star, Smiles a-bove the
fac - es crowd the bow. Jack O'-Lan-tern at the mast, Shall proclaim the
as this sil - ver sea. Come with us and blithe-ly roam, Far from light or

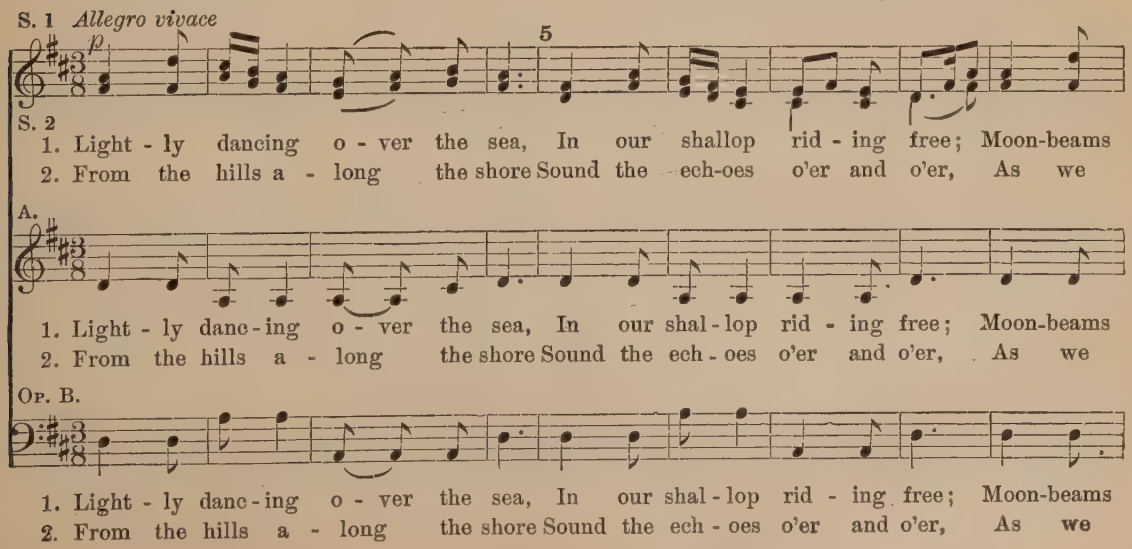
10

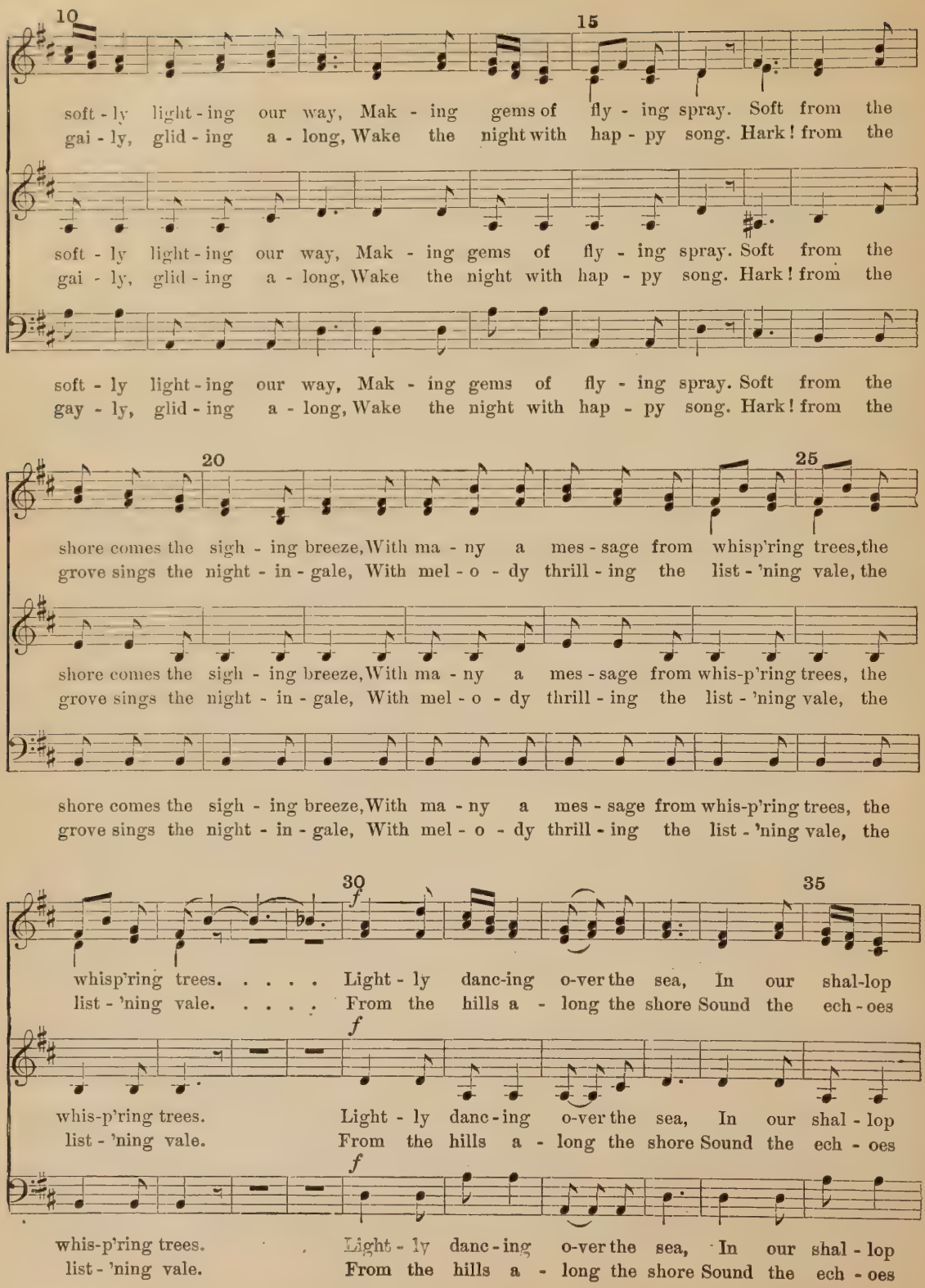


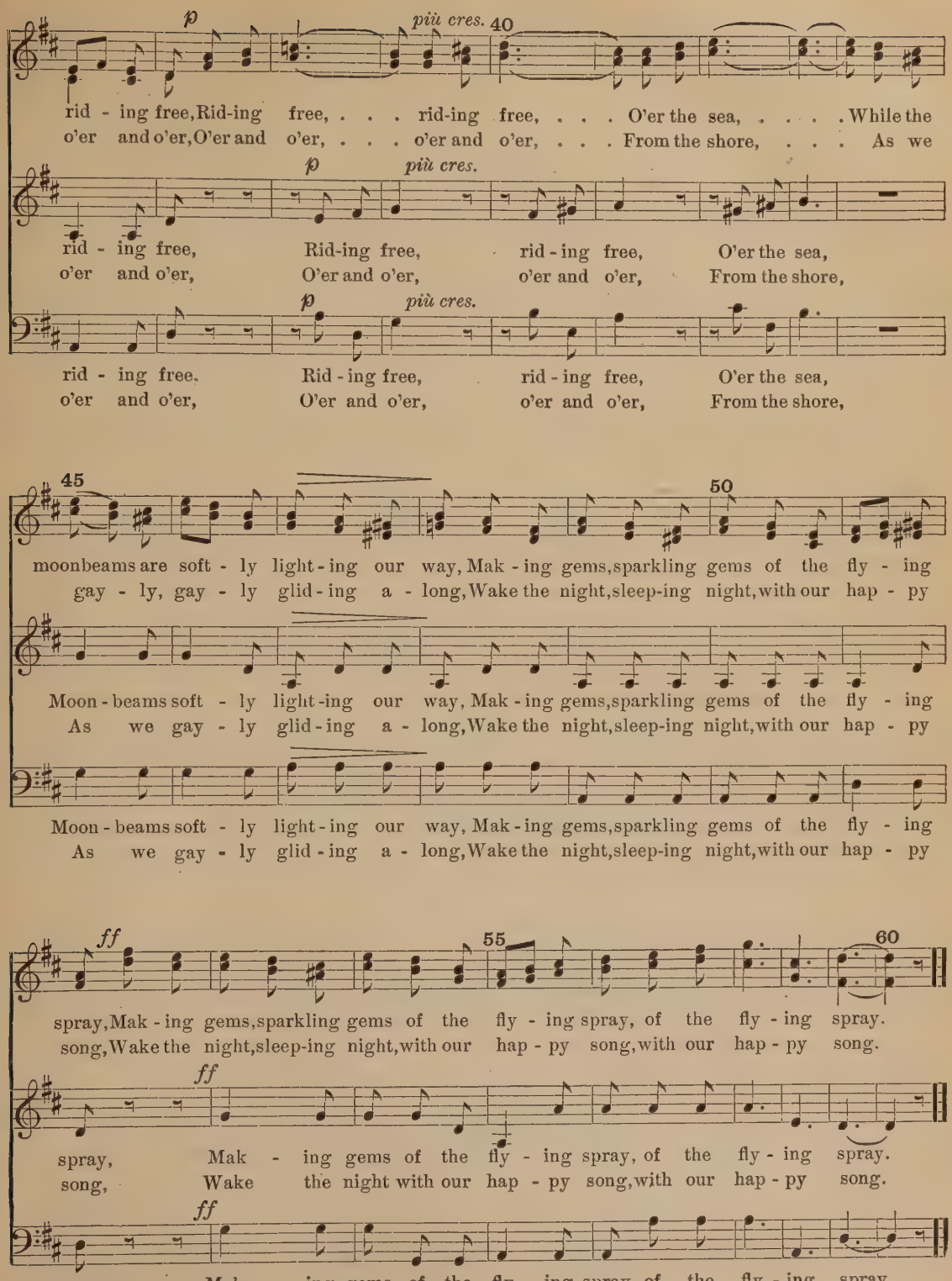
A Moonlight Sail

Three-Part or Four-Part Song (Optional Bass)

DAVID K. STEVENS — From "Lucrezia Borgia," G. DONIZETTI




10
15
soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems of fly - ing spray. Soft from the
gai - ly, glid - ing a - long, Wake the night with hap - py song. Hark! from the
soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems of fly - ing spray. Soft from the
gai - ly, glid - ing a - long, Wake the night with hap - py song. Hark! from the
soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems of fly - ing spray. Soft from the
gay - ly, glid - ing a - long, Wake the night with hap - py song. Hark! from the
20
25
shore comes the sigh - ing breeze, With ma - ny a mes - sage from whisp'ring trees, the
grove sings the night - in - gale, With mel - o - dy thrill - ing the list - 'ning vale, the
shore comes the sigh - ing breeze, With ma - ny a mes - sage from whis-p'ring trees, the
grove sings the night - in - gale, With mel - o - dy thrill - ing the list - 'ning vale, the
shore comes the sigh - ing breeze, With ma - ny a mes - sage from whis-p'ring trees, the
grove sings the night - in - gale, With mel - o - dy thrill - ing the list - 'ning vale, the
30
35
f
whisp'ring trees. . . . . Light - ly danc-ing o-ver the sea, In our shal-lop
list - 'ning vale. . . . . From the hills a - long the shore Sound the ech - oes
f
whis-p'ring trees. Light - ly danc - ing o-ver the sea, In our shal - lop
list - 'ning vale. From the hills a - long the shore Sound the ech - oes
f
whis-p'ring trees. Light - ly danc - ing o-ver the sea, In our shal - lop
list - 'ning vale. From the hills a - long the shore Sound the ech - oes


p
più cres.
40
rid - ing free, Rid-ing free, . . . rid-ing free, . . . O'er the sea, ... While the
o'er and o'er, O'er and o'er, . . . o'er and o'er, . . . From the shore, . . . As we
p
più cres.
rid - ing free, Rid-ing free, rid - ing free, O'er the sea,
o'er and o'er, O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er, From the shore,
p
più cres.
rid - ing free. Rid - ing free, rid - ing free, O'er the sea,
o'er and o'er, O'er and o'er, o'er and o'er, From the shore,
45
50
moonbeams are soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems, sparkling gems of the fly - ing
gay - ly, gay - ly glid - ing a - long, Wake the night, sleep-ing night, with our hap - py
Moon - beams soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems, sparkling gems of the fly - ing
As we gay - ly glid - ing a - long, Wake the night, sleep-ing night, with our hap - py
Moon - beams soft - ly light - ing our way, Mak - ing gems, sparkling gems of the fly - ing
As we gay - ly glid - ing a - long, Wake the night, sleep-ing night, with our hap - py
ff
55
60
spray, Mak - ing gems, sparkling gems of the fly - ing spray, of the fly - ing spray.
song, Wake the night, sleep-ing night, with our hap - py song, with our hap - py song.
ff
spray, Mak - ing gems of the fly - ing spray, of the fly - ing spray.
song, Wake the night with our hap - py song, with our hap - py song.
ff
spray, Mak - ing gems of the fly - ing spray, of the fly - ing spray.
song, Wake the night with our hap - py song, with our hap - py song.

Good Night

Two-Part Song for Equal Voices

NIXON WATERMAN — WILHELM TAUBERT

Andantino con moto — *p*

1. The gold is fad - ing from the west, The
2. The wind is sleep - ing in the tree, And
3. Now stilled are songs of lark and thrush, Yet

pp legato

5

peace - ful world is wrapped in rest, The lit - tle stars their can - - dles
in her gold - en hive the bee Is rest - ing till the morn - ing
on the eve - ning's tran - quil hush Come sounds our spir - its to . . . . in -

10 *un poco animato*

light. Now from the bus - y day's so - journ And all its wel - come
bright. The flow - ers, as they drowse and dream A - mid the fra - grant
vite. The cur - few bells in beau - ty toll As o'er the fields their

un poco animato

tranquillo

15

tasks we turn, Bid - ding the world, fond - ly, good night,
mead - ows, seem Bid - ding the world, fond - ly, good night,
ech - oes roll, Bid - ding the world, fond - ly, good night,

15

tranquillo

Good night, good night. . . . . .

pp

19

Bidding the world a fond good night, Good night, good

19

pp

1, 2 3 *ppp* 25

night! Good night!

1, 2 3 25

ppp rall.

The Brook

Three-Part or Four-Part Song (Optional Bass)

J. Annie Bense — Franz Schubert

S. 1 *Allegretto mp*

S. 2

1. Swift glid-ing 'neath the beech-es On gleam-ing peb-ble white, Or curl-ing o'er the
2. It sweeps thro' fret-ted rock-way Be-neath a sky of blue, And high it flings its
3. The brook winds, gently steal-ing, A-fringe with i-ris fair, Bring-ing its grate-ful

A. *mp*

1. Swift glid-ing 'neath the beech-es On gleam-ing peb-ble white, Or curl-ing o'er the
2. It sweeps thro' fret-ted rock-way Be-neath a sky of blue, And high it flings its
3. The brook winds, gently steal-ing, A-fringe with i-ris fair, Bring-ing its grate-ful

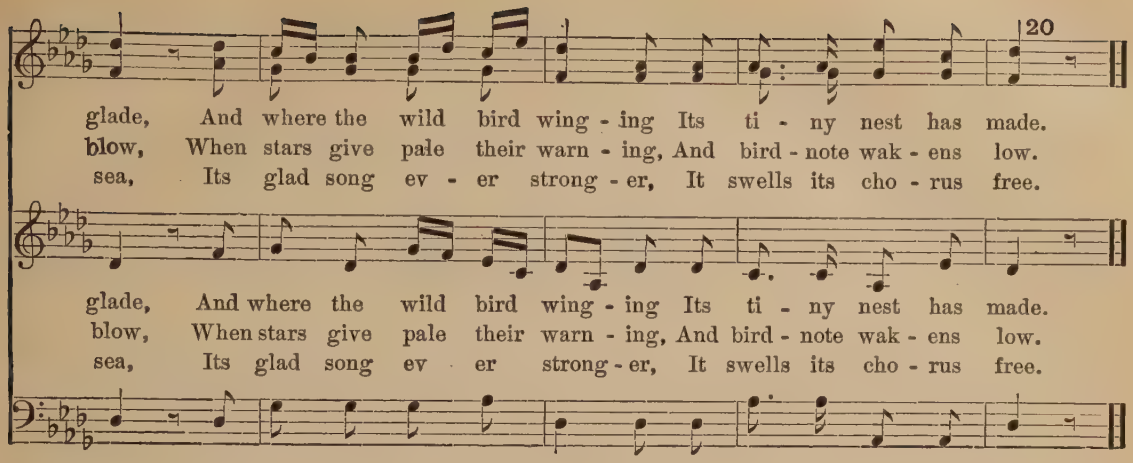
Op. B. *mp*

reach-es, In glanc-ing sun-shine bright, A brook slips, soft-ly sing-ing Of
foam-spray; Its song is ev-er new; It sings of ro-sy morn-ing, And
heal-ing To ev-'ry blos-som rare. But now it sings no long-er Of

reach-es, In glanc-ing sun-shine bright, A brook slips, soft-ly sing-ing Of
foam-spray; Its song is ev-er new; It sings of ro-sy morn-ing, And
heal-ing To ev-'ry blos-som rare. But now it sings no long-er Of

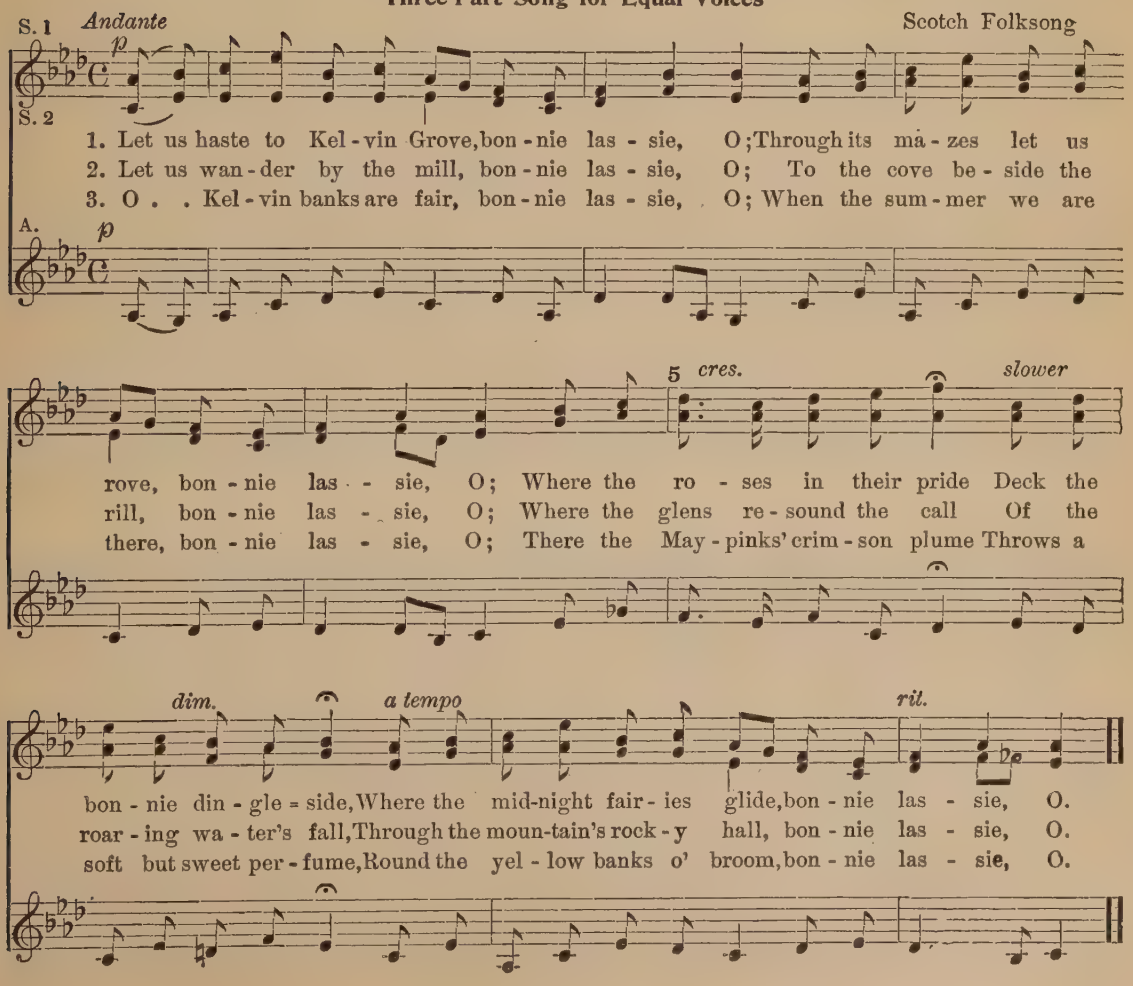
depths 'neath al-der shade, Where moss-es green are cling-ing, And shad-ows fleck the
moun-tain peaks a-glow, Of all the lights of dawn-ing When all the breez-es
moun-tain, glade and tree, Of nest and ti-ny song-ster, As, rush-ing to the

depths 'neath al-der shade, Where moss-es green are cling-ing, And shad-ows fleck the
moun-tain peaks a-glow, Of all the lights of dawn-ing When all the breez-es
moun-tain, glade and tree, Of nest and ti-ny song-ster, As, rush-ing to the



Kelvin Grove

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices



Fairy Revelry

Three-Part or Four-Part Song (Optional Bass)

EDWARD PAYSON JACKSON — GIOACHINO ROSSINI

S. 1 — *Allegretto* — *mf*

S. 2

1. What soul-thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from yon star - lit
2. Their rai - ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in moon-light like

A. — *mf*

1. What soul-thrill - ing song-charm, like sweet sil - ver bells, Rings from yon star - lit
2. Their rai - ment trans - lu - cent, of light pearl - y hue, Shines in moon-light like

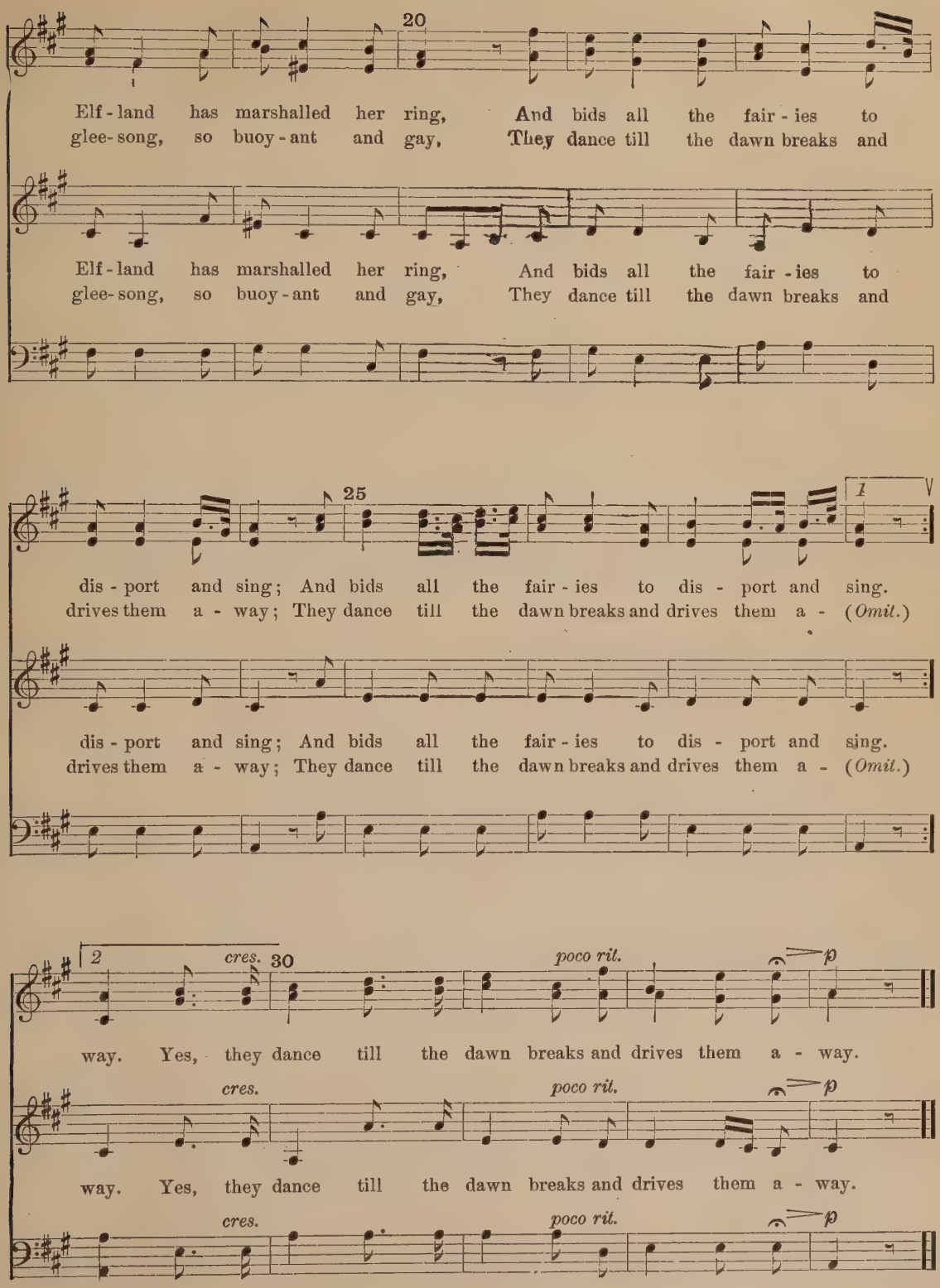
Op. B. — *mf*

moor-land a - way down the dells? The fair queen of Elf-land has marshalled her
cob-webs be - spray'd o'er with dew. With elf - play and glee-song, so buoy-ant and

moor-land a - way down the dells? The fair queen of Elf-land has marshalled her
cob-webs be - spray'd o'er with dew, With elf - play and glee-song, so buoy-ant and

ring, And bids all the fair - ies to dis - port and sing; The fair queen of
gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a - way; With elf - play and

ring, And bids all the fair - ies to dis - port and sing; The fair queen of
gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a - way; With elf - play and


20
Elf-land has marshalled her ring, And bids all the fair-ies to
glee-song, so buoy-ant and gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and
Elf-land has marshalled her ring, And bids all the fair-ies to
glee-song, so buoy-ant and gay, They dance till the dawn breaks and
25
1
dis-port and sing; And bids all the fair-ies to dis-port and sing.
drives them a-way; They dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a- (Omit.)
dis-port and sing; And bids all the fair-ies to dis-port and sing.
drives them a-way; They dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a- (Omit.)
2
cres.
30
poco rit.
p
way. Yes, they dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a-way.
cres.
poco rit.
p
way. Yes, they dance till the dawn breaks and drives them a-way.
cres.
poco rit.
p

The Swan

HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

RICHARD WAGNER in "Lohengrin"
Arr. by HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

S. 1 *pp* *Tranquillo*

1. Swan, swan, who knows thy song? Swan, swan, vis - - ion
2. Swan, swan, who knows thy song? Swan, swan, form of

[SOPRANO II *reads text with* TENOR]

S. 2 *pp*

T. *pp*

A.
1. Swan, swan, who knows thy song? Swan, swan, vis - ion
2. Swan, swan, who knows thy song? Swan, swan, form of

B. *pp*

Rather slowly *pp* *p*

mp *espressivo* *p*

bright! . O snow - y swan, Out of the si - lence float - - est thou Up -
light! . O spir - it pure, What charm - ed dawn - time brought thee forth? Thy

pp *pp*

bright! . E'er float, ...
light! . . E'er float, ...

mp *pp* *p*

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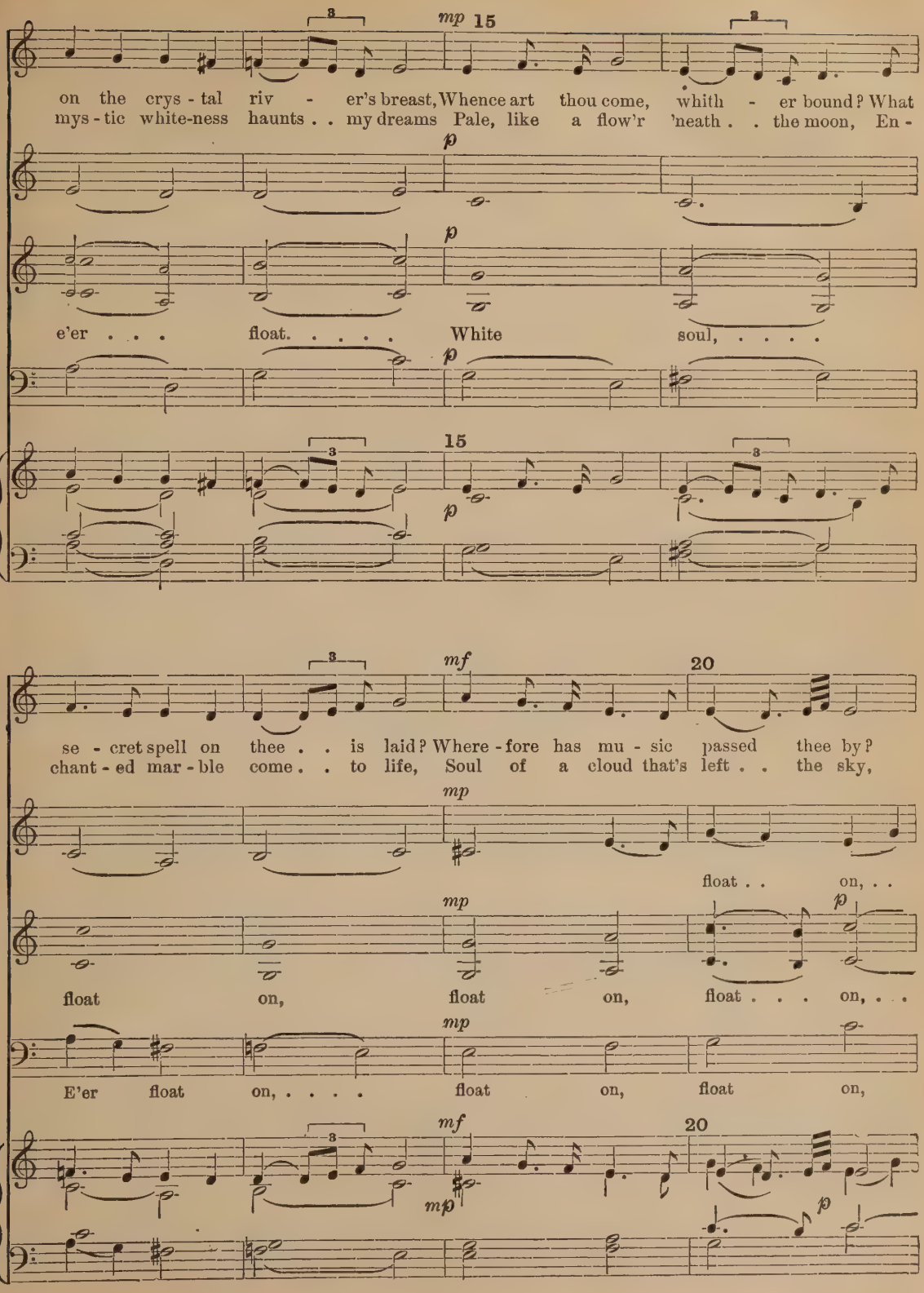
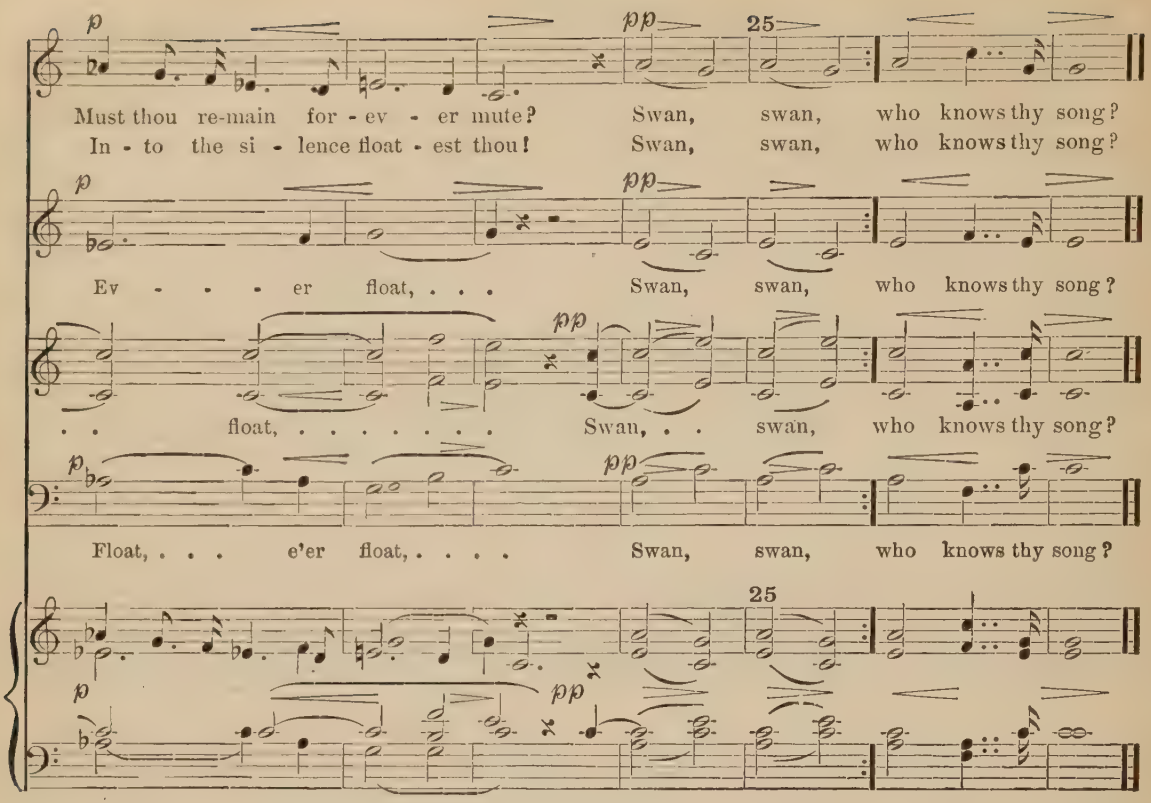
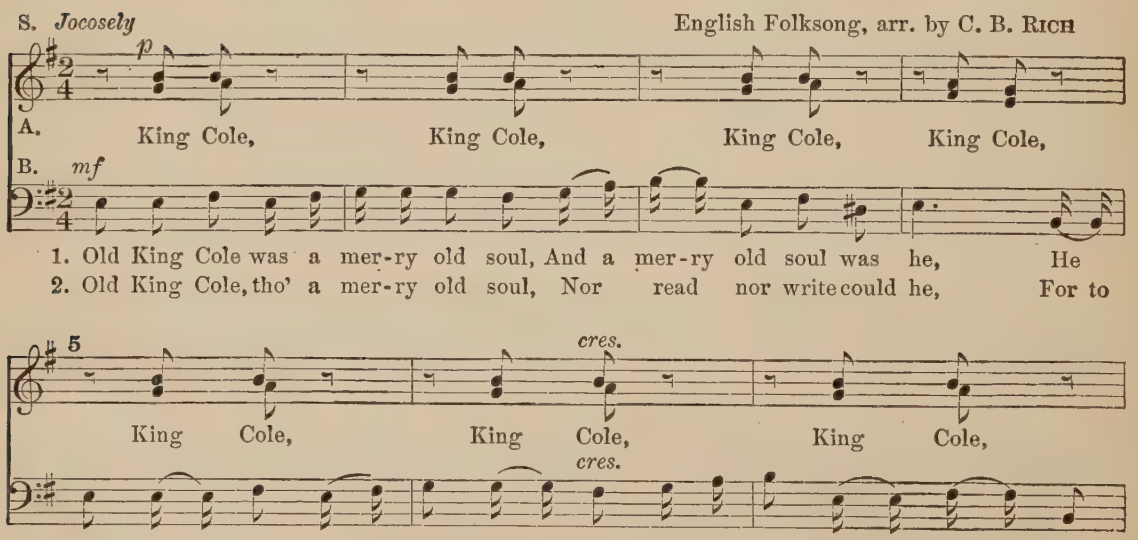
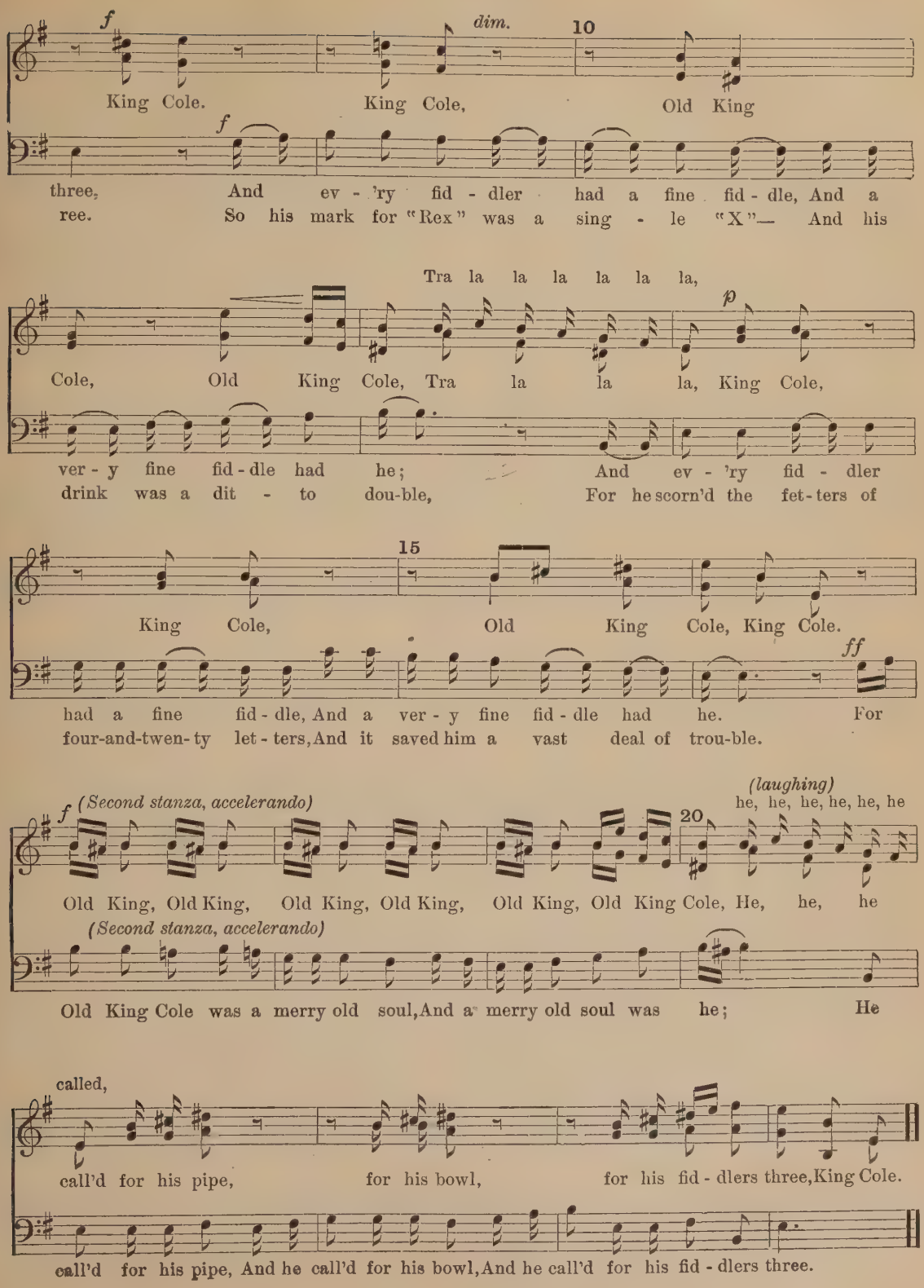

mp 15
on the crys - tal riv - er's breast, Whence art thou come, whith - er bound? What
mys - tic white-ness haunts . . my dreams Pale, like a flow'r 'neath . . the moon, En -
p
e'er . . . float. . . . . White soul, ...
15
se - cret spell on thee . . is laid? Where - fore has mu - sic passed thee by?
chant - ed mar - ble come . . to life, Soul of a cloud that's left . . the sky,
mf 20
mp
float . . on, . .
mp p
float on, float on, float . . . on, . .
mp
E'er float on, ... float on, float on,
mf 20
mp p



Old King Cole

Unison Song for Basses, with Two-Part Vocal Accompaniment

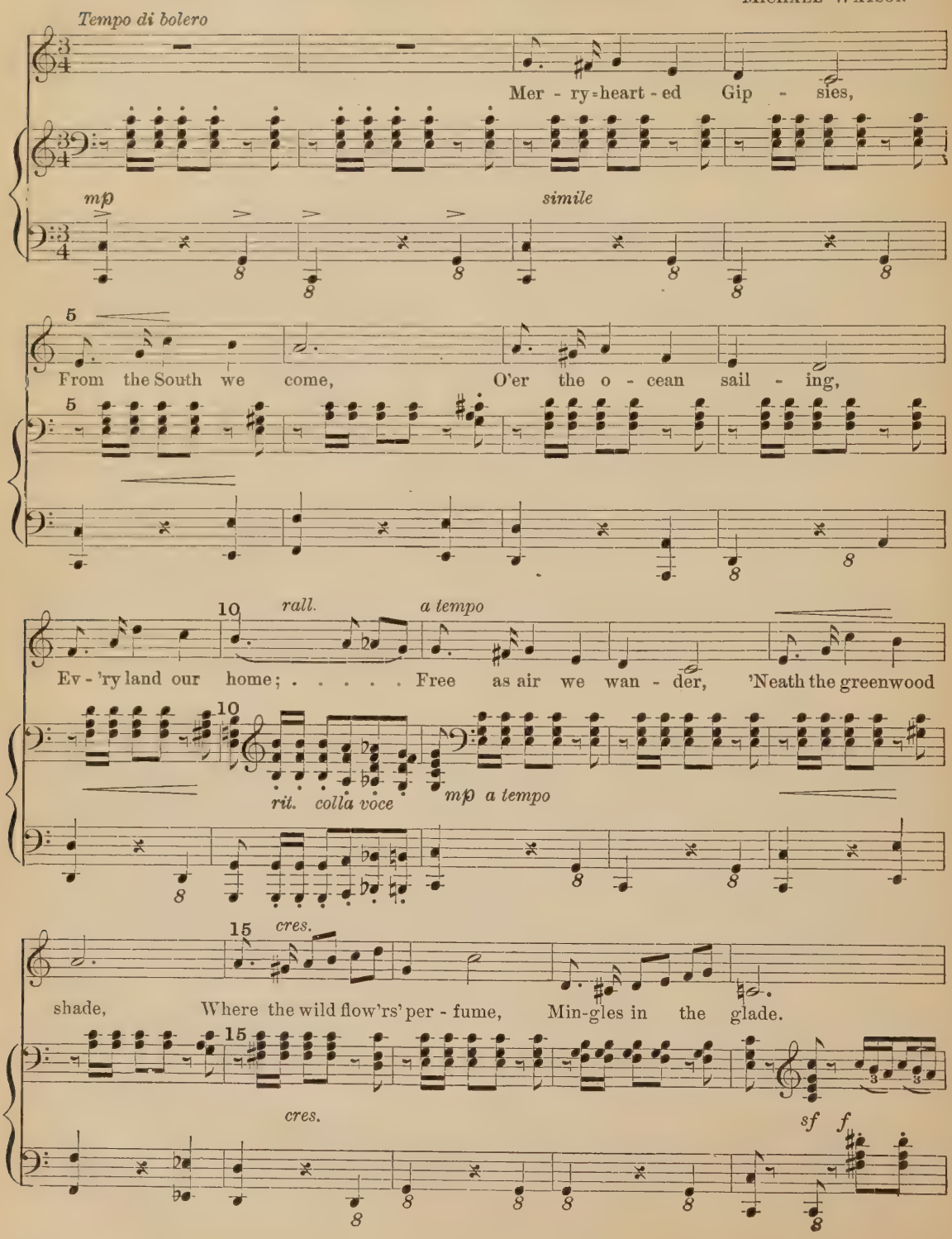



f
dim.
10
King Cole. King Cole, Old King
f
three, And ev - 'ry fid - dler had a fine fid - dle, And a
ree. So his mark for "Rex" was a sing - le "X"— And his
Tra la la la la la la,
p
Cole, Old King Cole, Tra la la la, King Cole,
ver - y fine fid - dle had he; And ev - 'ry fid - dler
drink was a dit - to dou-ble, For he scorn'd the fet-ters of
15
King Cole, Old King Cole, King Cole.
ff
had a fine fid - dle, And a ver - y fine fid - dle had he. For
four-and-twen- ty let - ters, And it saved him a vast deal of trou-ble.
f (Second stanza, accelerando)
(laughing)
he, he, he, he, he, he
20
Old King, Old King, Old King, Old King, Old King, Old King Cole, He, he, he
(Second stanza, accelerando)
Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He
called,
call'd for his pipe, for his bowl, for his fid - dlers three, King Cole.
call'd for his pipe, And he call'd for his bowl, And he call'd for his fid - dlers three.

The Spanish Gipsy

Unison Song for Medium or Low Voices

MICHAEL WATSON



20 *mf*

For - tunes we tell as

20 *fz* *leggiero*

on - ward we . . roam, And Do - na or

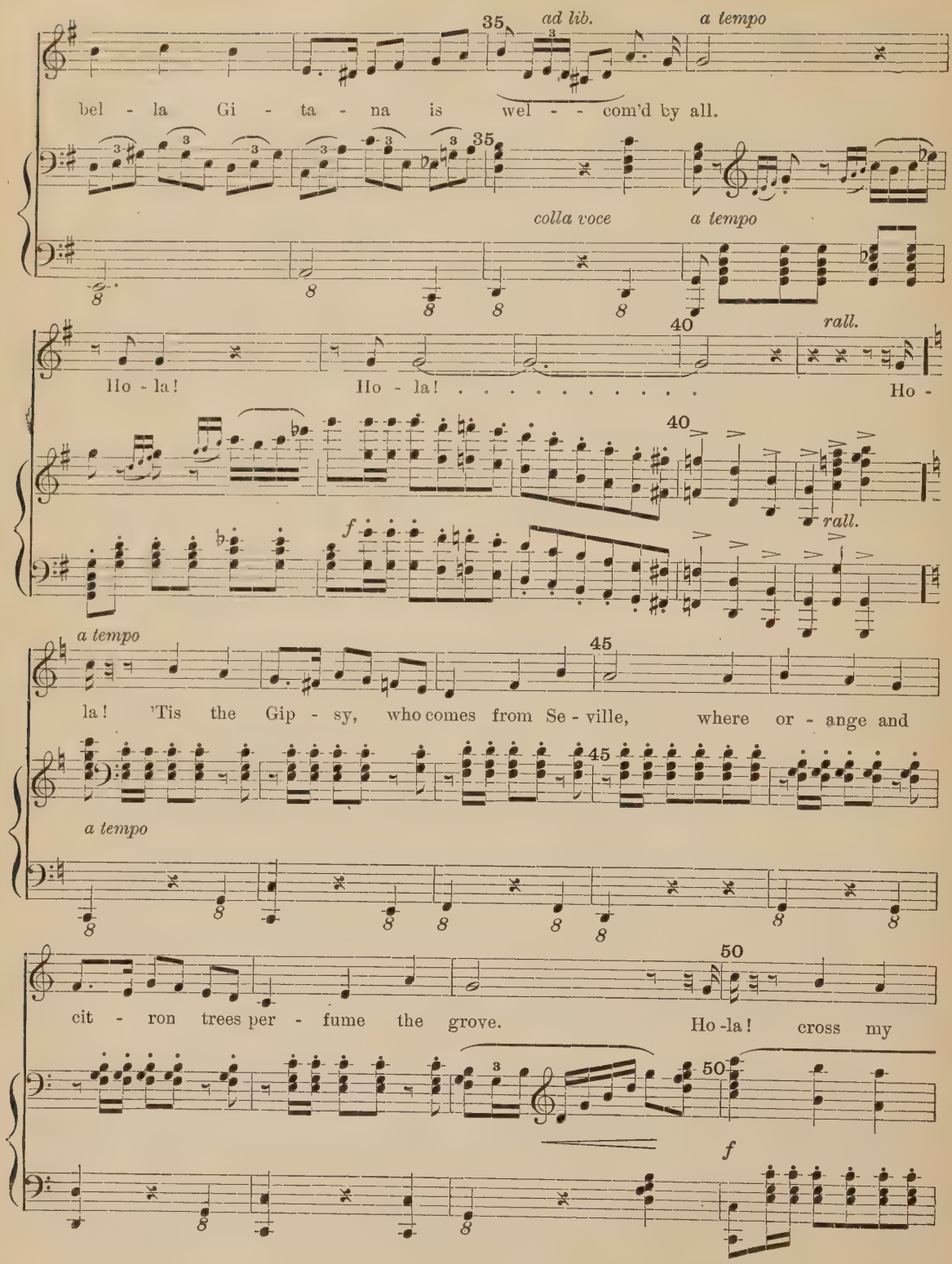
25

Don re - spond to . . our call; . . . . . .

30 *f*

"Greet - ing," they cry, "O daugh - ter of Spain" La

30 *f*


35
ad lib.
a tempo
bel - la Gi - ta - na is wel - - com'd by all.
colla voce
a tempo
40
rall.
Ho - la! Ho - la! . . . . . Ho -
f
rall.
a tempo
45
la! 'Tis the Gip - sy, who comes from Se - ville, where or - ange and
a tempo
50
cit - ron trees per - fume the grove. Ho - la! cross my
f

poco rit. a tempo

palm and I soon will re - veal, A tale that shall

poco rit. a tempo

55 60

breathe but of joy-bells and love.

55 Presto 60

colla voce ff a tempo accel. sf sf sf sf

Queen of Night

For Three-Part or Four-Part Chorus (Optional Bass)

DAVID K. STEVENS ERIK MEYER-HELMUND, arr.

8. Adagio p Andante 5

A.

1. Eve-ning falls, the sun is sink-ing: At the pool the
2. Na-ture's chil-dren home are creep-ing, Bird-lings in their

pp pp 5

Ped.

Tim - id stars are faint - ly show-ing—Comes the moon in splen - dor glow - ing!
In the pur - ple sky all queen - ly, Floats the sil - ver moon se - rene - ly.

mf 10 *dim.* *e* *rit.*

herds are drinking; Stars are show - ing— Faint - ly glow - ing!
nests are sleep-ing; Lu - na, queen - ly, Shines se - rene - ly.

p 10

mf *dim.* *e* *rit.*

S. 1 *a tempo, sostenuto* 15

Shine, O Lu - na! Shed thy sil - ver beams! Bring to all that slum - ber

S. 2

Shine, O Lu - na! Shed thy sil - ver beams! Bring to all that slum - ber

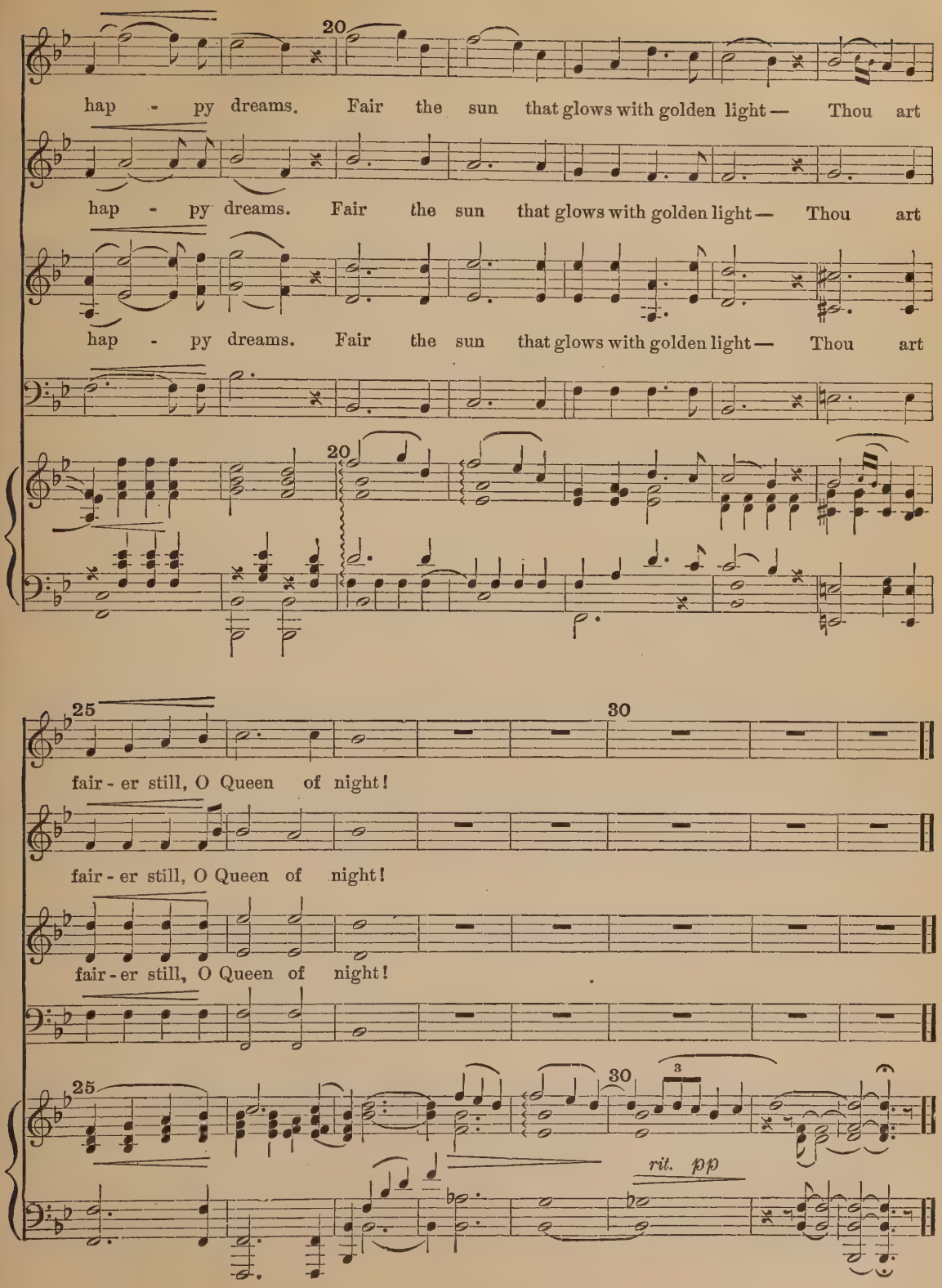
T.
A.

Shine, O Lu - na! Shed thy sil - ver beams! Bring to all that slum - ber

Optional Bass

15

a tempo, sostenuto


20
hap - py dreams. Fair the sun that glows with golden light — Thou art
hap - py dreams. Fair the sun that glows with golden light — Thou art
hap - py dreams. Fair the sun that glows with golden light — Thou art
20
25
30
fair - er still, O Queen of night!
fair - er still, O Queen of night!
fair - er still, O Queen of night!
25
30
rit. pp

Regatta Song

Unison Song for Medium Voices, with Four-Part Chorus

DAVID K. STEVENS

CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Not too fast; but in swinging, decided rhythm

mf

1. The wa - ter is spark-ling be - neath the sun And a sweet wind cools the air; . . . Im - pa - tient throngs on the riv - er banks Are watch-ing the crews pre - pare. . . . Till all is read - y — a warn - ing sounds — And
2. O glo - ri - ous sight! as they stream a - long With a courage that knows no end; . . . And ev - 'ry blade is a liv - ing thing, A part of the backs that bend. . . . With nerves and mus-cles that long have train'd, With
3. Now half of the course is be - hind them all, And the home=stretch heaves in sight; Like he-roes they cling to their toil - some task, Some wag-ing a los - ing fight. . . . Not all can win, says the stur - dy heart, Then

mf *lightly*

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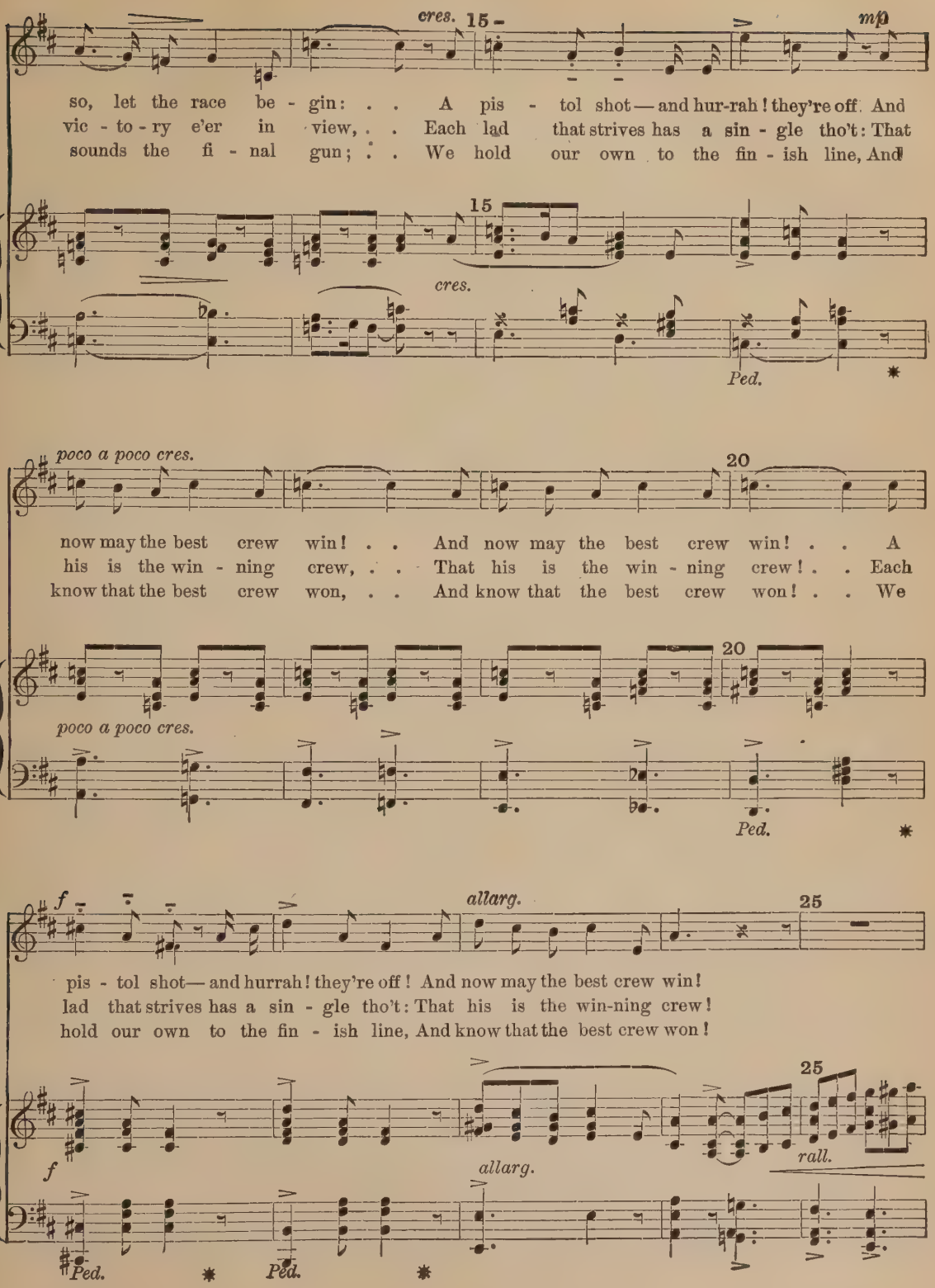
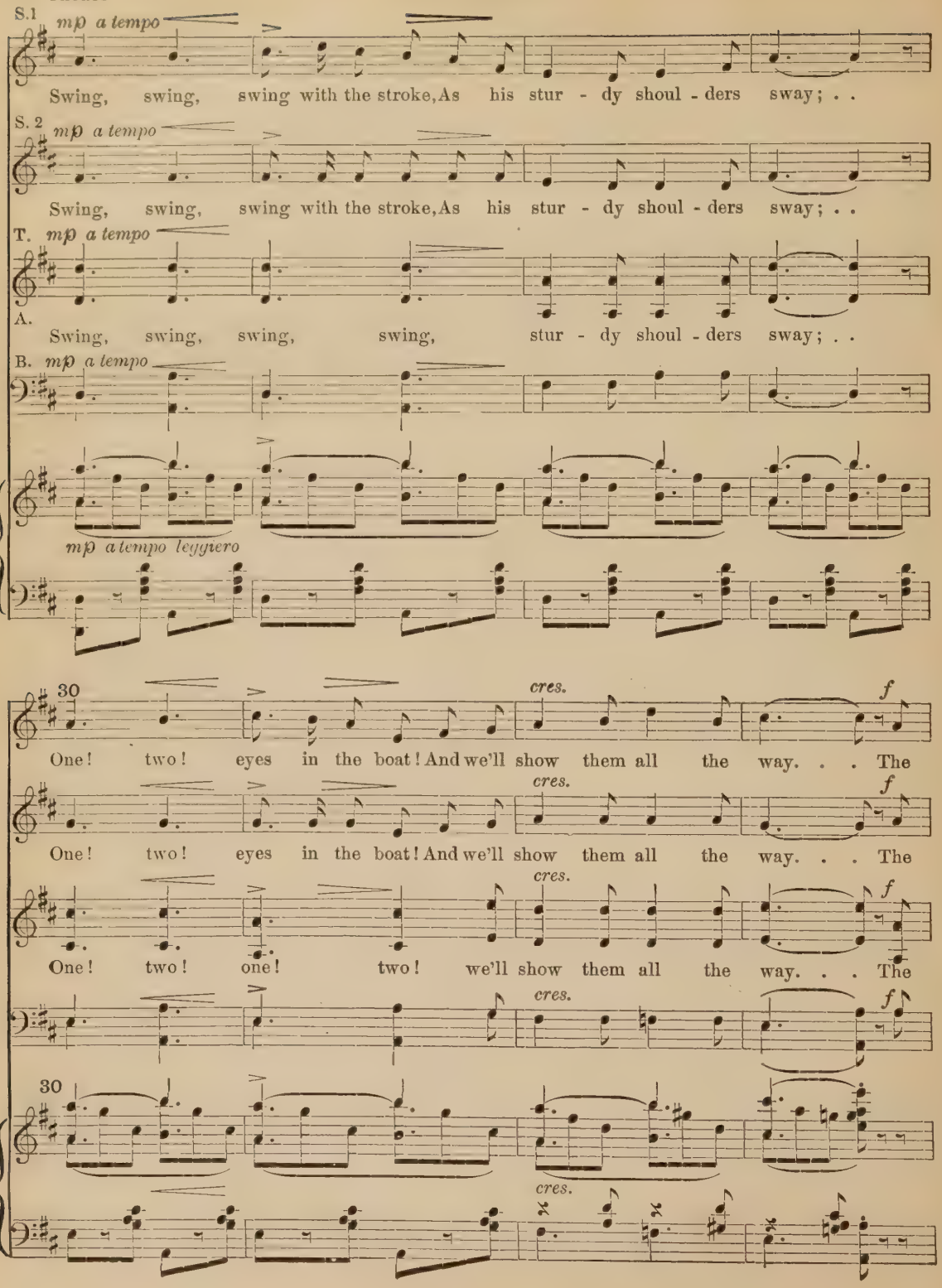
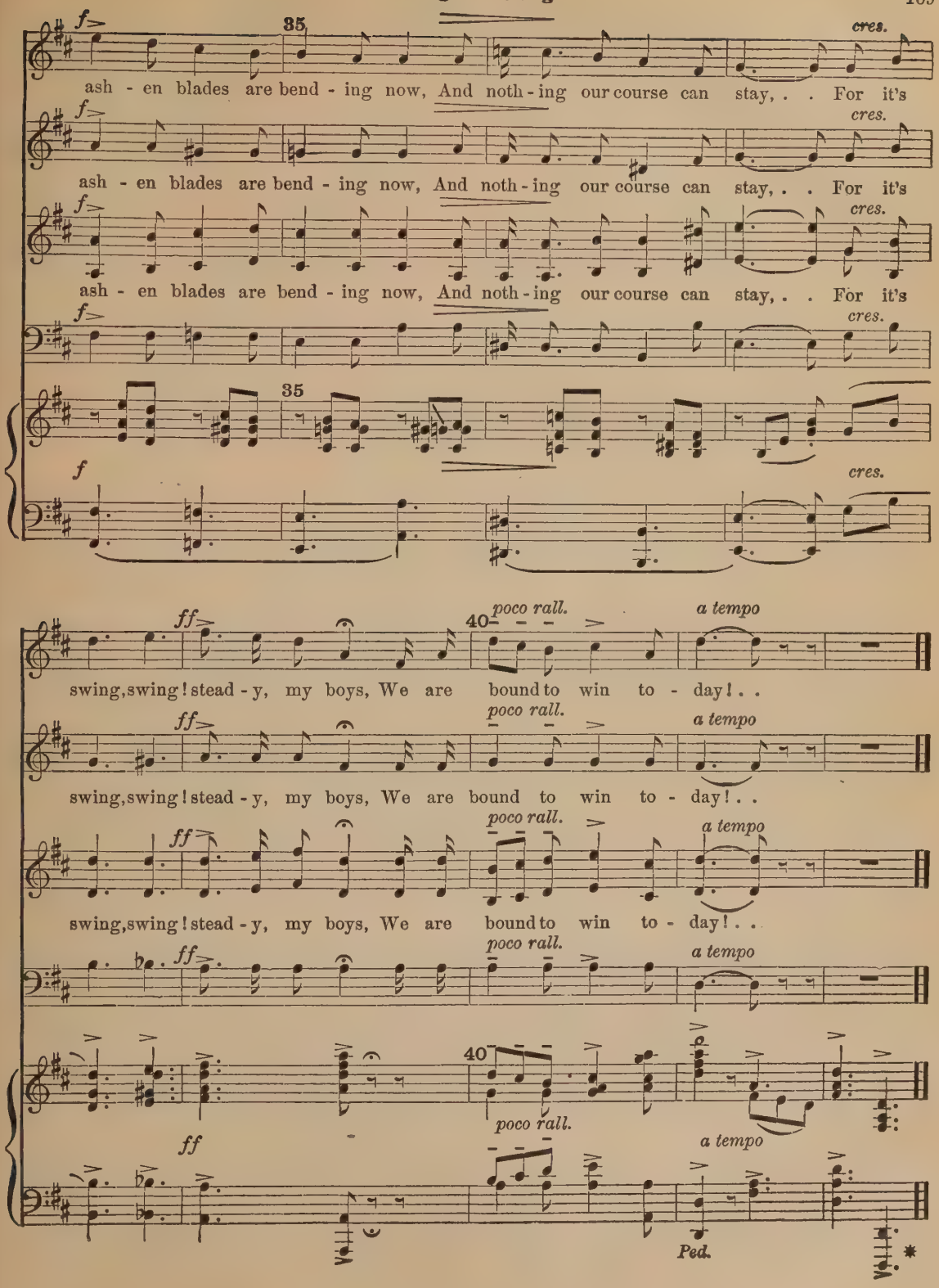

cres.
15
mp
so, let the race be - gin: . . A pis - tol shot — and hur-rah! they're off. And
vic - to - ry e'er in view, . . Each lad that strives has a sin - gle tho't: That
sounds the fi - nal gun; . . We hold our own to the fin - ish line, And
15
cres.
Ped.
poco a poco cres.
20
now may the best crew win! . . And now may the best crew win! . . A
his is the win - ning crew, . . That his is the win - ning crew! . . Each
know that the best crew won, . . And know that the best crew won! . . We
20
poco a poco cres.
Ped.
f
allarg.
25
pis - tol shot— and hurrah! they're off! And now may the best crew win!
lad that strives has a sin - gle tho't: That his is the win-ning crew!
hold our own to the fin - ish line, And know that the best crew won!
25
f
allarg.
rall.
Ped.
Ped.

Regatta Song




f
35
cres.
ash - en blades are bend - ing now, And noth - ing our course can stay, . . For it's
f
cres.
ash - en blades are bend - ing now, And noth - ing our course can stay, . . For it's
f
cres.
ash - en blades are bend - ing now, And noth - ing our course can stay, . . For it's
f
cres.
35
f
cres.
ff
40
poco rall.
a tempo
swing, swing! stead - y, my boys, We are bound to win to - day! . .
ff
poco rall.
a tempo
swing, swing! stead - y, my boys, We are bound to win to - day! . .
ff
poco rall.
a tempo
swing, swing! stead - y, my boys, We are bound to win to - day! . .
ff
poco rall.
a tempo
40
ff
poco rall.
a tempo
Ped.

Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground

Unison Song for Basses, with Humming Accompaniment

S. C. Foster

S. C. Foster
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. 1 *pp*

S. 2 Mm (*humming*) Mm Mm Mm

A. *pp* Mm (*humming*) Mm Mm Mm

B. *p*

1. Round de mead-ows am a - ring - ing De dark - y's mourn - ful song,
2. When de au - tumn leaves were fall - ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas
3. Mas - sa make de dark - ies love him 'Cayse he was so kind;

5

Mm Mm . . . . . Mm . . . . . .

Mm Mm . . . . . Mm . . . . . .

cres. *dim.*

While de mocking-birds am sing - ing, Hap - py as de day am long.
hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, 'Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him, Mourn-ing 'cayse he leave dem be - hind.

mp 10

Mm Mm . . . . . .

mp

Mm Mm . . . . . .

mp

Where de i - vy am a creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound,
Now de or-ange=trees am bloom - ing On de sand - y shore,
I can't work be - fore to - mor - row, 'Cayse de tear - drops flow:

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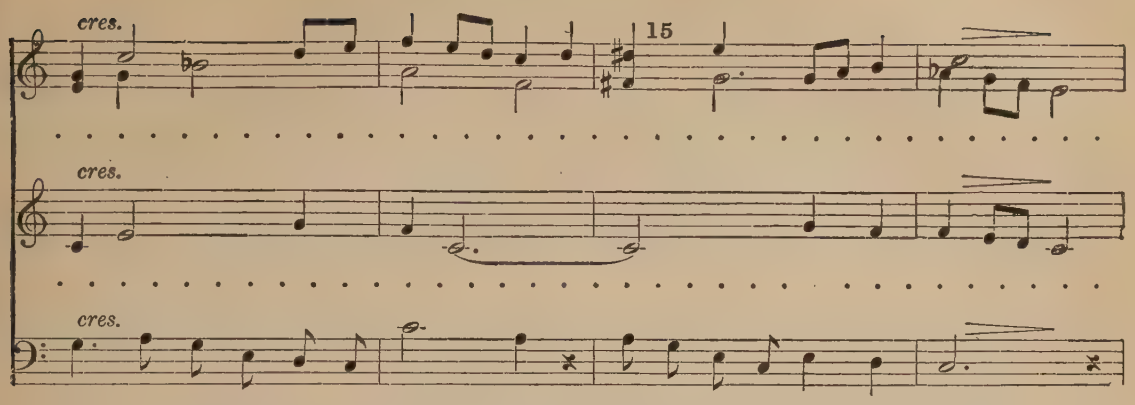
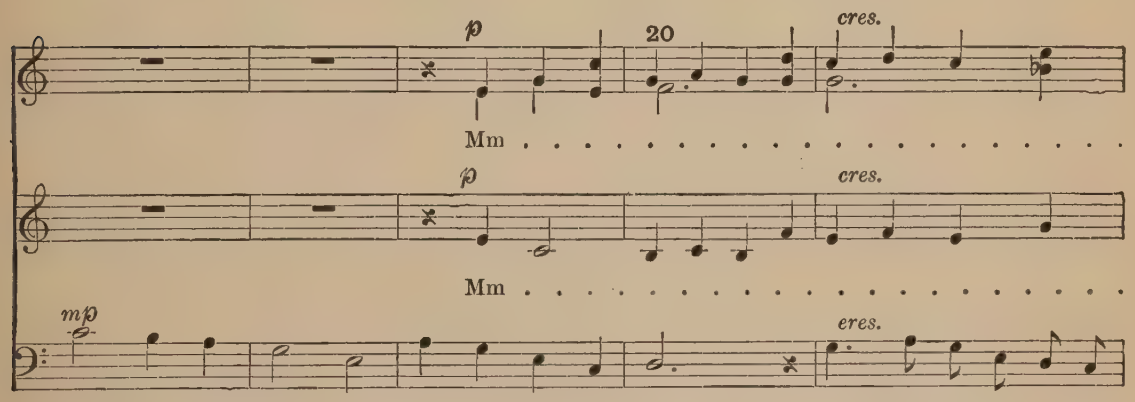
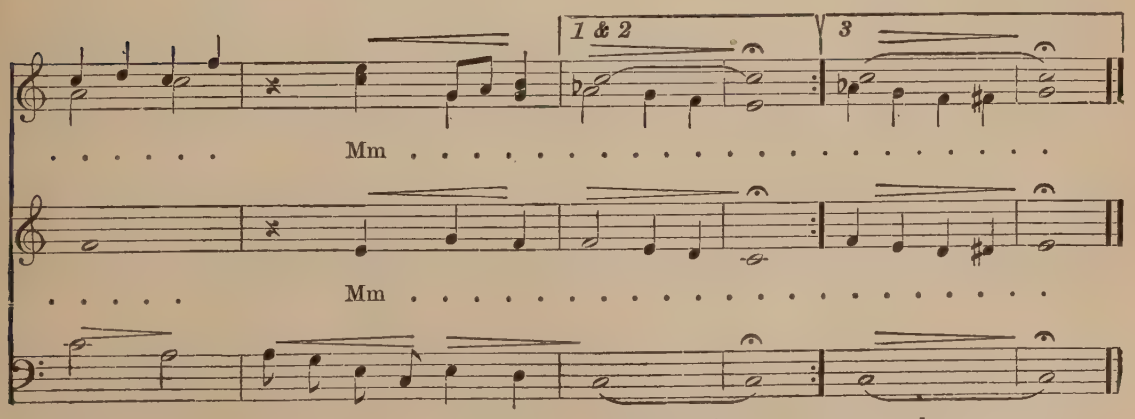


Dar old Mas-sa am a-sleep-ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
try to drive a-way my sor-row, Pick-ing on de old ban-jo.



Down in de corn-field, Hear dat mourn-ful sound; All de dark-ies am a-

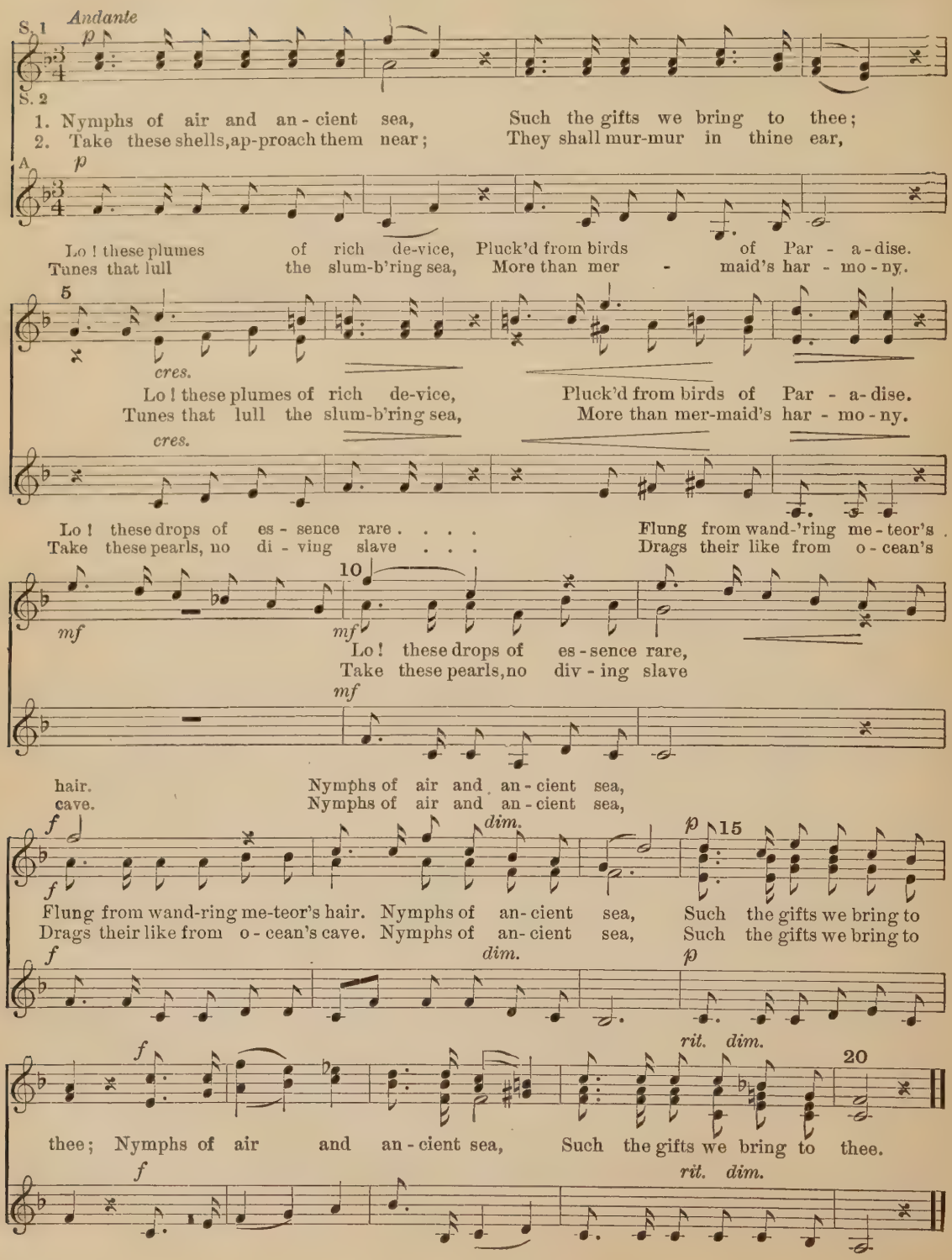


weep-ing; Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground. . . . . ground. . . . .

Nymphs of Air and Sea

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

HENRY SMART



The Shepherd's Good Night

Two-Part Song for Sopranos and Tenor-Altos

STUART MAY

From "Il Trovatore"
G. VERDI

Andantino

SOPRANO SOLO

p

Calm and se-rene now the day is end - ing,

Slow - ly the sun o'er the hill de - scend- ing; Shad - ows are fall - ing Deep 'neath the

f

trees; Night-birds are call - ing, Low sighs the breeze. Soft - ly the

TENOR AND ALTO

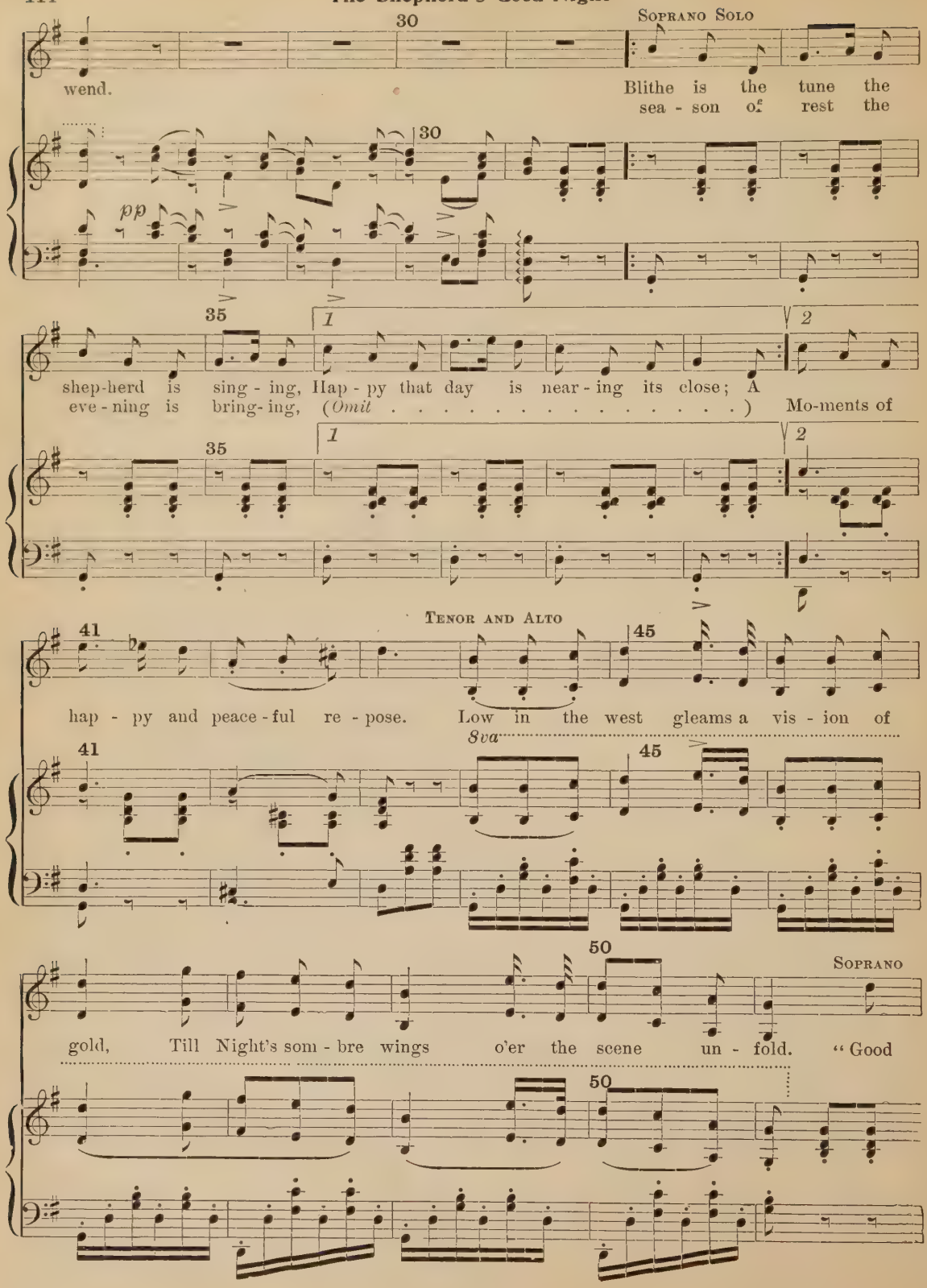
8va

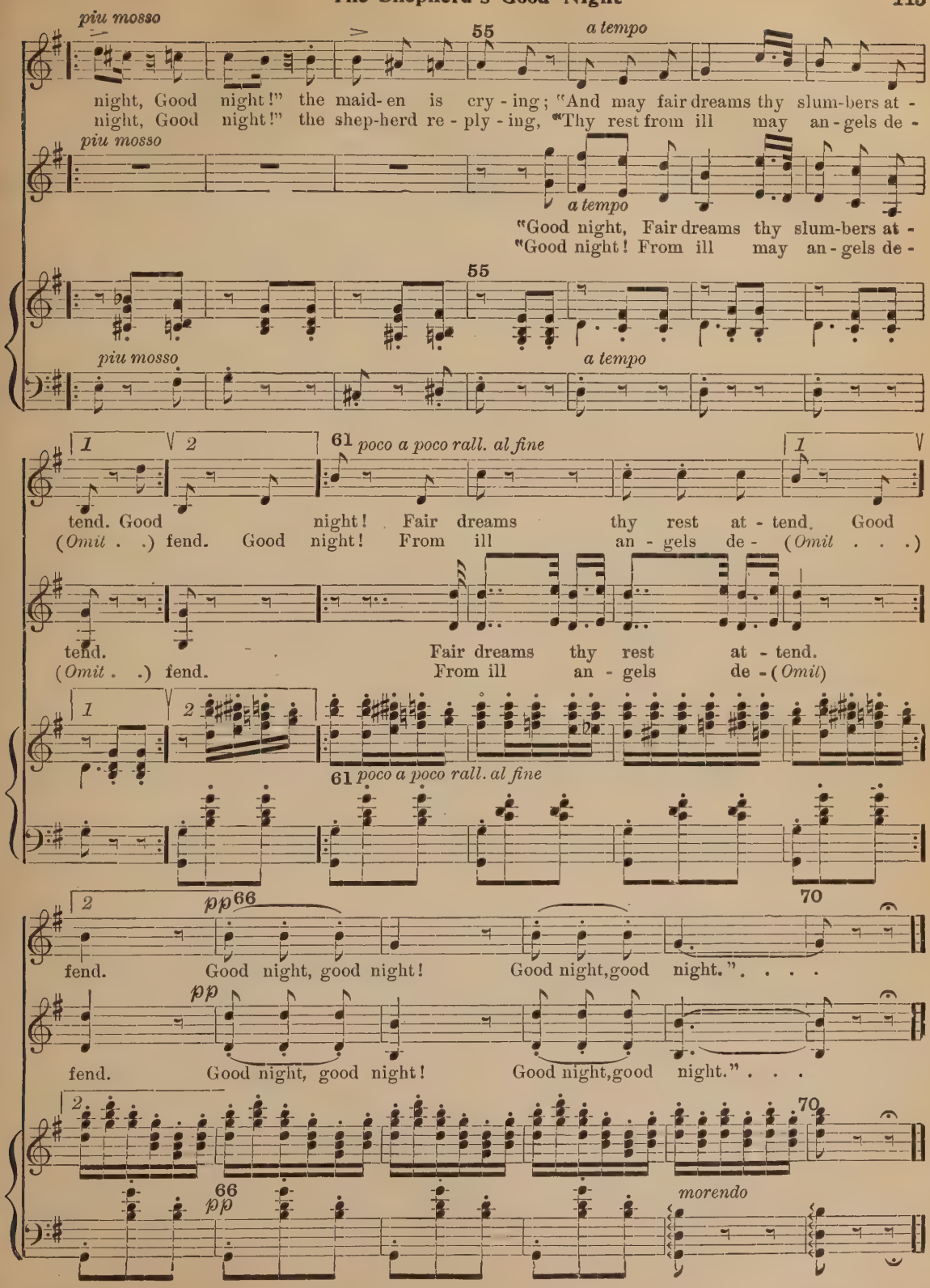
leggierissimo

bells dis-tant mel - o - dy lend, Pro-claim-ing the flocks as home - ward they

8va

cres - - - cen - - - do f


Soprano Solo
wend.
Blithe is the tune the
sea - son of rest the
pp
shep-herd is sing - ing, Hap - py that day is near - ing its close; A
eve - ning is bring- ing, (Omit . . . . . .) Mo-ments of
Tenor and Alto
hap - py and peace - ful re - pose. Low in the west gleams a vis - ion of
8va
Soprano
gold, Till Night's som - bre wings o'er the scene un - fold. "Good


piu mosso
55
a tempo
night, Good night!" the maid-en is cry-ing; "And may fair dreams thy slum-bers at-
night, Good night!" the shep-herd re-ply-ing, "Thy rest from ill may an-gels de-
piu mosso
a tempo
"Good night, Fair dreams thy slum-bers at-
"Good night! From ill may an-gels de-
55
piu mosso
a tempo
1
2
61 poco a poco rall. al fine
tend. Good night! Fair dreams thy rest at-tend. Good
(Omit . .) fend. Good night! From ill an-gels de- (Omit . . .)
tend. Fair dreams thy rest at-tend.
(Omit . .) fend. From ill an-gels de-(Omit)
61 poco a poco rall. al fine
pp 66
70
fend. Good night, good night! Good night, good night."
pp
fend. Good night, good night! Good night, good night."
66
pp
70
morendo

Old Folks at Home

Melody in the Bass, with Humming Accompaniment

S. C. Foster

S. C. Foster
Arr. by C. B. Rich

Andante *p*

Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

pp sotto voce *p*

Far from the old folks at home. Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

mp espressivo

1. 'Way down up - on the Swa - nee Riv - er, Far, far a -
2. All 'round the lit - tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bush - es, One that I

5 *poco cres.* *dim.*

poco cres. *dim.*

poco cres. *dim.*

way, There's where my heart is turn - ing ev - er, There's where the old folks
young, Then ma - ny hap - py days I squan-der'd, Ma - ny the songs I
love, Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I

10 *pp*

Mm . . . . . .

pp

Mm . . . . . .

pp

stay. All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
sung. When I was play - ing with my broth-er, Hap - py was I!
rove. When shall I see the bees a-hum-ming, All 'round the comb?

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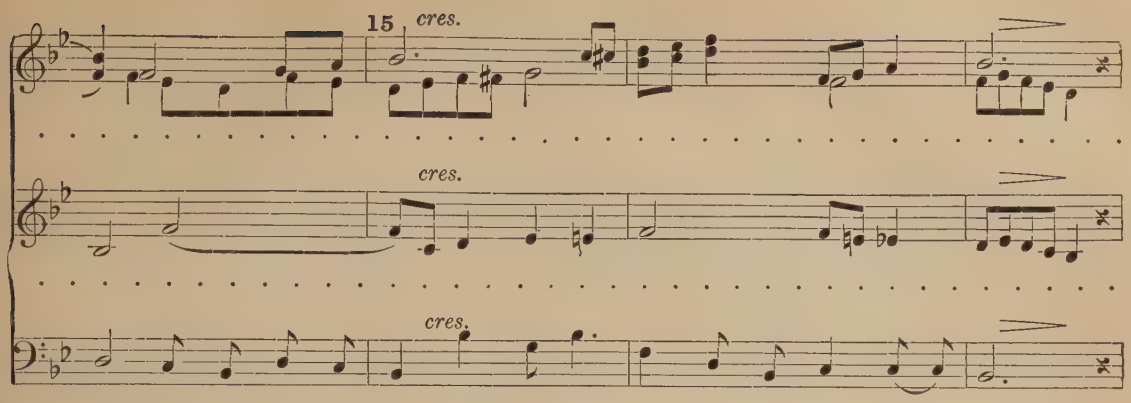
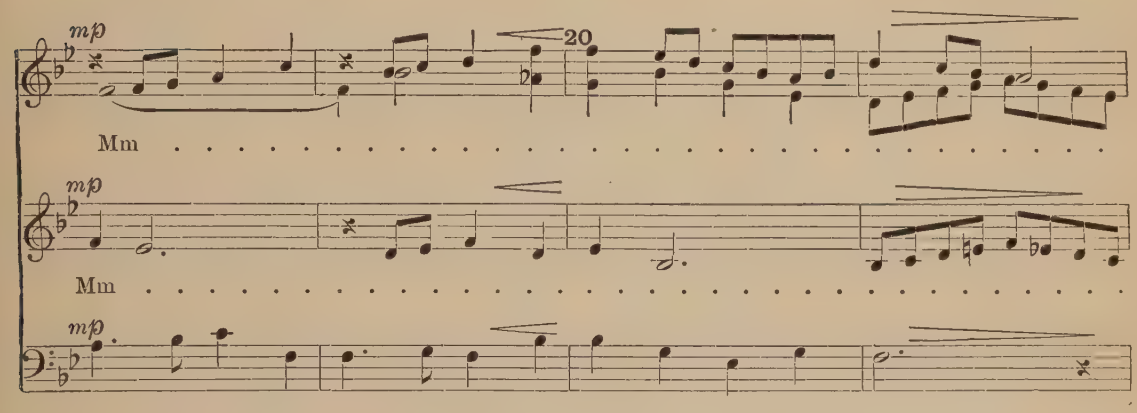
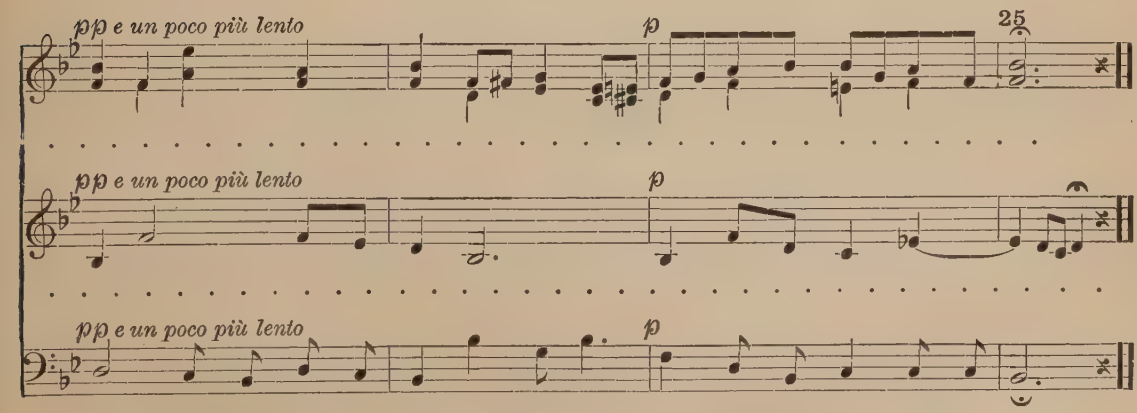


Still long - ing for the old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home.
O take me to my kind old moth- er, There let me live and die!
When shall I hear the ban - jo thrumming, Down in my good old home?



All the world is sad and drear - y Ev - 'ry - where I roam,



O dark - ies, how my heart grows wea - ry, Far from the old folks at home!

A Summer Holiday

For Four-Part Chorus, with Unisons or Solos

From "Iolanthe,"
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

DAVID K. STEVENS

Allegro marziale

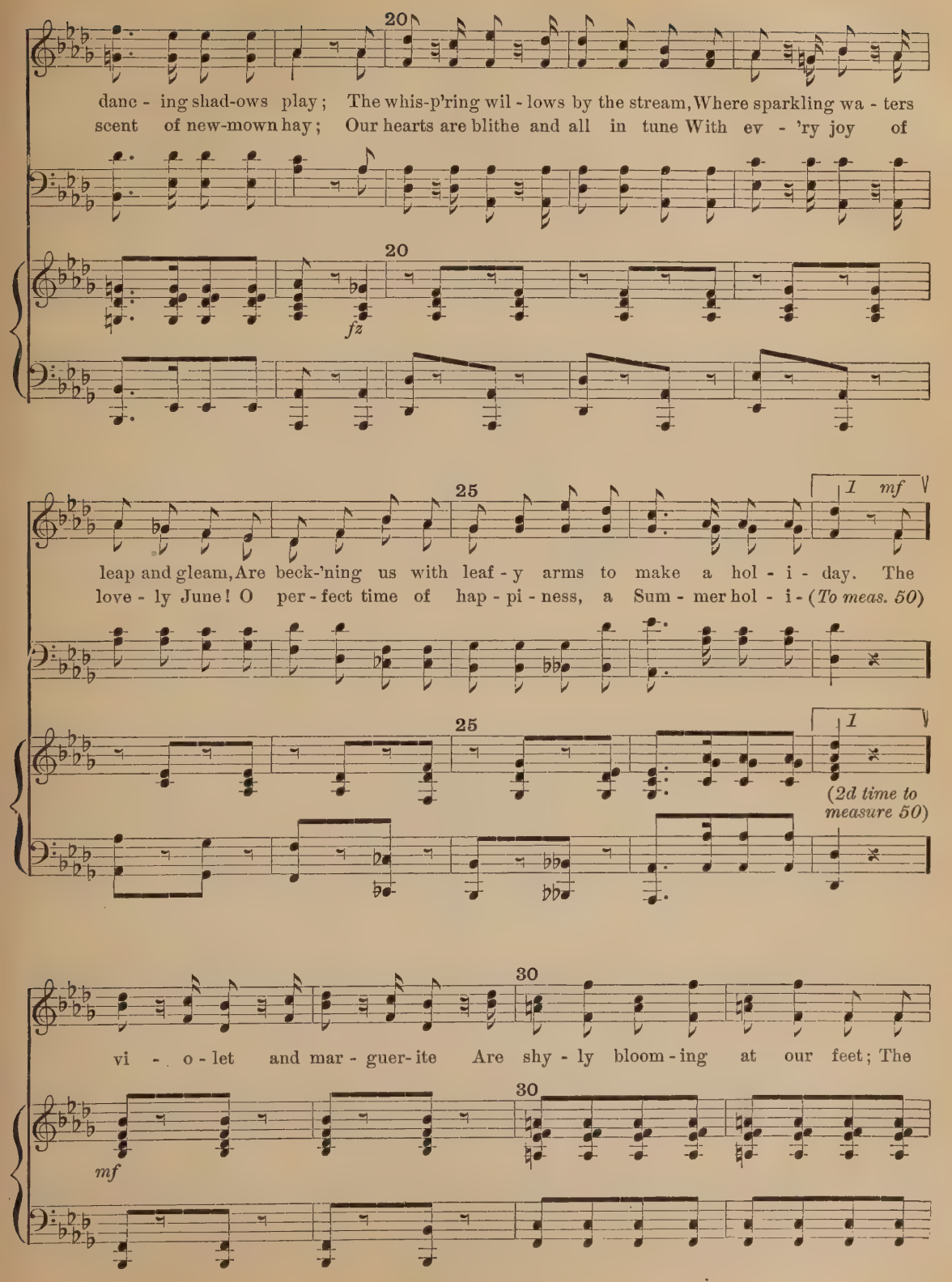
f

S.
A.
T.
B.

1. The morn - ing sun is glow - ing bright, The
come! the morn - ing sun is high, The

mf

cool and si - lent lanes in -vite, While up and down a moss - y path the
clouds are few and blue the sky, The sum - mer air is la - den with the


20
danc - ing shad-ows play; The whis-p'ring wil - lows by the stream, Where sparkling wa - ters
scent of new-mown hay; Our hearts are blithe and all in tune With ev - 'ry joy of
fz
25
1 mf
leap and gleam, Are beck-'ning us with leaf - y arms to make a hol - i - day. The
love - ly June! O per - fect time of hap - pi - ness, a Sum - mer hol - i - (To meas. 50)
(2d time to measure 50)
30
vi - o - let and mar - guer - ite Are shy - ly bloom - ing at our feet; The
mf

35 Bass *f*

cow - slip and the but - ter-cup are nodding in the sun; From ev - 'ry care and

35 *f*

40

trou - ble free, Our voic - es ring in mer - ry glee; The shin - ing hours are

40

Soprano 45 All

all for us, The day is just be - gun! The day is just be - gun! The

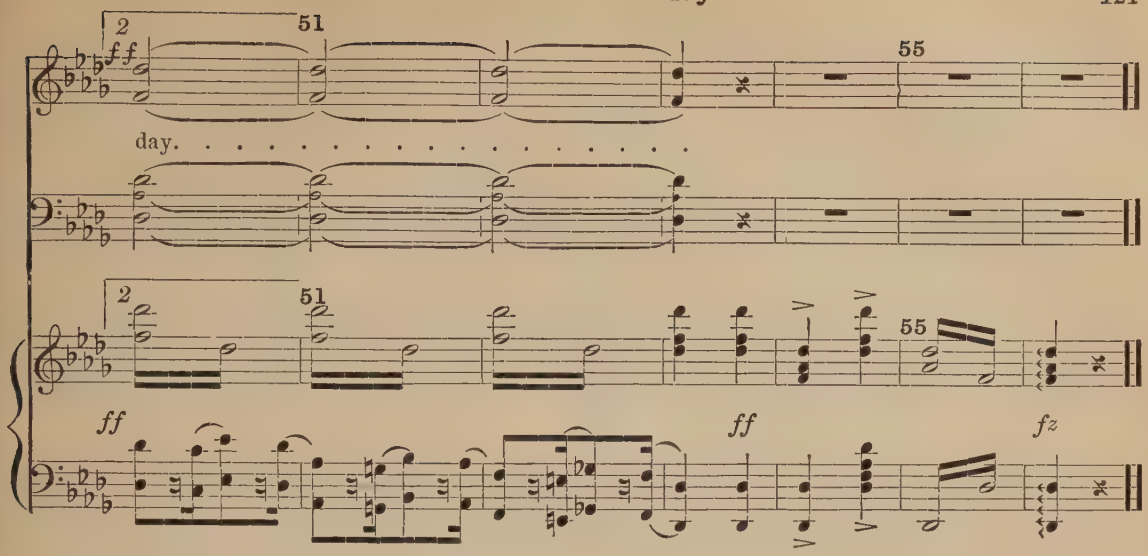
45

cres - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - *do* *f* D.S.

shin - ing hours are all for us, The hap - py day is just be - gun! O

D.S.

cres - - - - - - - *cen* - - - - *do* *f*



The Morn of the Year

Unison Song

Text and music by
HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS

Not too slowly

1. The sea - sons come and the sea - sons go, With shine . or rain, . Ar -
2. The sea - sons go and the sea - sons come To fill . . the year, . But

With gentle movement

bu - tus waits 'neath the win - ter's snow For spring . a - gain. .
birds will car - ol and bees will hum When spring . is here. .

L.H.

Ped.

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Meadow Song

CLINTON SCOLLARD — L. B. MARSHALL

S. 1 *Allegretto mp*

S. 2

1. The long sweep of mead - ow is crim - son with clo - ver, Where bees play the ro - - ver on hur - ry - ing wing; . . . . And the hue of the sky that leans lov - ing - ly o - - ver, Is fair as the
2. Then hey, lads and las - sies, come out o'er the grass - es, And hear as he pass - - es, the mead - ow lark sing; . . . . With a sky brood-ing o - - ver as clear as clear glass is, And fair as the
3. A long sweep of mead - ow, a - crim - son with clo - ver, You'll find, my world ro - - ver, no love - li - er thing; . . . . With lus - tre - ful sky lean - ing ten - der - ly o - - ver— As fair as the

T. [SOP. II *reads text with* TENOR-ALTO]

A.

1. Long sweep of mead - ow, crim-son with clo - ver, Bees play the ro - ver hur - ry - ing wing. Hue of the sky that leans lov - ing - ly o - ver,
2. Hey, lads and las - sies, come o'er the grass - es, Hear as he pass - es, mead - ow lark sing. Sky brood - ing o - ver— clear as clear glass is,
3. Long sweep of mead - ow, crim-son with clo - ver, Find, my world ro - ver, love - li - er thing, Lus - tre - ful sky lean - ing, ten - der - ly o - ver,

B.

p

5 *cres.*

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cres.

blue - - bells that bloom in the spring. . . . . And the hue of the
blue - - bells that bloom in the spring. . . . . With a sky brood - ing
blue - - bells that bloom in the spring. . . . . With lus - tre - ful

cres.

fair as the blue - bells, bloom in the spring. And the hue of the
fair as the blue - bells, bloom in the spring. With a sky brood - ing
fair as the blue - bells, bloom in the spring. With lus - tre - ful

cres.

10

sky that leans lov - ing - ly o - ver, Is fair as the blue - bells that bloom in the spring.
o - ver as clear as clear glass is, And fair as the blue - bells that bloom in the spring.
sky lean-ing ten - der - ly o - ver, As fair as the blue - bells that bloom in the spring.

sky that leans lov - ing - ly o - ver, Is fair as the blue-bells that bloom in the spring.
o - ver as clear as clear glass is, And fair as the blue-bells that bloom in the spring.
sky lean - ing ten - der - ly o - ver, As fair as the blue-bells that bloom in the spring.

Song of Exaltation

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

S. 1 *Andante*

5

S. 2

1. Lord of our be - ing, throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, thy quick'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day:
3. Grant us thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling hearts that burn for thee,

A.

10 15

Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near.
Star of our hope, thy soft-ened light Cheers the long watch-es of the night.
Till all thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame.

The Song of the Swallow

Unison Song for Basses

THORNTON W. STANDISH

ROBERT RADECKE

Semplice p

1. From a by - gone day, From a by - gone day Comes the song to me a - gain, With its charm to stay, With its charm to stay All my sor - row and my pain. When the joy - ous trill, When the joy - ous trill Of the swal - low in his
2. When the buds ap - pear, When the buds ap - pear, And the az - ure blue - bells gay, To the list - 'ning ear, To the list - 'ning ear Comes the swal - low's roun - de - lay. And his car - ol sweet, And his car - ol sweet With en - chant - ment fills the
3. With the win - ter chill, With the win - ter chill, When the breath of sum - mer dies, When the brook is still, When the brook is still, Far a - way the swal - low flies. But his buoy - ant strain, But his buoy - ant strain, To our wait - ing hearts he'll

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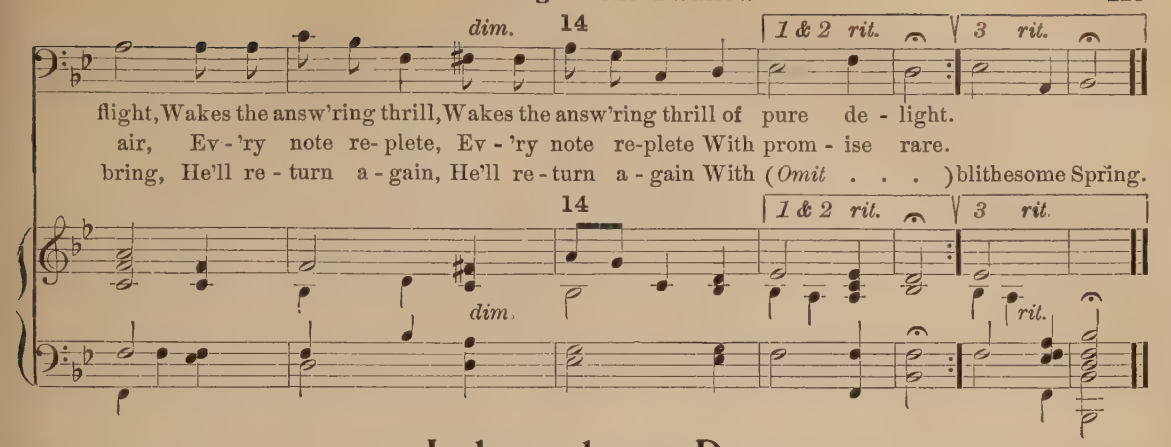
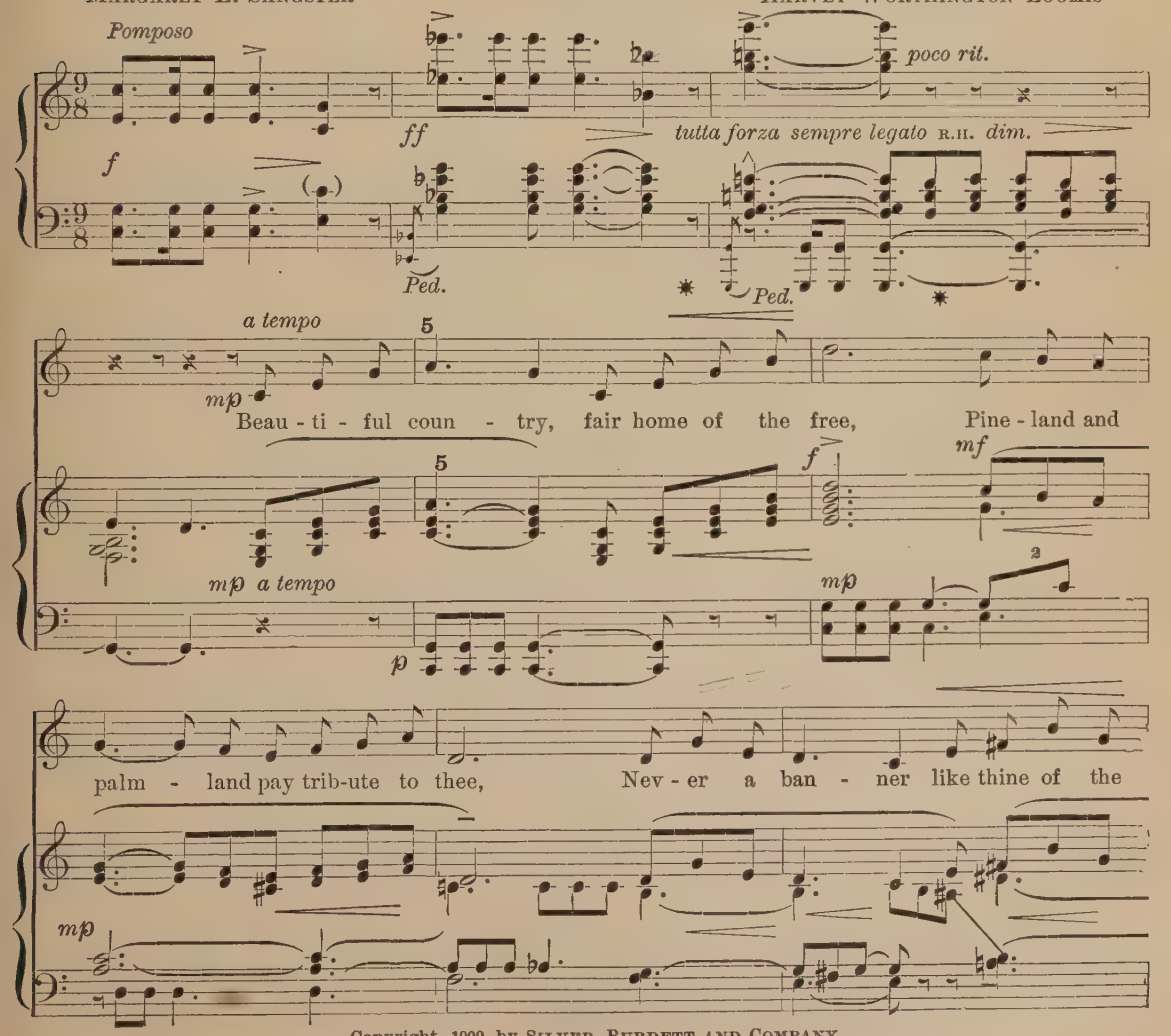


Independence Day

Unison Song

MARGARET E. SANGSTER — HARVEY WORTHINGTON LOOMIS



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10

f *tenuto* *mf a tempo* *sostenuto*

stars, . . . Nev-er a dis-cord thy mel - o - dy mars. Moth-er of

cres. *tenuto* *legato* *mp a tempo*

8va *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

cres.

mil - lions, thy chil-dren to thee, . . . Hast-en with an - thems, fair home of the

sempre legato

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

16

f

free. Moth-er of mil - lions, thy chil-dren to thee . . Hast-en with

f

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

f *rall.* 20 *accel.* *p Allegro non troppo*

an - thems, fair home of the free! . . . . Thun-der of can-non from fort and from

f *rall.* *accel.* *mp*

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱

cres.

fleet, Tramp on the pave-ment of my - ri - ad feet,

cres.

25

Marching of sol-diers, the flag in the front. O, if the need were, they'd challenge the

25

mf *f*

rit. *f* *Tempo primo* 30

brunt; Beau - ti - ful coun - try, the day is to thee, . . .

30

ff

rit.

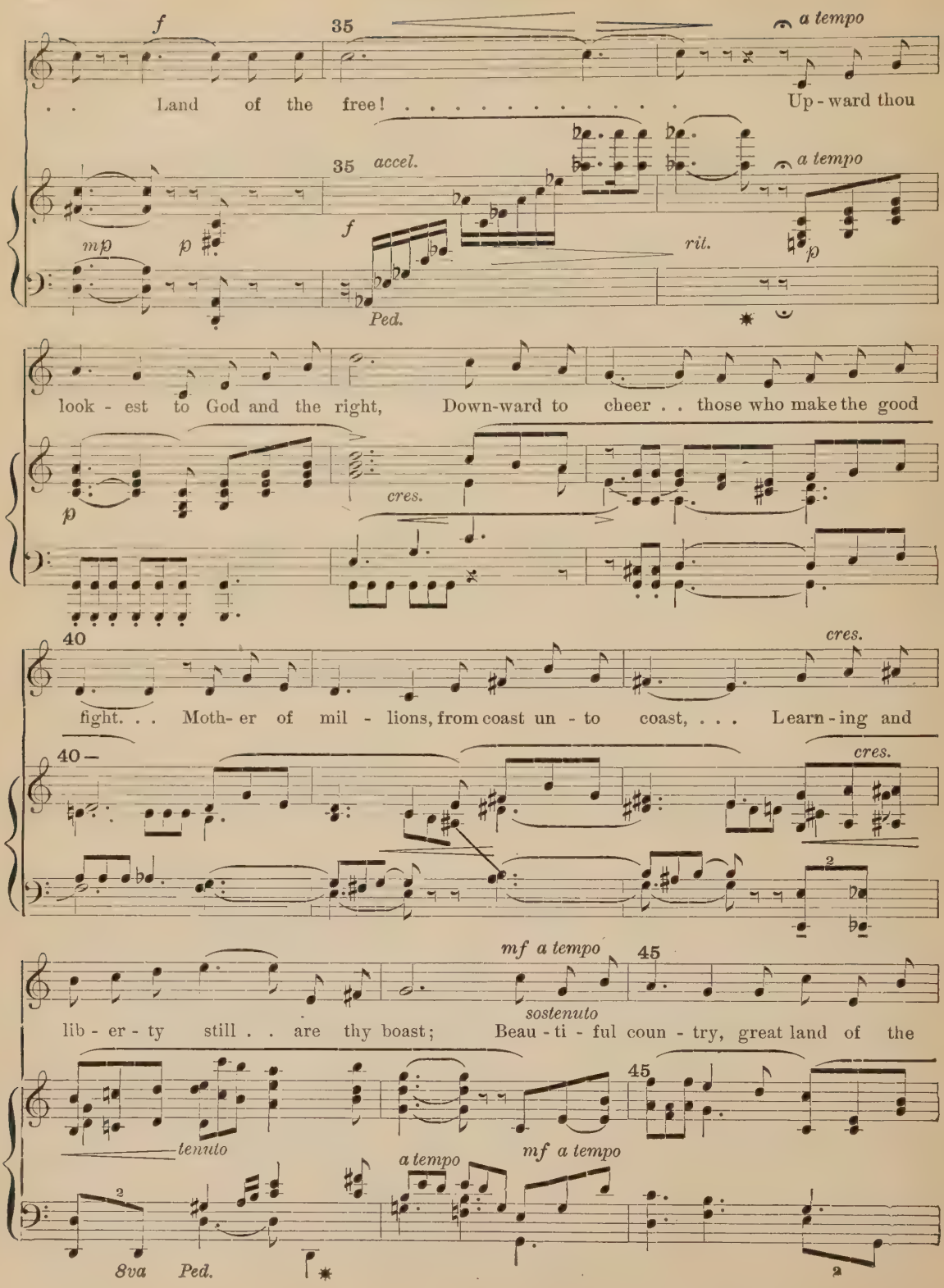
Ped.

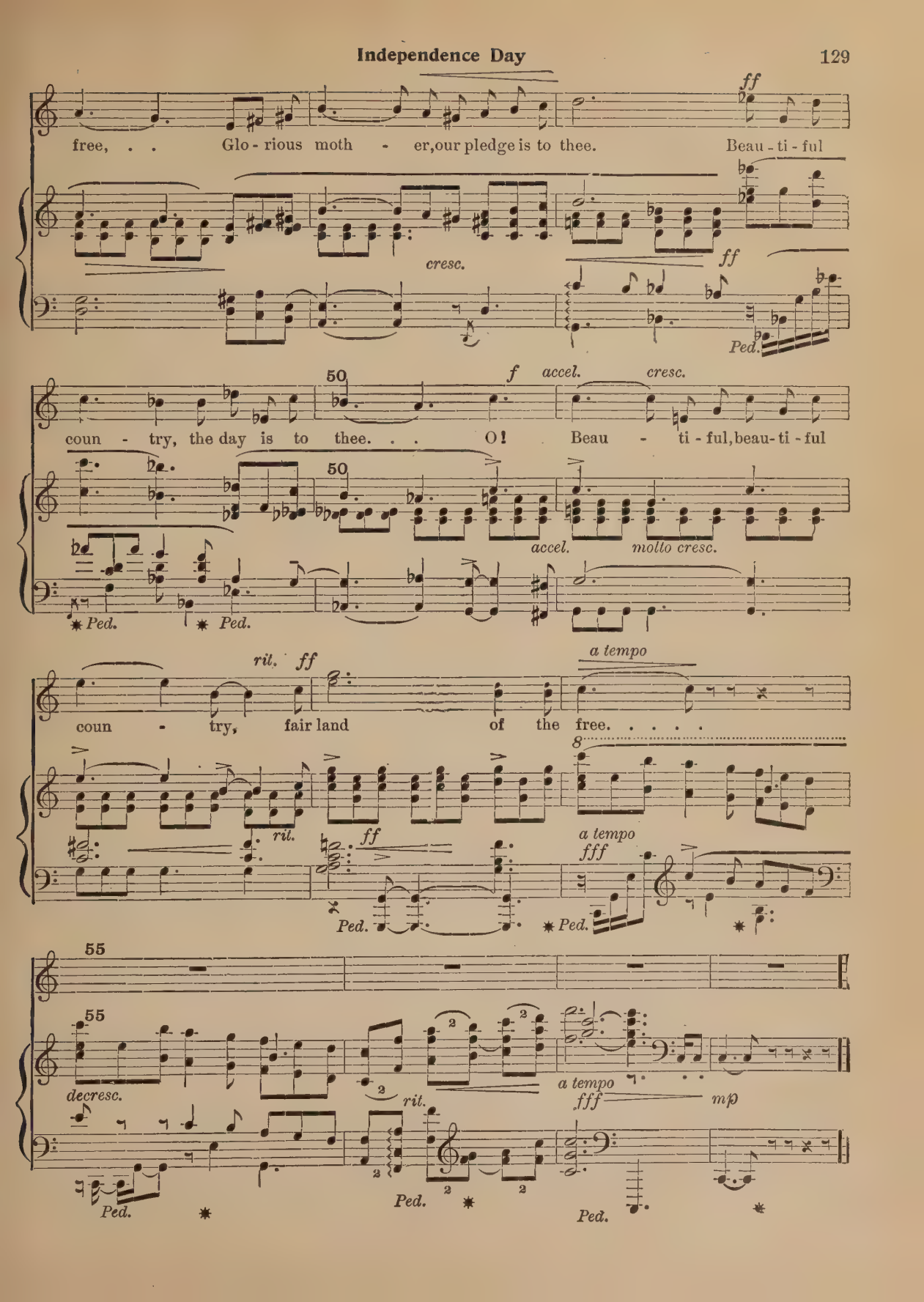
mf

Star of the des - o - late, Land of the free. . . . . The day is to thee, . .

mf *f*

Ped.


f
35
a tempo
. . Land of the free! . . . . . Up-ward thou
35 accel.
a tempo
mp
p
f
rit.
p
Ped.
look-est to God and the right, Down-ward to cheer . . those who make the good
p
cres.
40
cres.
fight. . . Moth-er of mil-lions, from coast un-to coast, . . . Learn-ing and
40
cres.
mf a tempo
45
sostenuto
lib-er-ty still . . are thy boast; Beau-ti-ful coun-try, great land of the
45
tenuto
a tempo
mf a tempo
8va
Ped.


free, . . Glo - rious moth - er, our pledge is to thee. Beau - ti - ful
ff
cresc.
ff
Ped.
50
f accel. cresc.
coun - try, the day is to thee. . . O! Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
50
accel. molto cresc.
Ped. Ped.
rit. ff
a tempo
coun - try, fair land of the free. . . . .
8
rit.
ff
a tempo
fff
Ped. Ped.
55
55
decresc.
rit.
a tempo
fff
mp
Ped. Ped. Ped.

The Shepherd Boy

ALFRED TENNYSON — GEORGE B. NEVIN

S. 1 *Con spirito* *mf*

S. 2
1. A moun - tain shep - herd boy am I; Be - neath my feet the
2. To me be - longs the moun - tain height; A - round me tem - pests
3. And when the toc - sin calls to arms, When moun - tain fires spread

T. *mf*

A.
1. A moun - tain shep - herd boy am I; Be - neath my feet the
2. To me be - longs the moun - tain height; A - round me tem - pests
3. And when the toc - sin calls to arms, When moun - tain fires spread

B. *mf*

5

cas - tles lie; The sun's bright beams the first I see, They lin - ger long - est
wing their flight, And howl from north to south, a - long; But o'er them rings my
dire a - larms, Then I de - scend, and join the throng And wield my sword and

cas - tles lie; The sun's bright beams the first I see, They lin - ger long - est
wing their flight, And howl from north to south, a - long; But o'er them rings my
dire a - larms, Then I de - scend, and join the throng And wield my sword and

rit. *a tempo* 10

here with me. I am a moun - tain boy! . . I am a moun - tain boy!
cheer - ful song, I am the moun - tain boy! . . I am the moun - tain boy!
sing my song, I am the moun - tain boy! . . I am the moun - tain boy!

rit. *a tempo*

here with me. I am a moun - tain boy! . . I am a moun - tain boy!
cheer - ful song, I am the moun - tain boy! . . I am the moun - tain boy!
sing my song, I am the moun - tain boy! . . I am the moun - tain boy!

rit. *a tempo*

The Minuet

David Kilburn Stevens — Henry Hadley

S. 1 *Tempo di Menuetto* — *p*

S. 2

1. In days when bro - cade Was the us - u - al wear, When gal-lants wore
2. And then down the mid - dle De - mure - ly they go, In step to the

T. — *p*

A.

1. In days when bro - cade Was the us - u - al wear, When gal-lants wore
2. And then down the mid - dle De - mure - ly they go, In step to the

B. — *p*

1. In days when bro - cade Was the us - u - al wear, When gal-lants wore
2. And then down the mid - dle De - mure - ly they go, In step to the

p

f

small clothes And pow - dered their hair, 'Twas then, when at rout . . And as -
meas - ure So rhyth - mic and slow; An - oth - er o - bei - sance In . .

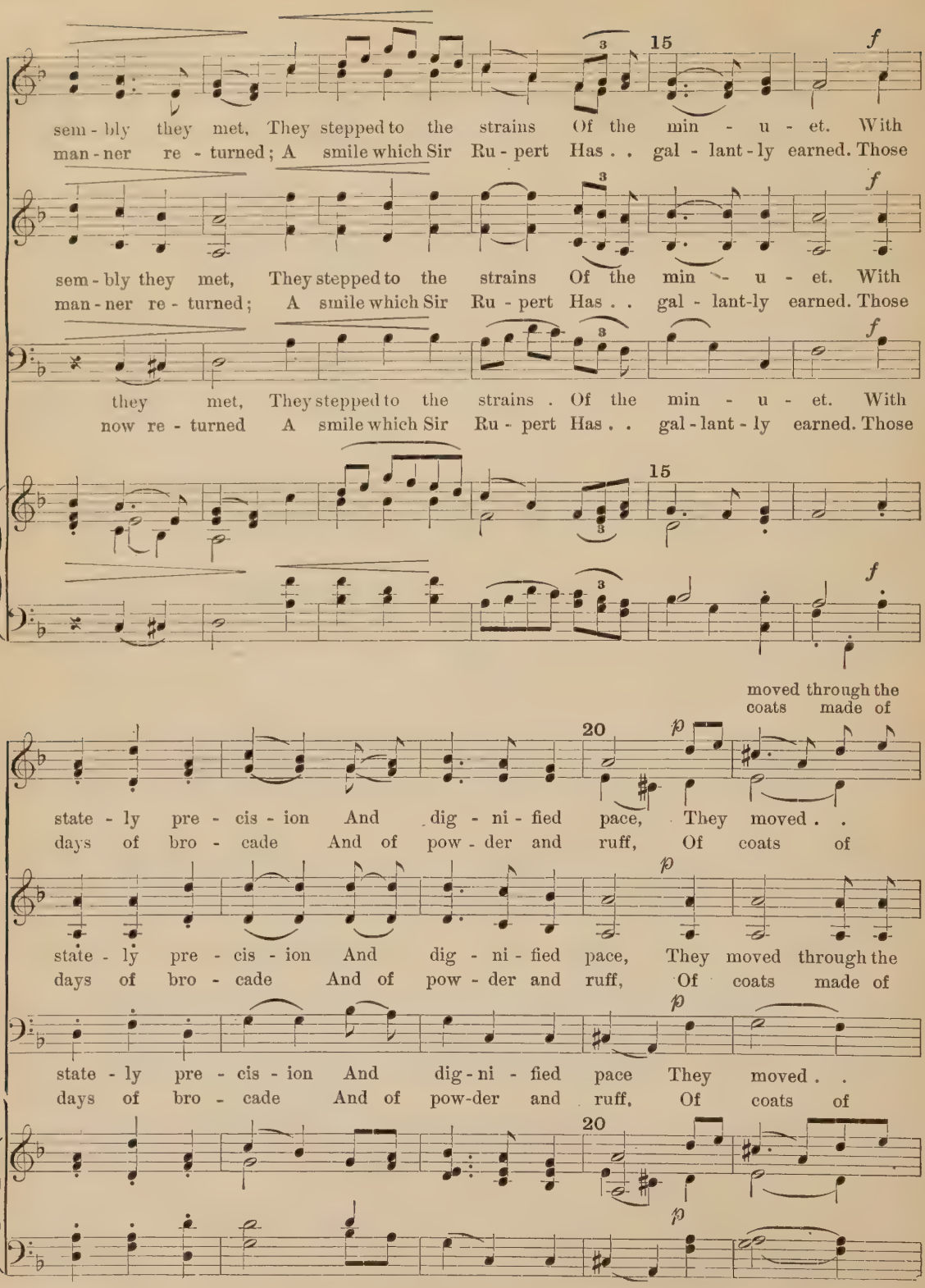
f

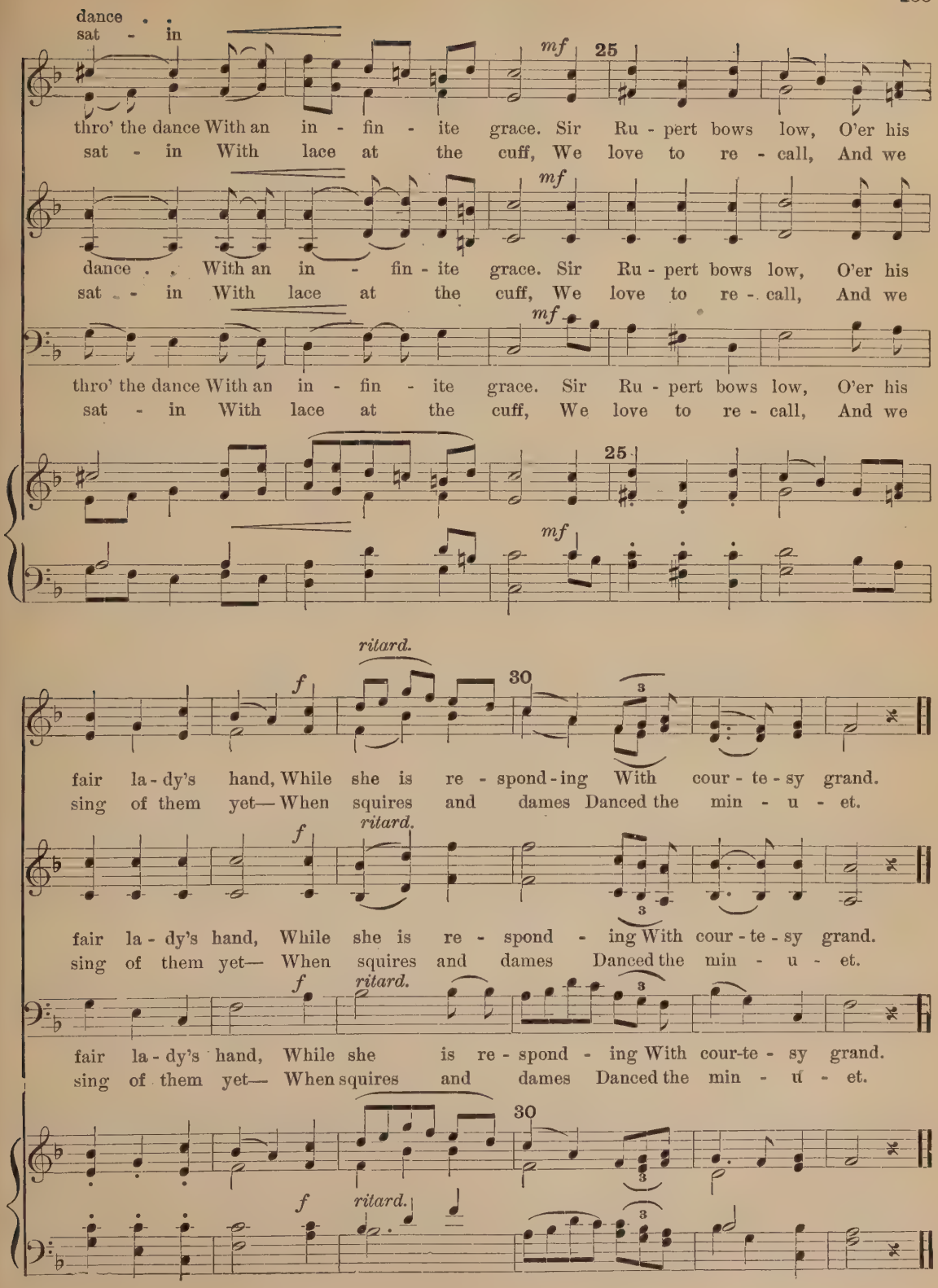
small clothes And pow - dered their hair, 'Twas then, when at rout And as -
meas - ure So rhyth - mic and slow; An o - bei-sance grand In . .

f

small clothes And pow - dered their hair, 'Twas then, . . . when at rout
meas - ure So rhyth - mic and slow; An o - bei - sance grand

f


15
f
sem - bly they met, They stepped to the strains Of the min - u - et. With
man - ner re - turned; A smile which Sir Ru - pert Has . . gal - lant - ly earned. Those
sem - bly they met, They stepped to the strains Of the min - u - et. With
man - ner re - turned; A smile which Sir Ru - pert Has . . gal - lant-ly earned. Those
they met, They stepped to the strains . Of the min - u - et. With
now re - turned A smile which Sir Ru - pert Has . . gal - lant - ly earned. Those
moved through the
coats made of
20
p
state - ly pre - cis - ion And dig - ni - fied pace, They moved . .
days of bro - cade And of pow - der and ruff, Of coats of
state - ly pre - cis - ion And dig - ni - fied pace, They moved through the
days of bro - cade And of pow - der and ruff, Of coats made of
state - ly pre - cis - ion And dig - ni - fied pace They moved . .
days of bro - cade And of pow-der and ruff, Of coats of


dance . .
sat - in
mf
25
thro' the dance With an in - fin - ite grace. Sir Ru - pert bows low, O'er his
sat - in With lace at the cuff, We love to re - call, And we
dance . . With an in - fin - ite grace. Sir Ru - pert bows low, O'er his
sat - in With lace at the cuff, We love to re - call, And we
thro' the dance With an in - fin - ite grace. Sir Ru - pert bows low, O'er his
sat - in With lace at the cuff, We love to re - call, And we
f
ritard.
30
fair la - dy's hand, While she is re - spond - ing With cour - te - sy grand.
sing of them yet— When squires and dames Danced the min - u - et.
fair la - dy's hand, While she is re - spond - ing With cour - te - sy grand.
sing of them yet— When squires and dames Danced the min - u - et.
fair la - dy's hand, While she is re - spond - ing With cour-te - sy grand.
sing of them yet— When squires and dames Danced the min - u - et.

The Village Festival

NIXON WATERMAN — CARRIE BULLARD

S. 1 — *mf* — 5

S. 2

1. Come! the vil - lage fes - ti - val, With its pleas-ures gay,
2. Sweet - y, flute and vi - o - lin, Blend their hap - py tones,
3. With our hap - py hearts in tune, And with mirth and song,

T. — *mf*

A.

1. Come! the vil - lage fes - ti - val, With its pleas-ures gay, . . .
2. Sweet - ly, flute and vi - o - lin, Blend their hap - py tones, . . .
3. With our hap - py hearts in tune, And with mirth and song, . . .

B. — *mf*

Tra, la, la, la, la, la, Tra, la, la, la, la,

Allegretto — 5 — *mf*

10 — *f* *In waltz time* — *mf*

Now invites us one and all To its mer - ry play. Eyes with life and
Add - ing to the joy with-in Each glad spir - it owns. As we dance a
Speed the mo-ments all too soon, We would fain pro - long. In our joy - ful

(SOP. II *reads text with* TENOR) — *mf*

Now in-vites us one and all To its mer - ry play. La, la, la, la,
Add - ing to the joy with-in Each glad spir - it owns.
Speed the mo-ments all too soon, We would fain pro - long.

mf

la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, To its mer - ry play. Eyes are
Each glad spir - it owns. As we
We would fain pro - long. In our

10 — *In waltz time*

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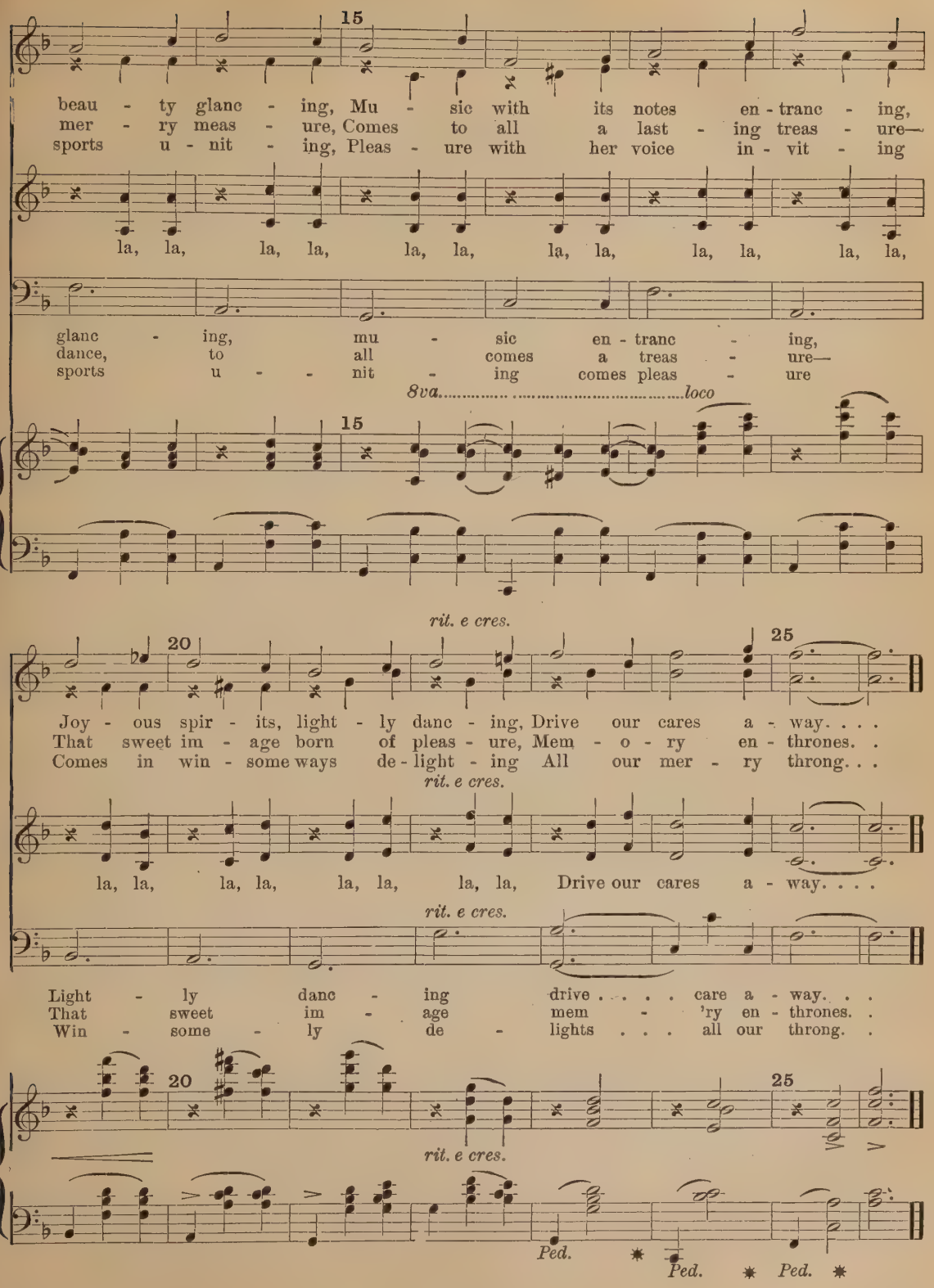
15
beau - ty glanc - ing, Mu - sic with its notes en - tranc - ing,
mer - ry meas - ure, Comes to all a last - ing treas - ure—
sports u - nit - ing, Pleas - ure with her voice in - vit - ing
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
glanc - ing, mu - sic en - tranc - ing,
dance, to all comes a treas - ure—
sports u - nit - ing comes pleas - ure
8va.....loco
15
rit. e cres.
20
25
Joy - ous spir - its, light - ly danc - ing, Drive our cares a - way. . . .
That sweet im - age born of pleas - ure, Mem - o - ry en - thrones. .
Comes in win - some ways de - light - ing All our mer - ry throng. . .
rit. e cres.
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, Drive our cares a - way. . . .
rit. e cres.
Light - ly danc - ing drive . . . . care a - way. . .
That sweet im - age mem - 'ry en - thrones. .
Win - some - ly de - lights . . . all our throng. .
20
25
rit. e cres.
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Evening Bells

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

THOMAS MOORE — L. B. MARSHALL

Andante molto espressivo

S. 1 *mp*

S. 2

1. Those eve - ning bells, those eve - ning bells, How ma - ny a tale their
2. Those joy - ous hours are passed a - way, And ma - ny a heart that
3. And so 'twill be when I am gone, That tune - ful chime will

A. *mp*

5 *cres.*

mu - sic tells Of youth and home and that sweet time When last I heard their
then was gay, With - in the tomb now dark - ly dwells, And hears no more those
still ring on; While oth - er bards shall walk these dells, And sing your praise, sweet

cres.

rall. *pp* *p* 9 *pp poco più lento* *a tempo* *cres.*

sooth - ing chime! Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How ma - ny a tale their
eve - ning bells. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How ma - ny a tale their
eve - ning bells. Those eve - ning bells! those eve - ning bells! How ma - ny a tale their

rall. *pp* *p* *pp poco più lento* *a tempo* *cres.*

f *dim.* 16

mu - sic tells, How ma - ny a tale . . their mu - - sic tells!

f *dim.*

How man - y a tale . . . their mu-sic. their mu - sic tells.

Basket-Ball Song

For Medium Voice, Unison Chorus, and Four-Part Chorus

DAVID K. STEVENS
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Allegro con brio

ff

SOLO *mf*

1. The teams are in po - si - tion now In
2. A dash - ing cen - tre has the ball, And
3. The whis - tle blows, for time is up, The
4. With strength re-newed we strug - gle on Till

mf

TUTTI *f*

brave ar - ray, in brave ar - ray; The teams are in po - si - tion now, All
off for home 'tis bound - ing fair; A dash - ing cen - tre has the ball, Now
half is o'er, the half is o'er; The whis - tle blows, for time is up, And
now the sec - ond half is done; With strength re-newed we strug - gle on Till

f

SOLO *mf*

rea - dy for the fray. The whis - tle sounds a thrill - ing call,
let the guards be - ware! But now 'tis fly - ing back a - gain—
e - qual is the score. A rest— and then the sig - nal comes—
now the game is won! So give the oth - er side a cheer,

mf

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20 *f* Tutti

Up and a - way, the ball is in play! The whis - tle sounds, so up and a- way! Hur-
Up and a - way, and keep it in play! 'Tis fly - ing back, so up and a- way! And
Up and a - way, the ball is in play! The sig - nal comes, so up and a- way! A -
Some oth - er day a - gain we will play! So give a cheer for some oth - er day, The

20 *f*

25 *poco cres.*

rah! the ball's in play! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah, hur- rah, hur-
keep the ball in play! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah, hur- rah, hur-
gain the ball's in play! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah, hur- rah, hur-
ball will be in play! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah! Hip, hip, hur- rah, hur- rah, rah-

25 *poco cres.*

S. Chorus *ff* 30

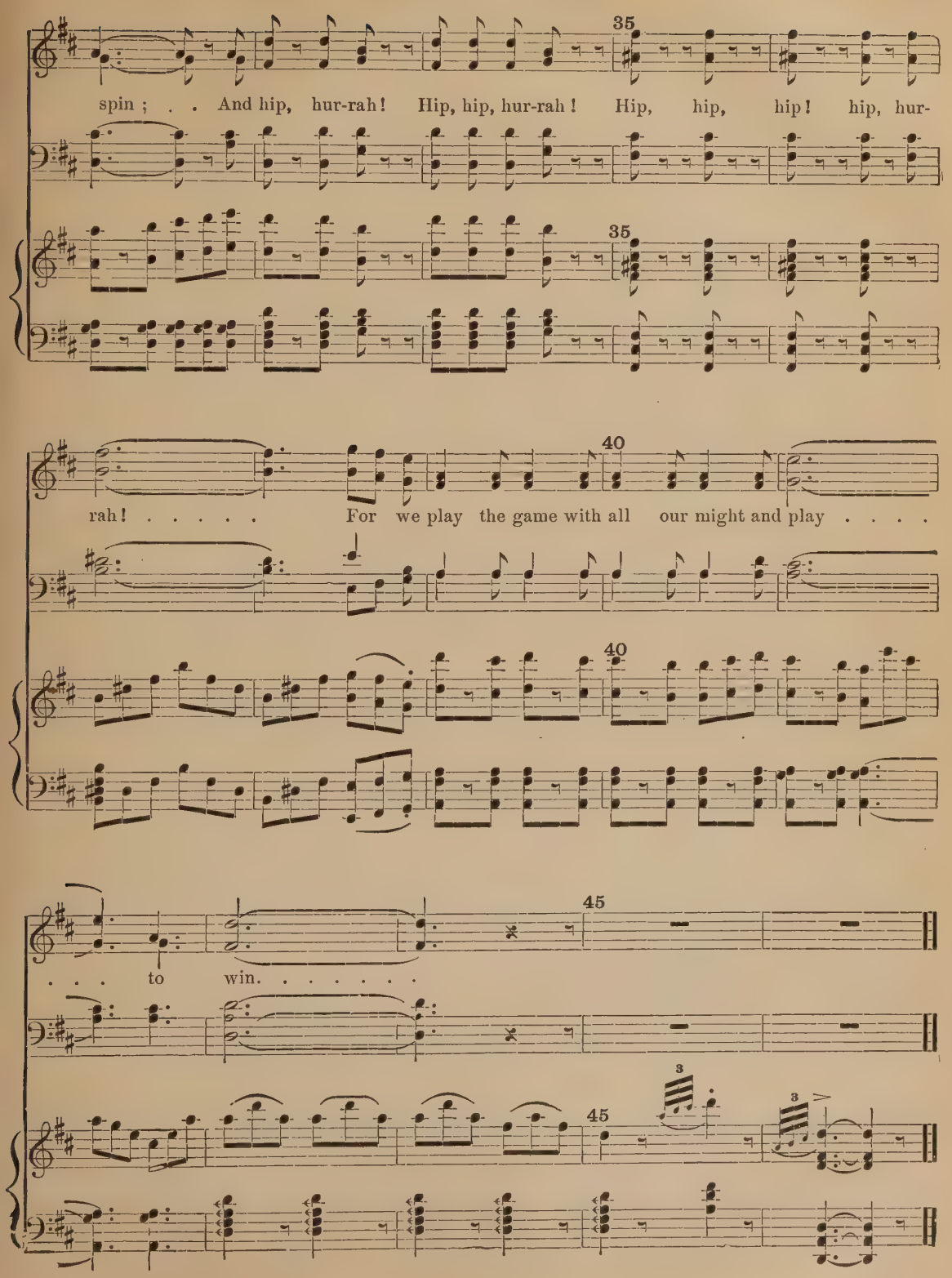
A.

rah! . . So al - ways keep the ball in sight As you make it nim - bly

T. *ff*

B. 30

ff


35
spin ; . . And hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip! hip, hur-
35
40
rah! . . . . . For we play the game with all our might and play . . . .
40
45
. . . to win. . . . . .
45

By Starlight

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices, with Optional Bass

C. B. Rich — Franz Abt

S. 1 *Allegretto* *p*

S. 2

1. Swan-like the shal-lops are roam - ing O'er the shim-mer-ing lake;
2. Dain - ty shells, ra - diant-ly gleam - ing, Mir - ror heav'n on the shore;
3. Here, a - mid fragrance and splen - dor, Gemmed a - bove and a - round,

A. *p*

1. Swan-like the shal - lops are roam - ing O'er the shim-mer-ing lake; See! yon - der
2. Dain - ty shells, ra - diant-ly gleam - ing, Mir - ror heav'n on the shore; Rich- ly, 'mid
3. Here, a - mid fragrance and splen - dor, Gemmed a - bove and a - round, Praise un - to

Op. B. *p*

5 *cres.*

See! yon-der star, thro' the gloam - ing, Is scatt'ring its beams in their wake.
Rich - ly, 'mid ev - en-tide's dream - ing, The flow - ers their fragrance out - pour.
Praise un - to Him let us ren - der Who earth with such beau-ty has crowned.

cres. *f*

star, . . thro' the gloam - ing, Is scatt'ring its beams in their wake. Sing we our
ev - - en - tide's dream - ing, The flow-ers their fragrance out - pour. Sing we our
Him . . let . . us ren - der Who earth with such beau-ty has crown'd. Sing we our

cres.

See! yon-der star, thro' the gloam - ing,
Rich - ly, 'mid ev - en-tide's dream - ing,
Praise un - to Him let us ren - der

f 10 *p*

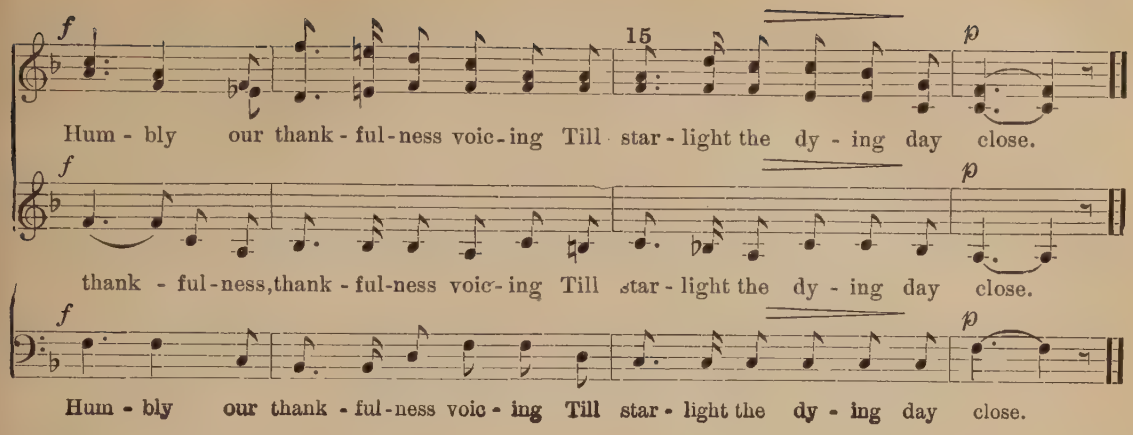
Sing we our song of re - joic - ing, 'Mid Na - ture's calm re - pose,

p *f*

song, our song of re - joic - ing 'Mid Na - ture's calm re - pose, Hum-bly our

f *p*

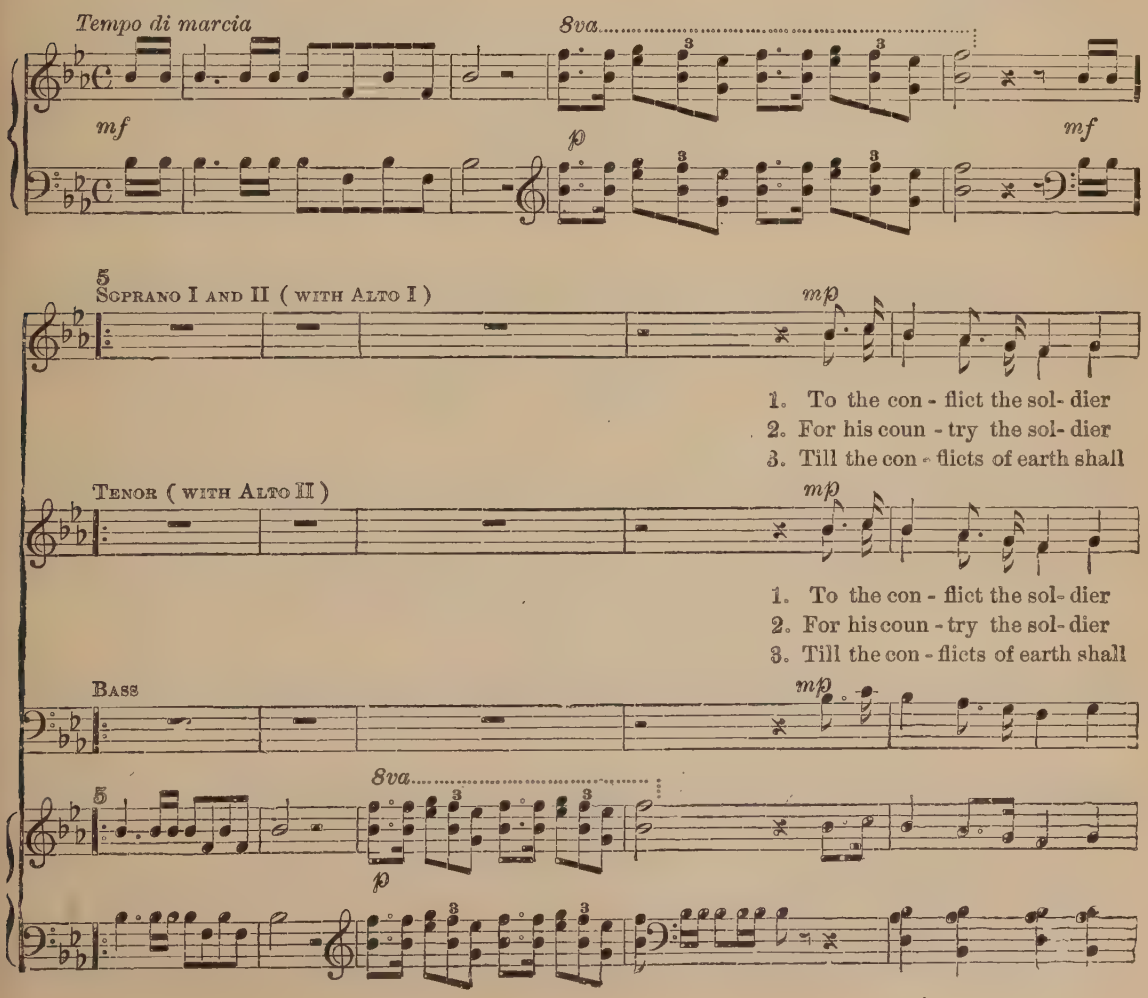
Sing we our song of re - joic - ing, 'Mid Na - - - ture's calm re-pose.

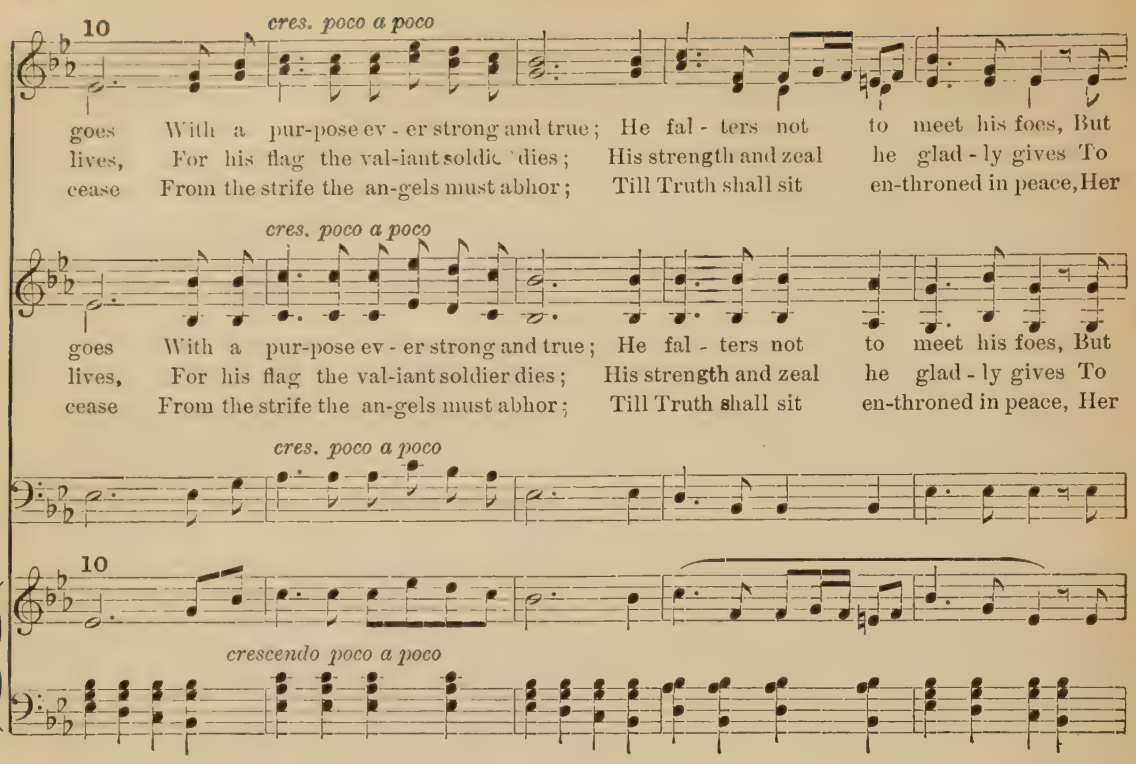


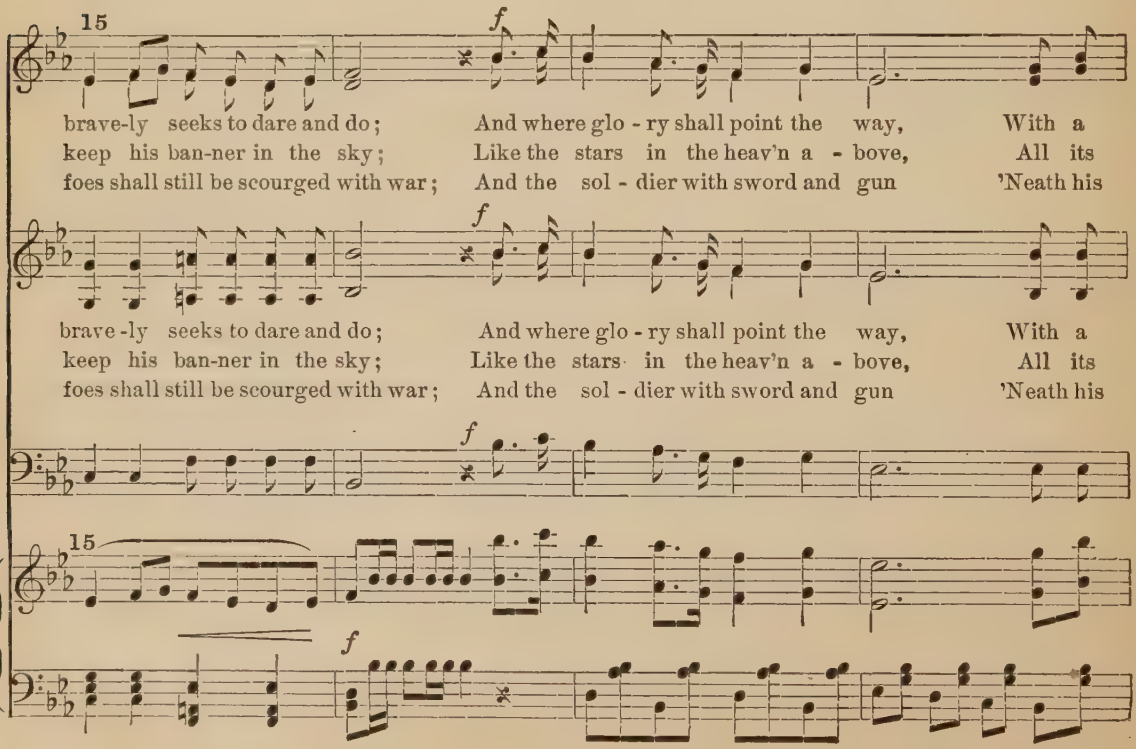
The Soldier

From "Erminie"
E. Jakobowski

Nixon Waterman




10
cres. poco a poco
goes With a pur-pose ev - er strong and true; He fal - ters not to meet his foes, But
lives, For his flag the val-iant soldier dies; His strength and zeal he glad - ly gives To
cease From the strife the an-gels must abhor; Till Truth shall sit en-throned in peace, Her
cres. poco a poco
goes With a pur-pose ev - er strong and true; He fal - ters not to meet his foes, But
lives, For his flag the val-iant soldier dies; His strength and zeal he glad - ly gives To
cease From the strife the an-gels must abhor; Till Truth shall sit en-throned in peace, Her
cres. poco a poco
10
crescendo poco a poco


15
f
brave-ly seeks to dare and do; And where glo - ry shall point the way, With a
keep his ban-ner in the sky; Like the stars in the heav'n a - bove, All its
foes shall still be scourged with war; And the sol - dier with sword and gun 'Neath his
f
brave-ly seeks to dare and do; And where glo - ry shall point the way, With a
keep his ban-ner in the sky; Like the stars in the heav'n a - bove, All its
foes shall still be scourged with war; And the sol - dier with sword and gun 'Neath his
f
15
f

20

cour - age scorn - ing ev - 'ry fear He march - es proudly to the fray Be -
hues in splen - dor bright - ly glow; En - shrin'd in beau - ty and in love He
own tri - um-phant flag un - furl'd Must fight till Truth, her vic - t'ries won, In

cour - age scorn-ing ev - 'ry fear He march - es proud - ly to the fray Be -
hues in splen - dor bright - ly glow; En - shrin'd in beau - ty and in love He
own tri - um-phant flag un - furl'd Must fight till Truth, her vic - t'ries won, In

20

25

neath the flag he holds so dear. . .
keeps it safe from ev - 'ry foe. . .
love and peace shall rule the world. . .

neath the flag he holds so dear. . .
keeps it safe from ev - 'ry foe. . .
love and peace shall rule the world. . .

25

f

Repeat twice (from meas. 5.)

Annie Laurie

Unison Song for Basses, with Three-Part Humming Accompaniment

Lady John Scott
Arr. by C. B. Rich

Douglas of Fingland

S. 1 *Andante*

S. 2 *p* Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

A. *p* Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

B. *mp*

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew; And 'twas there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the swan; Her face it is the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone

5

mf 10 *cres. e rit.*

. . . . . Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for- got will be, And for
. . . . . That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her e'e, And for

mf *cres. e rit.*

. . . . . Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for- got will be, And for
. . . . . That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her e'e, And for

mf *cres. e rit.*

true, Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for
on, That e'er the sun shone on; And dark blue is her e'e, And for

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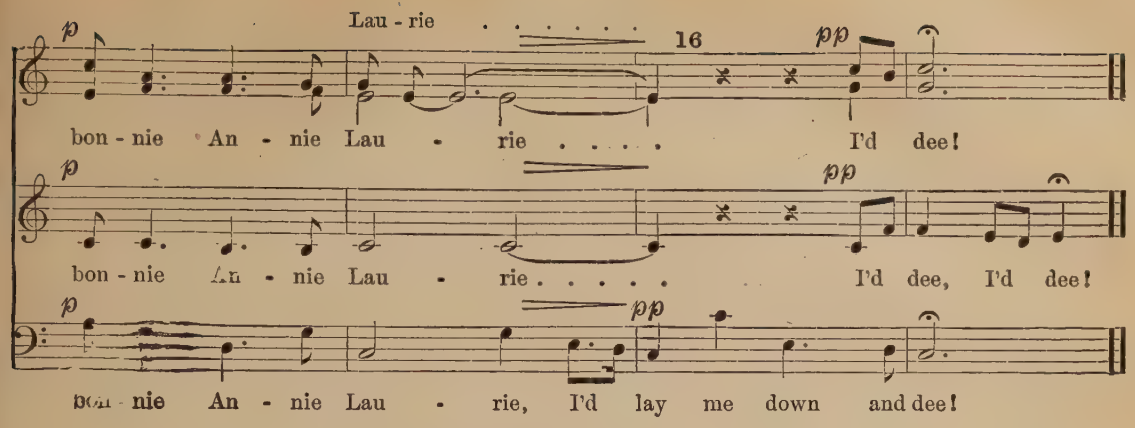
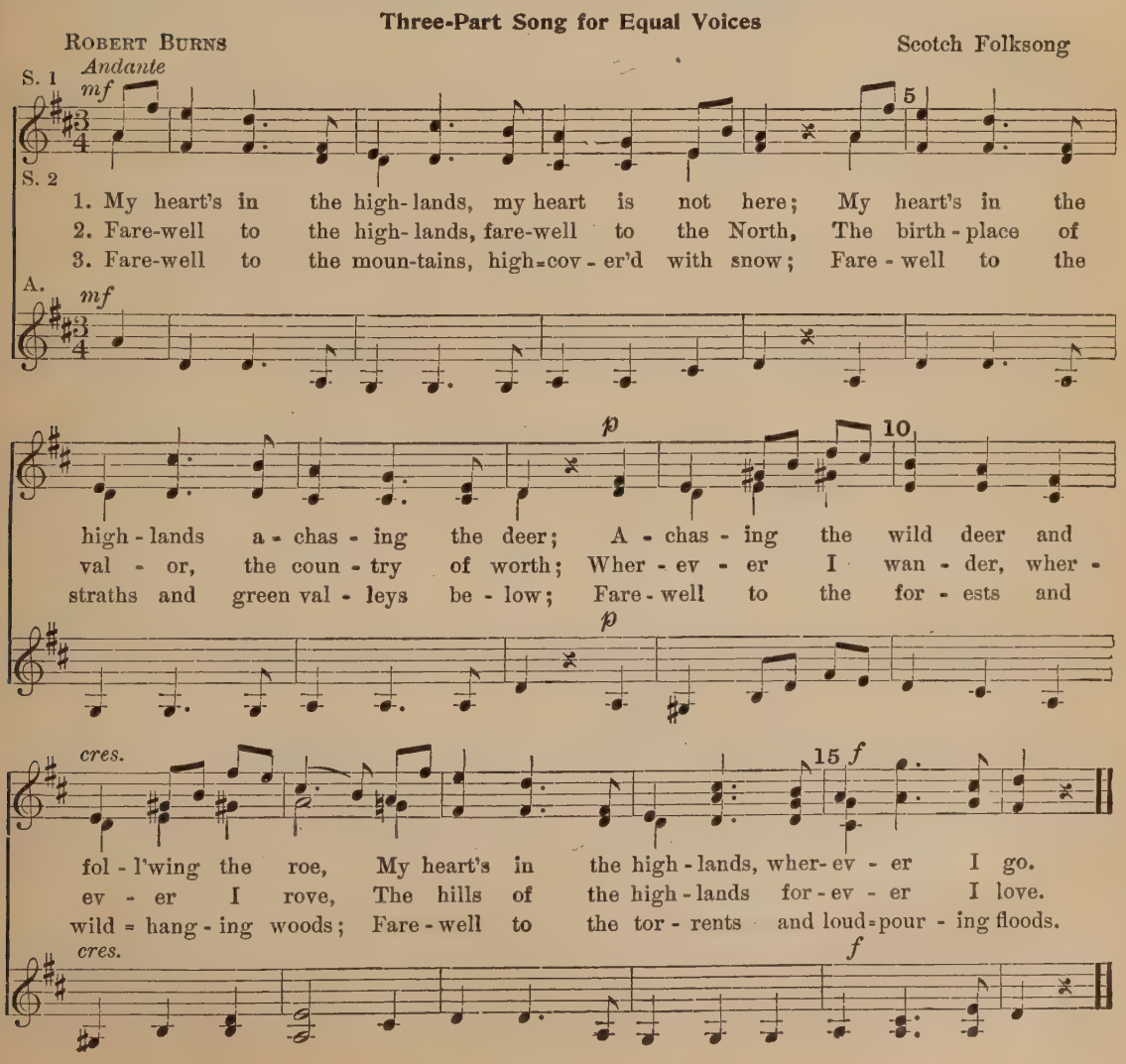


My Heart's in the Highlands

Three-Part Song for Equal Voices

ROBERT BURNS — Scotch Folksong



Song Should Breathe

Three-part or Four-part Song (Optional Bass)

BARRY CORNWALL — L. VAN BEETHOVEN

S. 1 *mf* — 3 — 1

S. 2

1. { Song should breathe of scents and flow - ers Song should like a riv - er flow;
   { Song should bring back scenes and hours That we loved,—ah, (*Omit* . . . .)
2. { Pain and pleas - ures, all man do - eth, War and peace, and right and wrong,
   { All things that the soul sub - du - eth Should be van-quished, (*Omit* . . . .)

A. *mf*

1. { Song should breathe of scents and flow - ers, Song should like a riv - er flow;
   { Song should bring back scenes and hours That we loved, ah, (*Omit* . . . . .)
2. { Pain and pleas - ures, all man do - eth, War and peace, and right and wrong.
   { All things that the soul sub - du - eth Should be van-quished, (*Omit* . . . .)

OP. B. *mf*

2 — *p* — 7

long a - go! Song from bas - er thoughts should win us; Song should charm us out of woe;
too, by song. Song should spur the mind to du - ty; Nerve the weak and stir the strong.

p

long a - go! Song from bas - er thoughts should win us; Song should charm us out of woe;
too, by song. Song should spur the mind to du - ty; Nerve the weak and stir the strong:

p

10 *cres.* — *f*

Song should stir the heart with - in us, Like a pa - triot's friend - ly blow.
Ev - 'ry deed of truth and beau - ty Should be crowned by star - ry song.

cres. — *f*

Song should stir the heart with - in us, Like a pa - triot's friend - ly blow.
Ev - 'ry deed of truth and beau - ty Should be crowned by star - ry song.

cres. — *f*

Tyrolienne

With Humming Accompaniment and Four-Part Refrain

DAVID K. STEVENS — CARRIE BULLARD

S. 1 *Allegretto comodo*

1. In the ear- ly dawn, When the waking morn Tips the mountain peak with ro-sy glow, With a heart of joy Sings the shepherd boy: "Oo - la, la - ee, la - ee, la - ee,
2. When the set - ting sun Tells the day is done Homeward now the sheep and shepherd go; And the hour is glad For the wea - ry lad Sing - ing "Oo- la, la - ee, la - ee,

S. 2 *mp* — Mm (*humming*)

T. A. *mp* — Mm (*humming*)

B. *mp* — Mm (*humming*)

mp

ten. *poco rit.*

poco rit. — Mm

poco rit. — Mm

poco rit. — Mm

poco rit.

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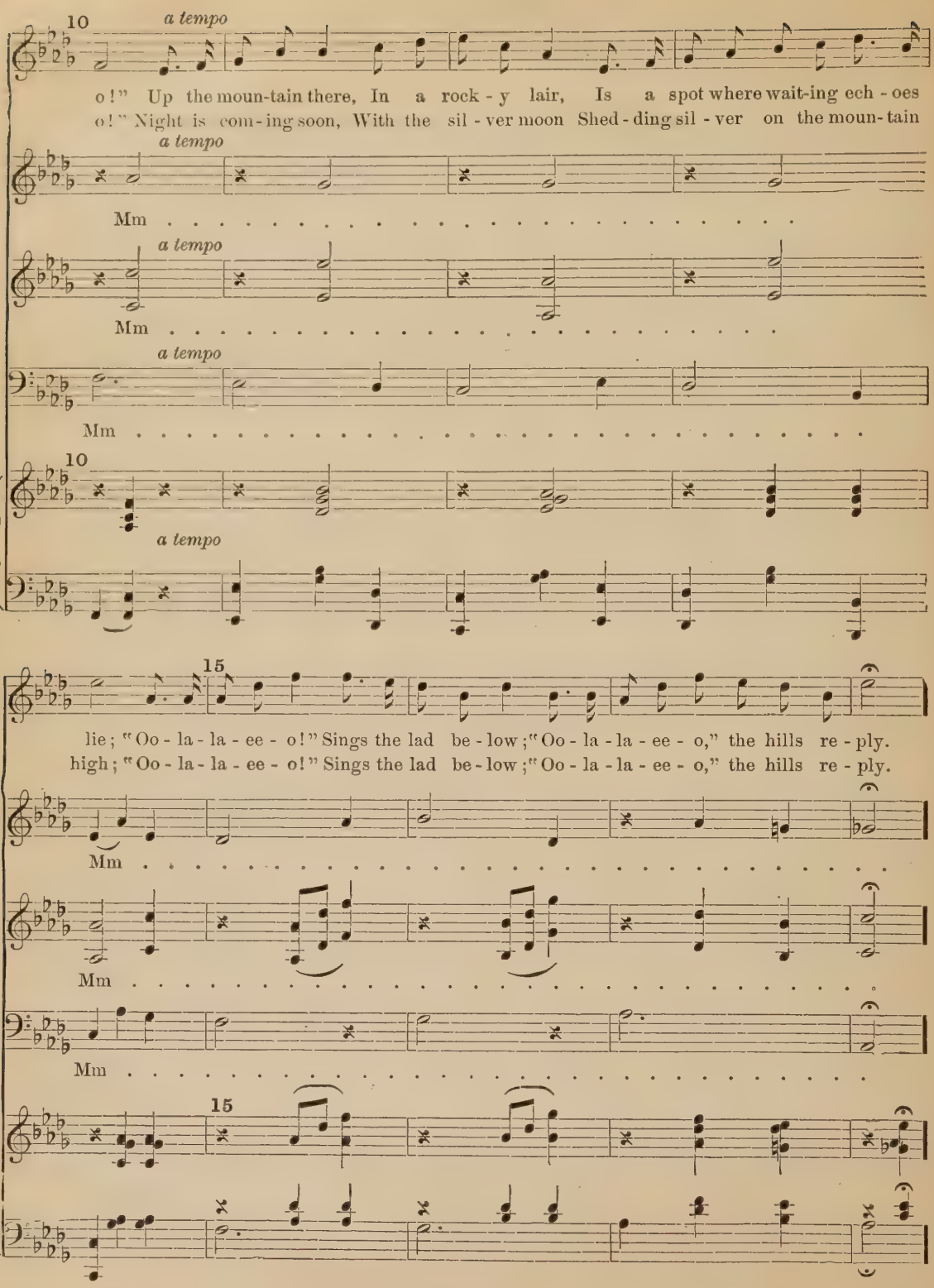
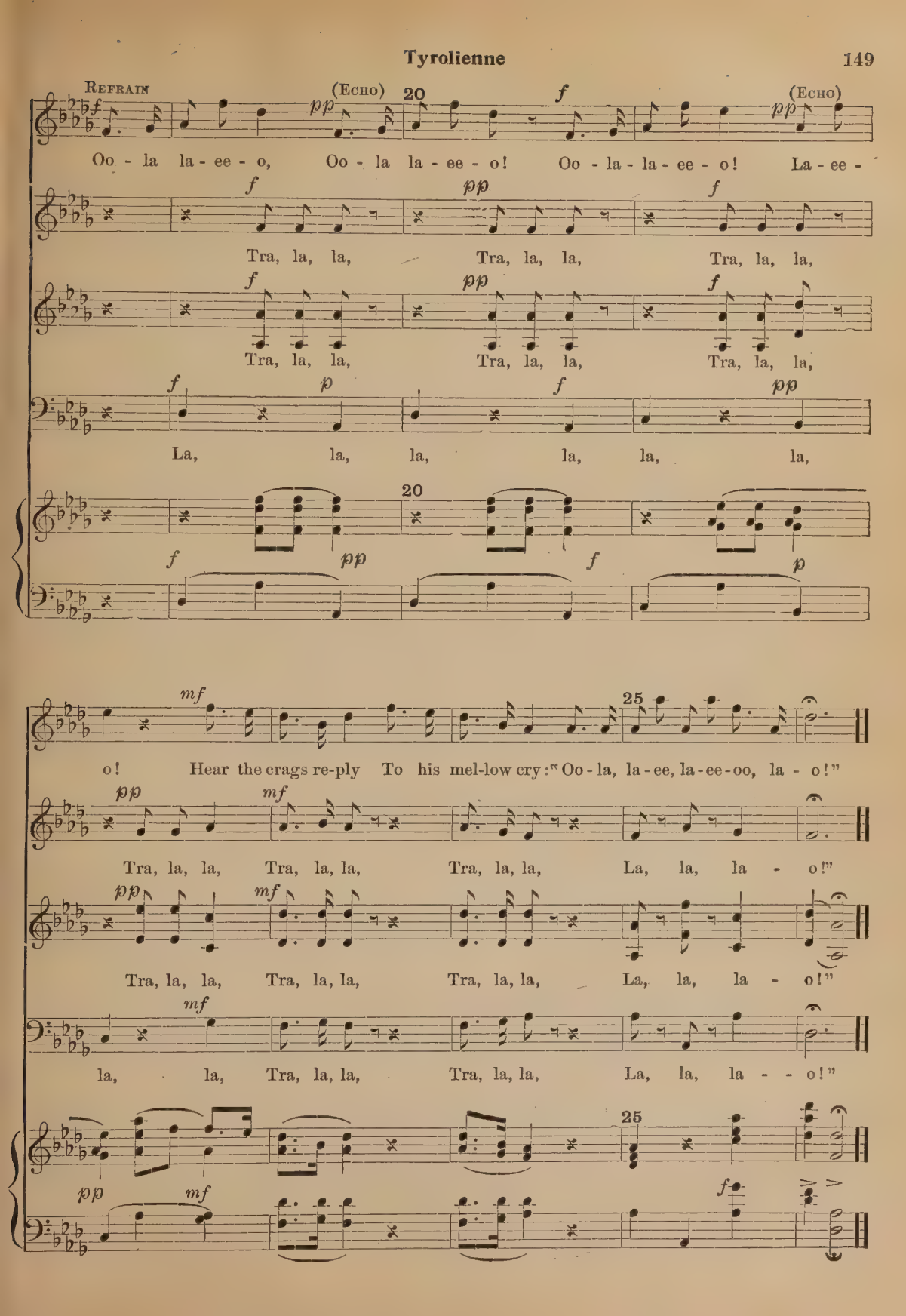

10
a tempo
o!" Up the moun-tain there, In a rock - y lair, Is a spot where wait-ing ech - oes
o!" Night is com-ing soon, With the sil - ver moon Shed - ding sil - ver on the moun-tain
a tempo
Mm
a tempo
Mm
a tempo
Mm
10
a tempo
15
lie; "Oo - la - la - ee - o!" Sings the lad be - low; "Oo - la - la - ee - o," the hills re - ply.
high; "Oo - la - la - ee - o!" Sings the lad be - low; "Oo - la - la - ee - o," the hills re - ply.
Mm
Mm
Mm
15


Refrain
(Echo)
(Echo)
Oo - la la - ee - o, Oo - la la - ee - o! Oo - la - la - ee - o! La - ee -
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la,
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la,
La, la, la, la, la, la,
o! Hear the crags re-ply To his mel-low cry: "Oo - la, la - ee, la - ee - oo, la - o!"
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, La, la, la - o!"
Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, La, la, la - o!"
la, la, Tra, la, la, Tra, la, la, La, la, la - - o!"

Over the Moonlit Sea

Barcarolle, in Three or Four Parts (Optional Bass)

DAVID K. STEVENS

From "Pinafore," ARTHUR SULLIVAN

Andantino

S. 1 & 2

1. O - ver the moon - lit sea Comes the sil - ver - y sound of tune - ful glee; A
2. Calm - ly the Queen of Night Touch - es all with a beam of gold - en light; A
3. Faint - er the dy - ing strain— Soft - ly fad - ing the sound of sweet re - frain, Their

T. OR A.

OR. B.

simile

bar - ca-rolle they sing— Hark! how their mer - ry voic - es ring!
thous - and jew - els play, Bright—spark-ling on the fly - ing spray;
bar - ca-rolle is o'er, See! they have touched the dis - tant shore.

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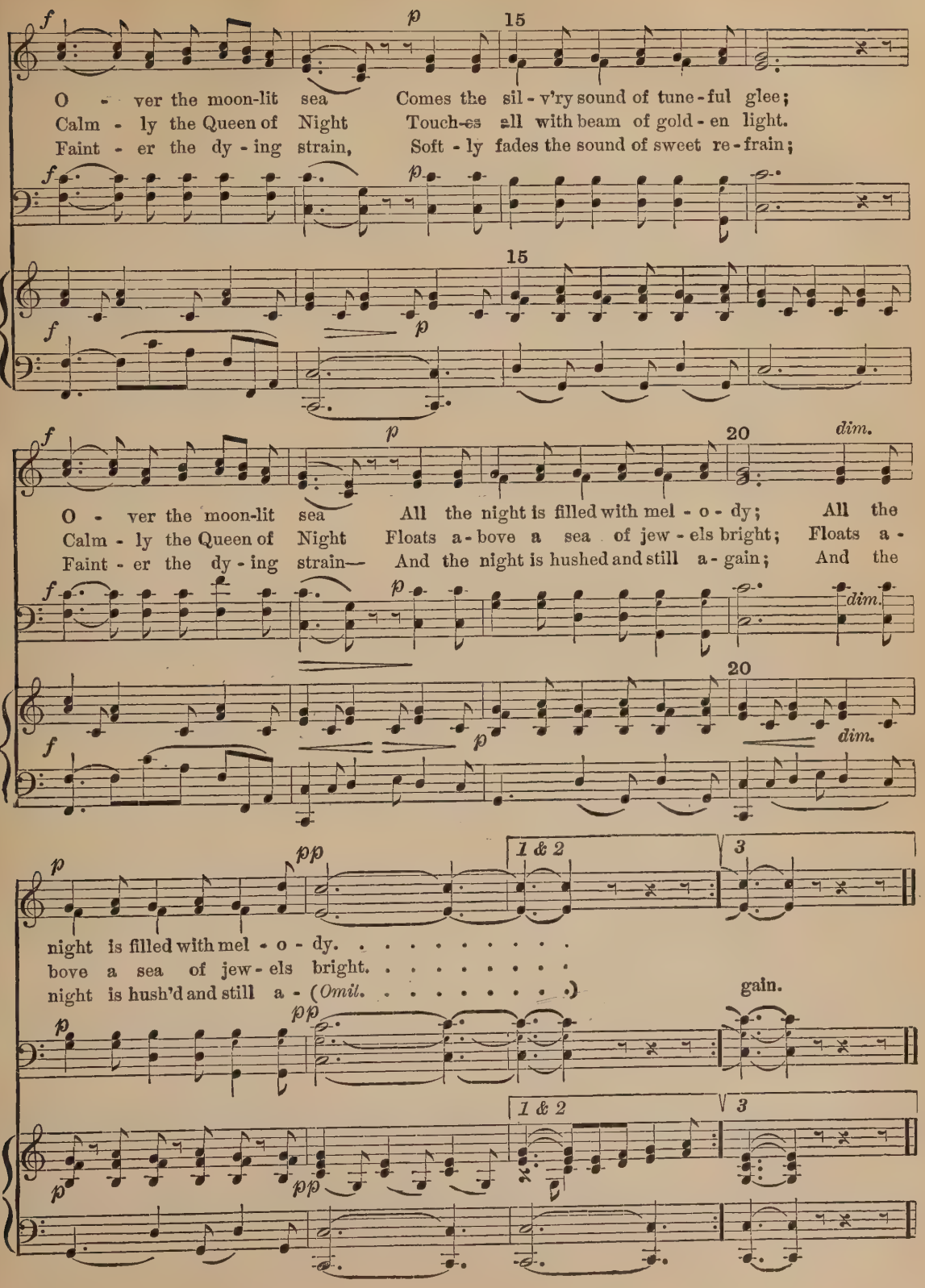
O - ver the moon-lit sea Comes the sil - v'ry sound of tune - ful glee;
Calm - ly the Queen of Night Touch-es all with beam of gold - en light.
Faint - er the dy - ing strain, Soft - ly fades the sound of sweet re - frain;
O - ver the moon-lit sea All the night is filled with mel - o - dy; All the
Calm - ly the Queen of Night Floats a - bove a sea of jew - els bright; Floats a -
Faint - er the dy - ing strain— And the night is hushed and still a - gain; And the
night is filled with mel - o - dy. . . . . .
bove a sea of jew - els bright. . . . . .
night is hush'd and still a - (Omit. . . . . .) gain.
1 & 2
3
15
20
dim.

Christmas Bells

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

SOPRANO I

f

1. I

SOPRANO II (WITH ALTO I)

f

1. I

TENOR (WITH ALTO II)

mf

1. Ding,

BASS

mf

1. Ding,

Brightly, with spirit

f *mf*

5

heard the bells on Christ-mas Day Their old fa - mil - iar mu - sic play, And
ring - ing, sing- ing on its way, The world re - volved from night to day, A

heard the bells on Christ-mas Day Their old fa - mil - iar mu - sic play, And
ring - ing, sing- ing on its way, The world re - volved from night to day, A

dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, And
A

dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, ding, dong, And
A

5

f

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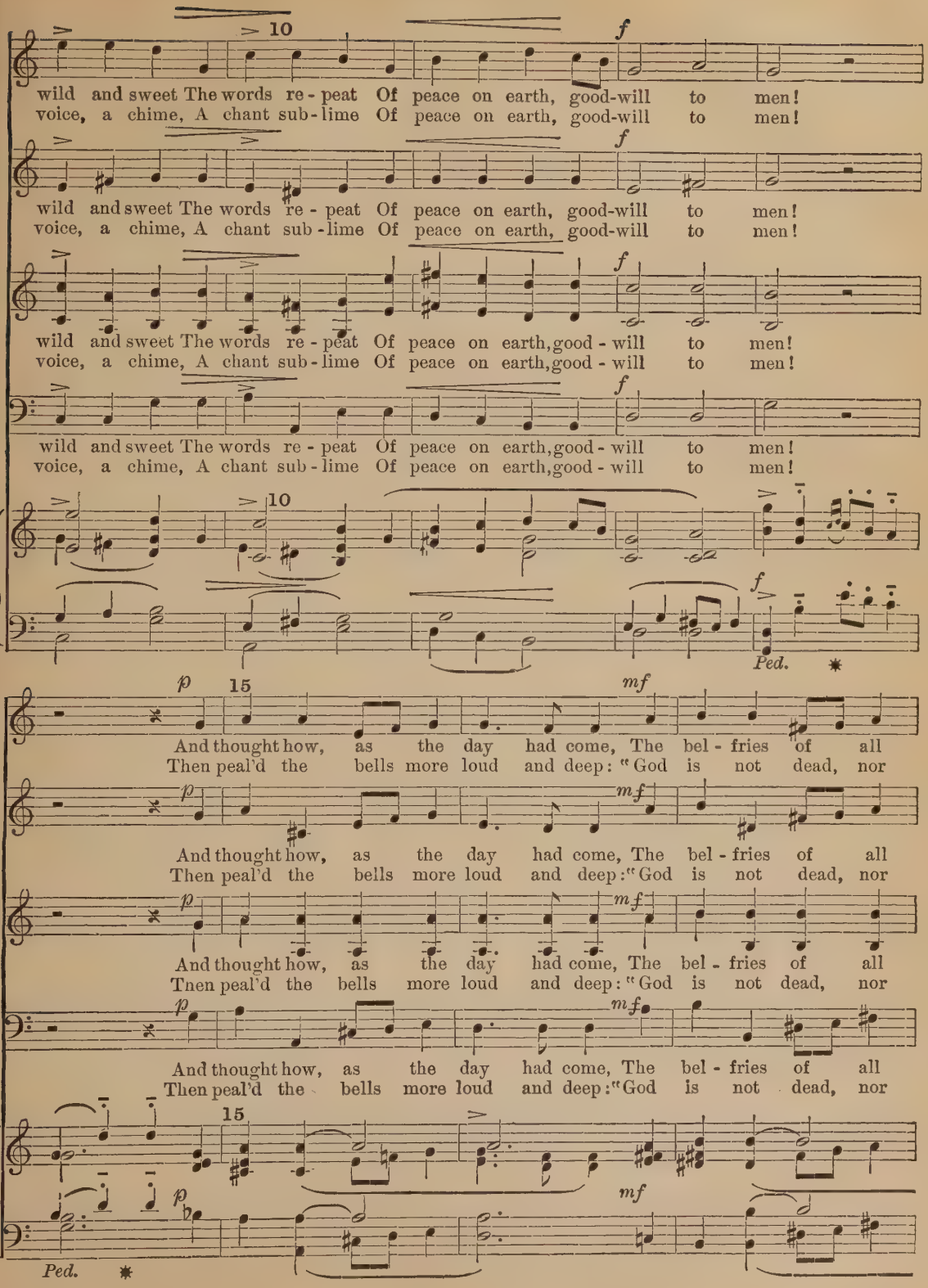
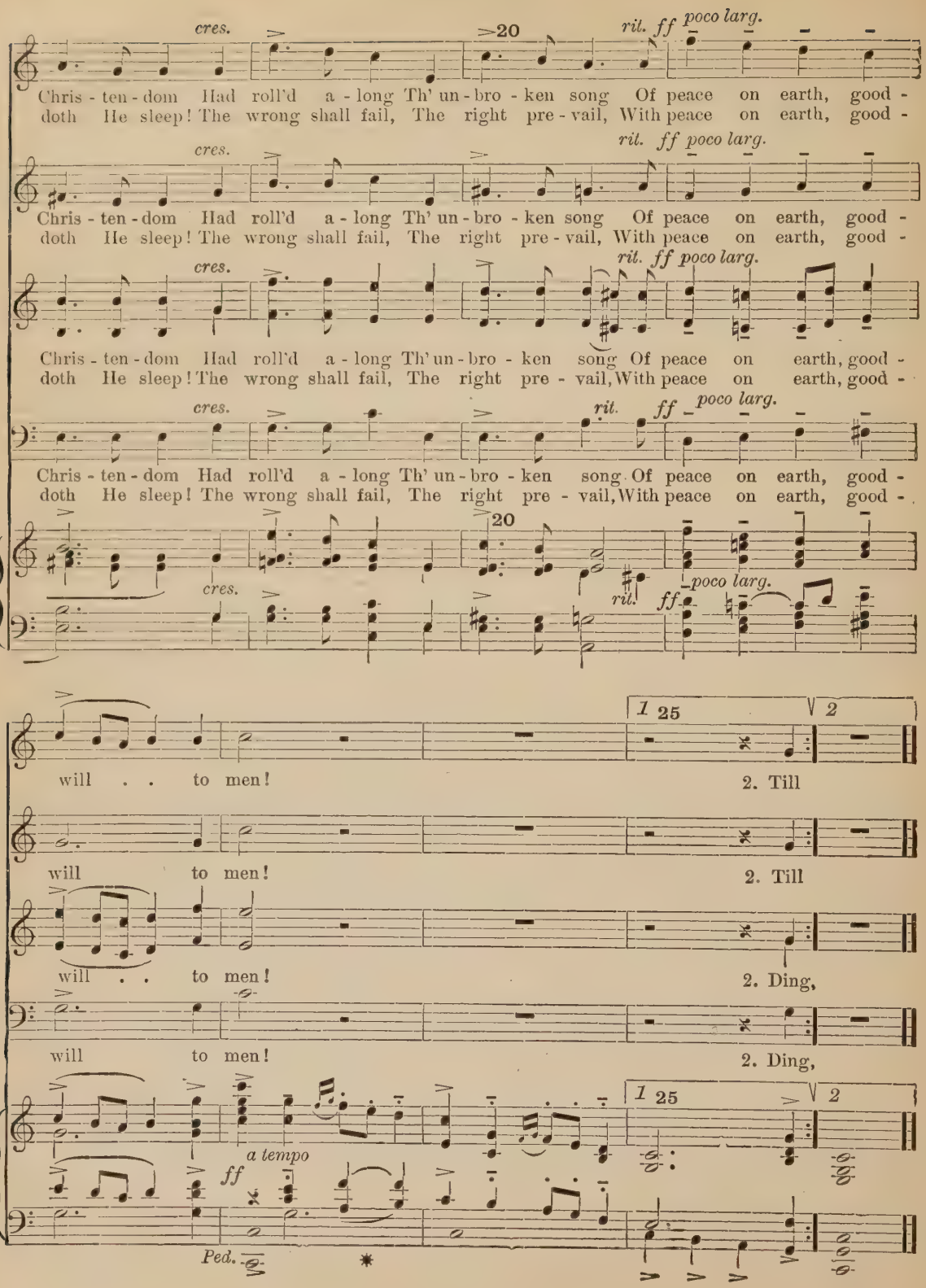

10
f
wild and sweet The words re - peat Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
voice, a chime, A chant sub - lime Of peace on earth, good-will to men!
wild and sweet The words re - peat Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
voice, a chime, A chant sub - lime Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
wild and sweet The words re - peat Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
voice, a chime, A chant sub - lime Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
wild and sweet The words re - peat Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
voice, a chime, A chant sub - lime Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
Ped.
p
15
mf
And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all
Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor
And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all
Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor
And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all
Tnen peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor
And thought how, as the day had come, The bel - fries of all
Then peal'd the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead, nor
Ped.


cres.
20
rit. ff poco larg.
Chris - ten - dom Had roll'd a - long Th' un - bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good -
doth He sleep! The wrong shall fail, The right pre - vail, With peace on earth, good -
cres.
rit. ff poco larg.
Chris - ten - dom Had roll'd a - long Th' un - bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good -
doth He sleep! The wrong shall fail, The right pre - vail, With peace on earth, good -
cres.
rit. ff poco larg.
Chris - ten - dom Had roll'd a - long Th' un - bro - ken song Of peace on earth, good -
doth He sleep! The wrong shall fail, The right pre - vail, With peace on earth, good -
cres.
20
rit. ff poco larg.
1 25
2
will . . to men!
2. Till
will to men!
2. Till
will . . to men!
2. Ding,
will to men!
2. Ding,
1 25
2
a tempo
ff
Ped.

Robin Adair

Unison Song for Basses, with Three-Part Humming Accompaniment

Lady Keppel (?)

Scotch Folksong
Arr. by C. B. Rich

S. 1 *Andantino moderato*

S. 2 *p* Mm (*humming*)

A. *p* Mm (*humming*)

B. *p*

1. What's this dull town to me? Rob-in's not near.
2. What made th' as-sem-bly shine? Rob-in A-dair!
3. But now thou'rt far from me, Rob-in A-dair!

Mm

Mm

What was't I wish'd to see, What wish'd to hear? Where's all the joy and mirth
What made the ball so fine? Ro-bin was there. What, when the play was o'er,
And now thou'rt cold to me, Ro-bin A-dair; Yet he I lov'd so well

f *rit.* *p* *a tempo* *rall.* *pp*

Rob-in A-dair!

f *rit.* *p* *a tempo* *rall.* *pp*

Rob-in A-dair!

f *rit.* *p* *a tempo* *rall.* *pp*

That made this town a heav'n on earth? O, they're all fled with thee, Rob-in A-dair
What made my heart so sore? O, it was part-ing with Rob-in A-dair!
Still in my heart shall dwell. O, I can ne'er for-get Rob-in A-dair!

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Ring on, Ye Bells

Three-Part or Four-Part Song (Optional Bass)

FRANZ ABT

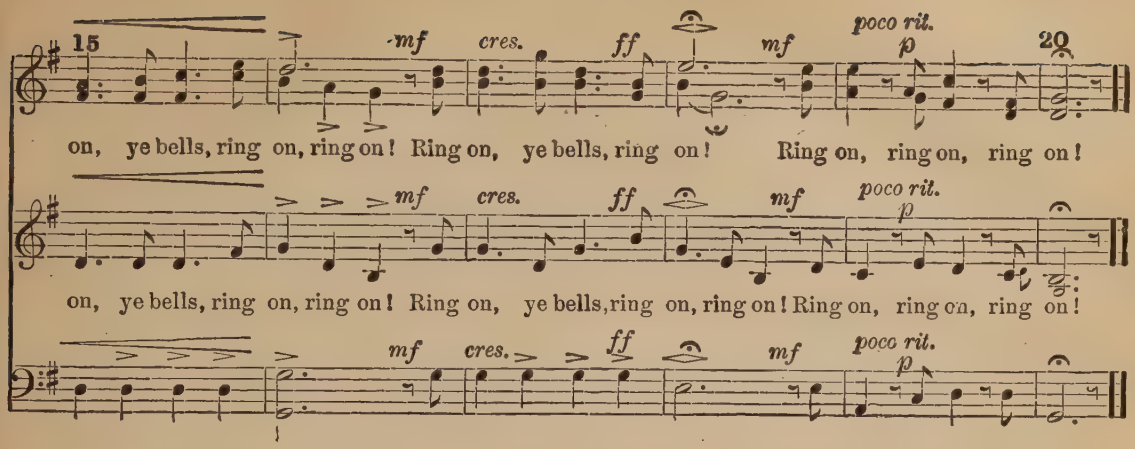
Moderato ma non troppo

S. 1 — S. 2 — A. — Op. B.

1. Ring on, ye bells! your sil - ver chimes Sound sweet - ly in the sum-mer air; They
2. Your mu - sic is a sooth - ing balm, A sol - ace to a wea - ry breast. Up -
3. Like life your tones are grave and gay, In sor - row you can draw a tear; Then

ech - o thoughts of oth - er times, Of oth - er homes in oth - er climes, And fa - ces
on an e - ven cool and calm, Who has not felt that po - tent charm That brings the
comes a peal of joy, to say That grief and woe must flee a - way, But smiles may

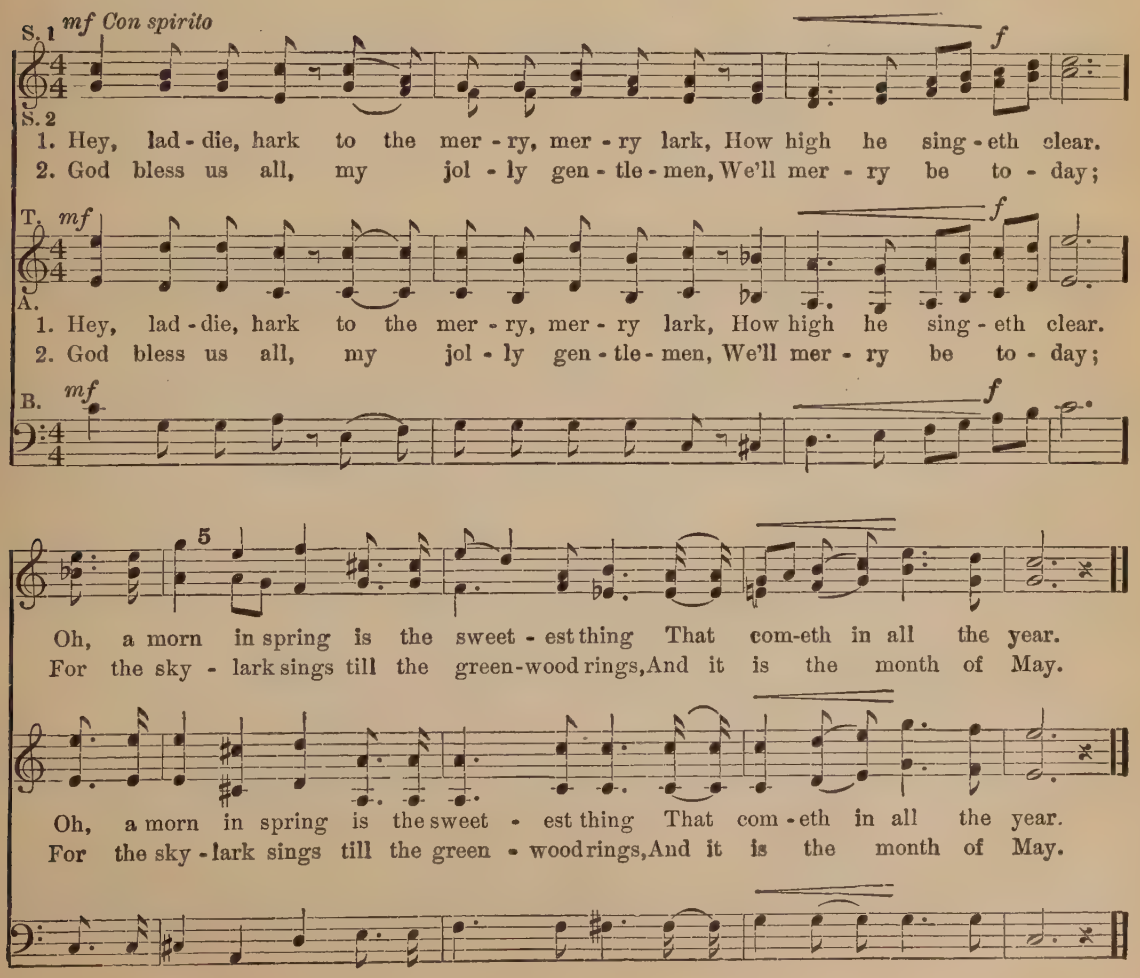
young and fair, And fa - ces young and fair! Ring on, ye bells, ring on! ring on! Ring
wea - ry rest, That brings the wea-ry rest? Ring on, ye bells, ring on! ring on! Ring
lin - ger near, But smiles may lin-ger near! Ring on, ye bells, ring on! ring on! Ring



The Merry Lark

For Four-Part Chorus

JOHN BENNETT — GEORGE B. NÉVIN



March of the Victors

Unison Song, with Four-Part Chorus

From "Aida"
GIUSEPPE VERDI

NIXON WATERMAN

f Allegro maestoso

1. Hail, all hail! the vic - tors are re - turn - ing; Wave, flags, wave! o'er sol-diers brave and true: See they come! their hearts with val- or burn-ing, 'Neath their flag, the proud red, white and blue. On they pressed, the old flag o - ver them; Clashed their sa-bres, blow on blow; Earth was wait - ing there to cov - er them Had they fall'n be - fore the foe.

2. Cheer, all cheer! the flags so proud- ly wav - ing, Greet with joy the ban - ner in the sky; Crown with song the ones who, dan-ger brav-ing, Still go forth to con - quer or to die. Armed with right and pur- pose glo - ri-ous, Marched they forth to meet the foe; Now up - on their deeds vic - to - ri-ous Let us fond - est praise be - stow.

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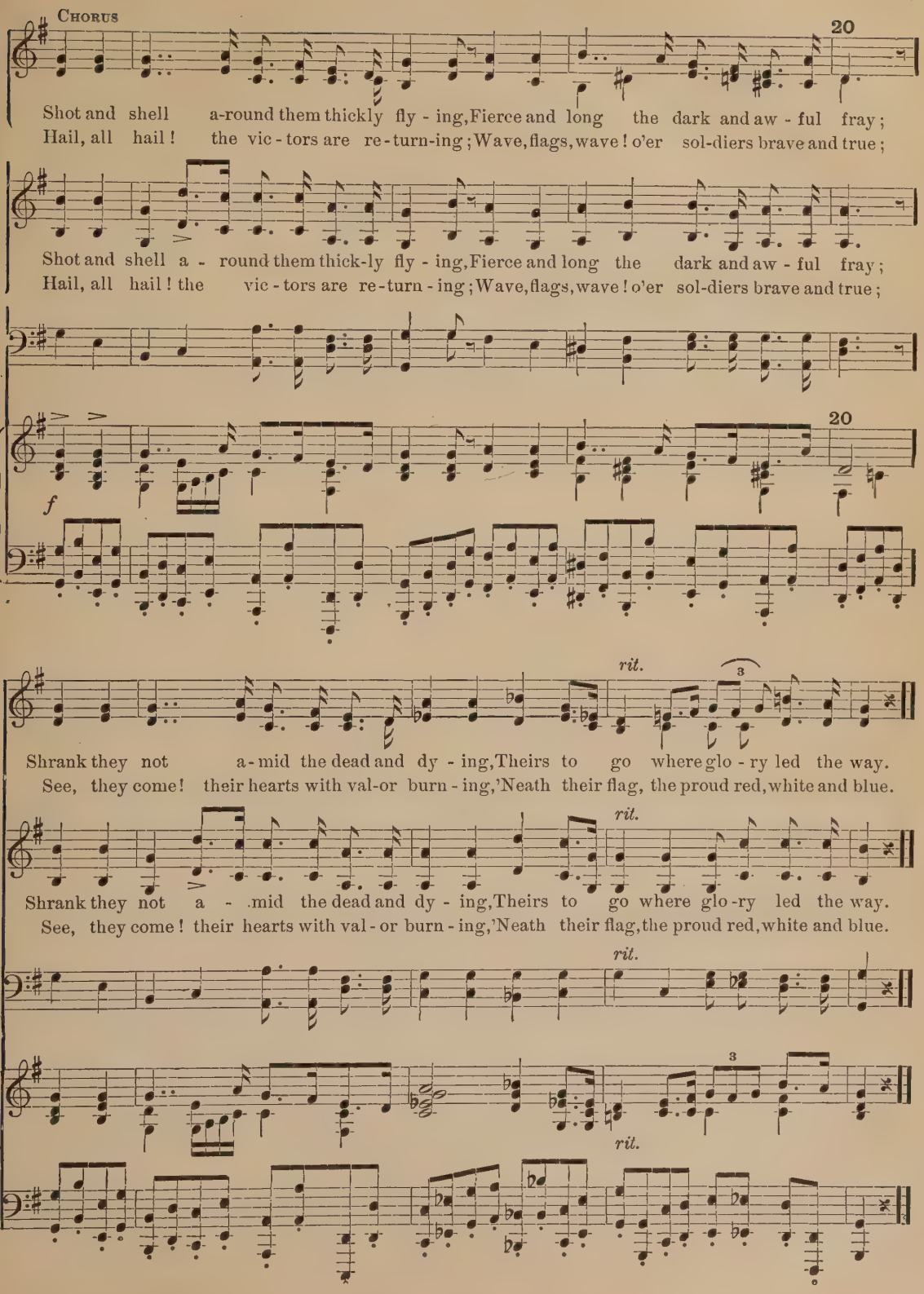
Chorus
20
Shot and shell a-round them thickly fly - ing, Fierce and long the dark and aw - ful fray;
Hail, all hail! the vic - tors are re - turn - ing; Wave, flags, wave! o'er sol-diers brave and true;
Shot and shell a - round them thick-ly fly - ing, Fierce and long the dark and aw - ful fray;
Hail, all hail! the vic - tors are re - turn - ing; Wave, flags, wave! o'er sol-diers brave and true;
f
20
rit.
3
Shrank they not a - mid the dead and dy - ing, Theirs to go where glo - ry led the way.
See, they come! their hearts with val-or burn - ing, 'Neath their flag, the proud red, white and blue.
rit.
Shrank they not a - mid the dead and dy - ing, Theirs to go where glo - ry led the way.
See, they come! their hearts with val - or burn - ing, 'Neath their flag, the proud red, white and blue.
rit.
3
rit.

The Jolly Tar

Unison Song for Basses, with Four-Part Chorus

NIXON WATERMAN
BASS SOLO, OR UNISON CHORUS

G. A. BURDETT

mf

1. When waves have rocked themselves a - sleep,
3. And here is a word for you, my lad,

Moderato risoluto

f

Where the wild sea - chil - dren play, And a spell is laid up - on the deep To
Wher - ev - er you chance to be, Or . . if you're gay or if you're sad, Or

keep the winds a - way; Then try - ing to stir the i - dle crew And help the ship a -
on the land or sea; When skies are dark and fogs pre-vail, And ev - 'ry - thing is

rit. *ff più mosso*

long, As we lie a - drift in the boundless blue, I sing this rous - ing song:
wrong, Oh, that's the time to fill your sail With just this rous - ing (*To Meas. 54*)

rit. *ff più mosso* *Con spirito*

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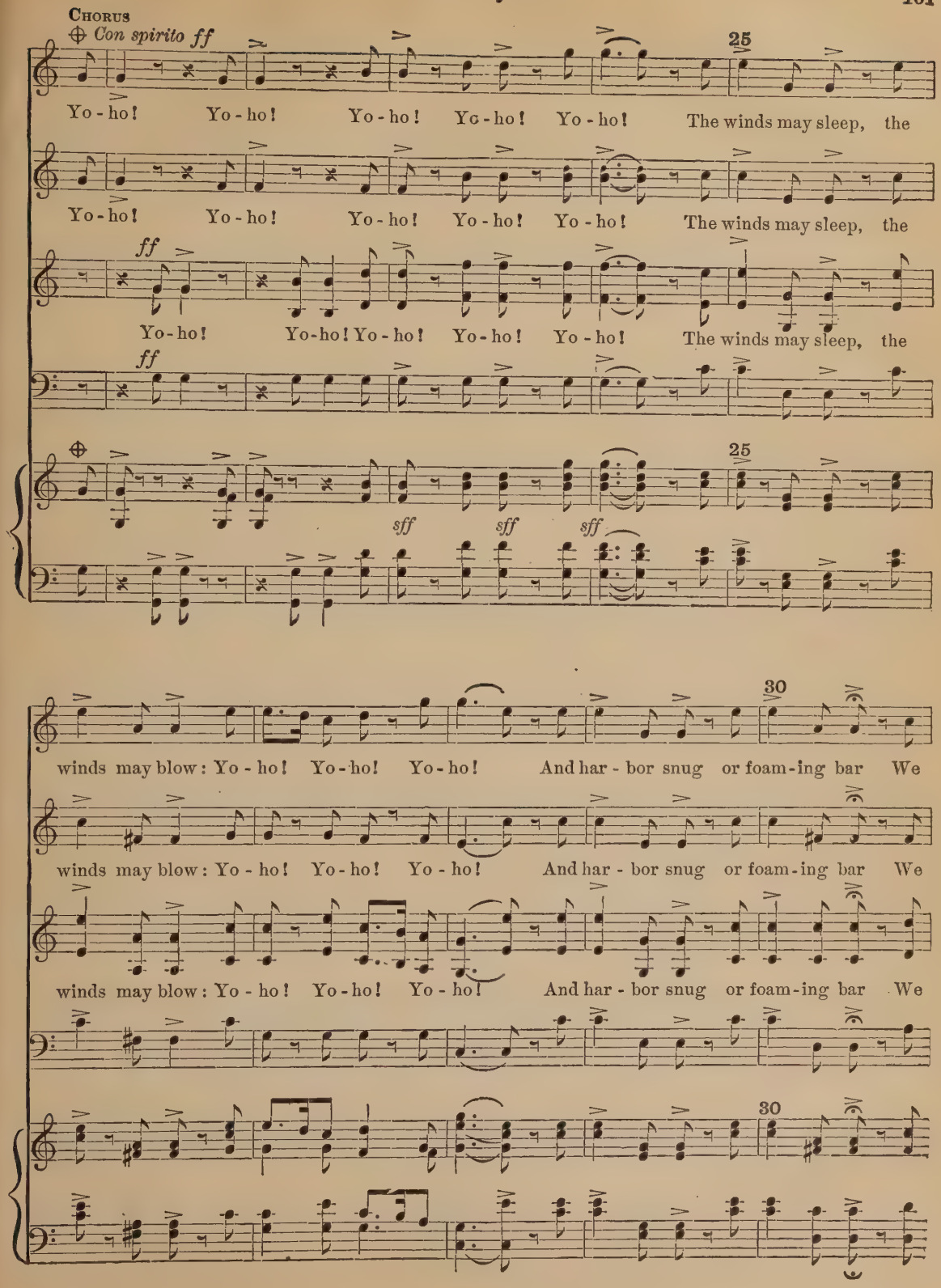
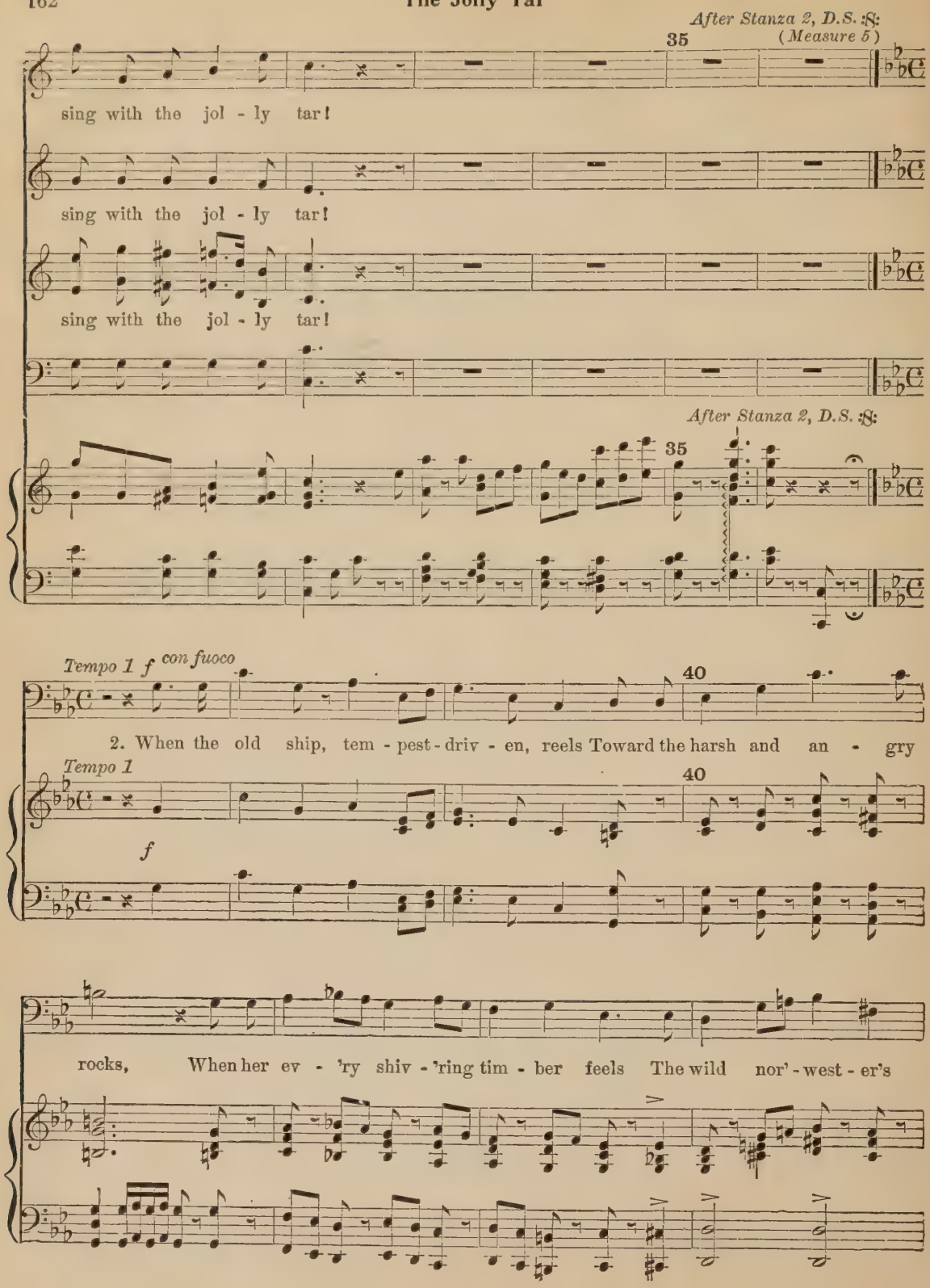
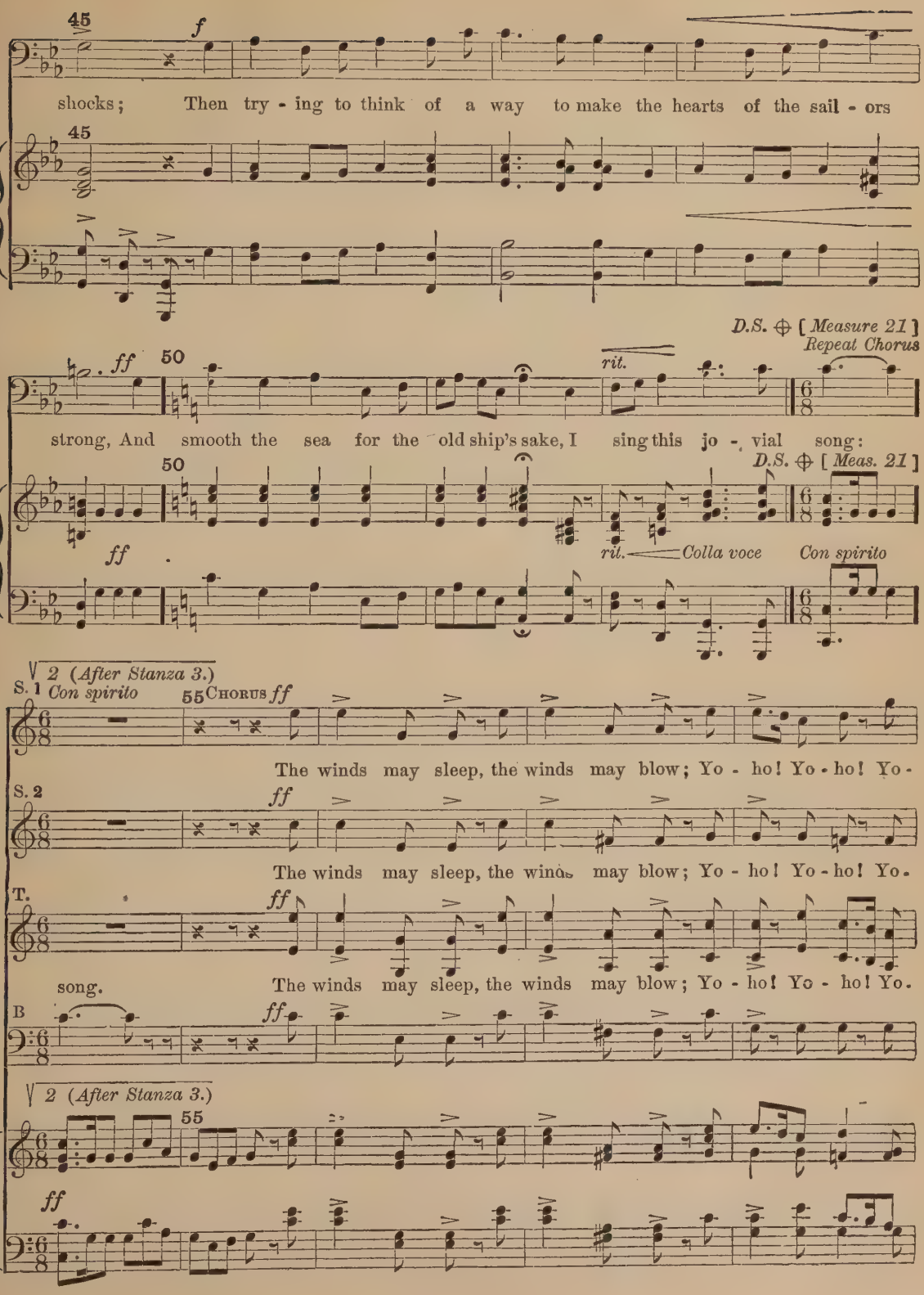
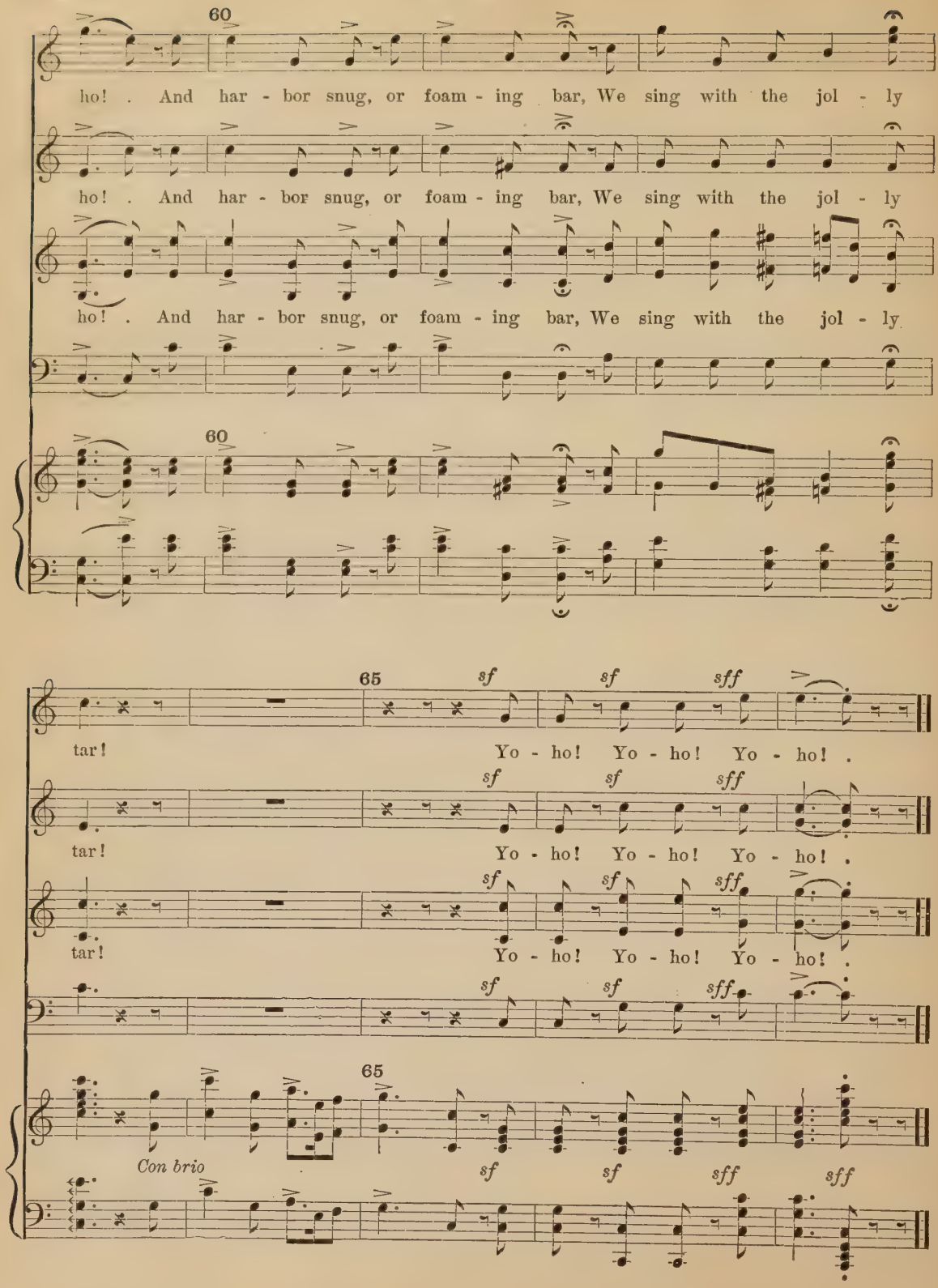

Chorus
Con spirito ff
25
Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! The winds may sleep, the
Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! The winds may sleep, the
ff
Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! The winds may sleep, the
ff
25
sff sff sff
30
winds may blow: Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! And har - bor snug or foam - ing bar We
winds may blow: Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! And har - bor snug or foam - ing bar We
winds may blow: Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! And har - bor snug or foam - ing bar We
30


After Stanza 2, D.S. 𝄋
(Measure 5)
35
sing with the jol - ly tar!
sing with the jol - ly tar!
sing with the jol - ly tar!
After Stanza 2, D.S. 𝄋
35
Tempo 1 f con fuoco
40
2. When the old ship, tem - pest - driv - en, reels Toward the harsh and an - gry
Tempo 1
40
f
rocks, When her ev - 'ry shiv - 'ring tim - ber feels The wild nor' - west - er's


45
f
shocks; Then try - ing to think of a way to make the hearts of the sail - ors
45
D.S. ✠ [Measure 21]
Repeat Chorus
ff
50
rit.
strong, And smooth the sea for the old ship's sake, I sing this jo - vial song:
50
D.S. ✠ [Meas. 21]
ff
rit.
Colla voce
Con spirito
2 (After Stanza 3.)
S. 1
Con spirito
55
Chorus
ff
The winds may sleep, the winds may blow; Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo -
S. 2
ff
The winds may sleep, the winds may blow; Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo.
T.
ff
song.
The winds may sleep, the winds may blow; Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo.
B
ff
2 (After Stanza 3.)
55
ff


60
ho! . And har - bor snug, or foam - ing bar, We sing with the jol - ly
ho! . And har - bor snug, or foam - ing bar, We sing with the jol - ly
ho! . And har - bor snug, or foam - ing bar, We sing with the jol - ly
60
65
sf
sf
sff
tar! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! .
tar! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! .
tar! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! Yo - ho! .
65
Con brio
sf
sf
sff
sff

From the Starry Heavens High

ELIZABETH E. FOULKE — French Christmas Song

S. 1. *mf Moderato*

S. 2.

1. From the star - ry heav-ens high, Strains of joy ex - ult - ant ring; And the hills of
2. Shepherds, mute with ho - ly joy, List the mes - sage from a - bove; Peace on earth with -
3. Haste, O haste, the tid-ings bear, Far and wide o'er all the earth; Till the na - tions

T. *mf*

A.

1. From the star - ry, heav-ens high, Strains of joy ex - ult - ant ring; And the hills of
2. Shep-herds, mute with ho - ly joy, List the mes - sage from a - bove; Peace on earth with -
3. Haste, O haste, the tid-ings bear, Far and wide o'er all the earth; Till the na - tions

B. *mf*

earth re - ply, All their mu - sic ech - o - ing. Glo - - - - - - - -
out al - loy, Now be - gins the reign of love. Glo - - - - - - - -
ev - 'ry-where, Sing the ho - ly Sav-iour's birth. Glo - - - - - - - -

f

earth re - ply, All their mu - sic ech - o - ing. Glo - - - - - - - -
out al - loy, Now be - gins the reign of love. Glo - - - - - - - -
ev - 'ry - where, Sing the ho - ly Sav-iour's birth. Glo - - - - - - - -

f

- - - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, De - - o.

ff

- - - - - - ri - a in ex - cel - sis De - o, De - o.

ff

Slumber Song

Unison Song for All Voices

NIXON WATERMAN

GEORGE HENRY HOWARD

Andante sostenuto

p

1. When, the twi - light glow de - clin - ing, Skies are chang'd from gold to gray, And the star a - bove us shin - ing Sends a - broad its sil - ver ray; Then to slum - ber,
2. When the night, a sol - ace bring - ing, Comes a bless - ing to be - stow, And the cur - few bells are ring - ing, With their mu - sic, soft and low; In our dreams still
3. Now, the bus - y world for - get - ting, All its wea - ry strife and care, All its toil - ing and its fret - ting, And with hearts as light as air, In a ship of

pp

mf

p cantando

15 *mf* *p* *mp* *dim.*

soft, re - sign - ing In a dream we drift a - way, Then to slum - ber . .
fond - ly cling - ing, In - to Slum - ber - land we go, In our dreams still . .
dreams is set - ting Toward a har - bor calm and fair, In a ship of . . .

15 *mf* *p* *pp* *mp*

molto dim. *poco rit.* *pp* 20 *p a tempo*

soft re - sign - ing, we drift a - way. Peace - ful - ly drift - ing,
fond - ly cling - ing, To slum - ber we go. Peace - ful - ly drift - ing,
dreams is set - ting, To slum - ber fair. Peace - ful - ly drift - ing,

20 *molto dim.* *poco rit.* *p a tempo*

pp 25 *rit.* *al fine*

Far, far a - way far a - way, far a - way, Far, far a - way.

25 *pp* *rit.* *al fine*

The Waterfall

NIXON WATERMAN

W. W. GILCHRIST

Allegretto grazioso

SOPRANO I, AND II (WITH ALTO I)

p

1. Peace-ful-ly wind-ing, the riv-er flows on . . .
2. Sun-light and starlight with nev-er a rest, . .

TENOR (WITH ALTO II)

pp

Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

BASS

pp

Allegretto grazioso

p leggiero

Flow-ing by night and by day;
Seek-ing the broad blue sea;

5

Seek - ing the broad, blue sea; . . Go-ing, and go-ing, yet nev-er is gone—
Flow - ing by night and by day, . . Ev-er the riv-er is true to its quest,

Mm . . . . . .

5

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Seek-ing its wind - ing way.
Won-der-ful mys - ter - y!

10 *p*

Won - der-ful mys - ter - y. Ma - ny a farm it glides lei - sure - ly past,
Seek - ing its wind - ing way. Twist-ing and turn-ing it comes from its source,

p

. . . . . Ma - ny a farm it glides lei - sure-ly past,
Twist-ing and turn - ing, it comes from its source,

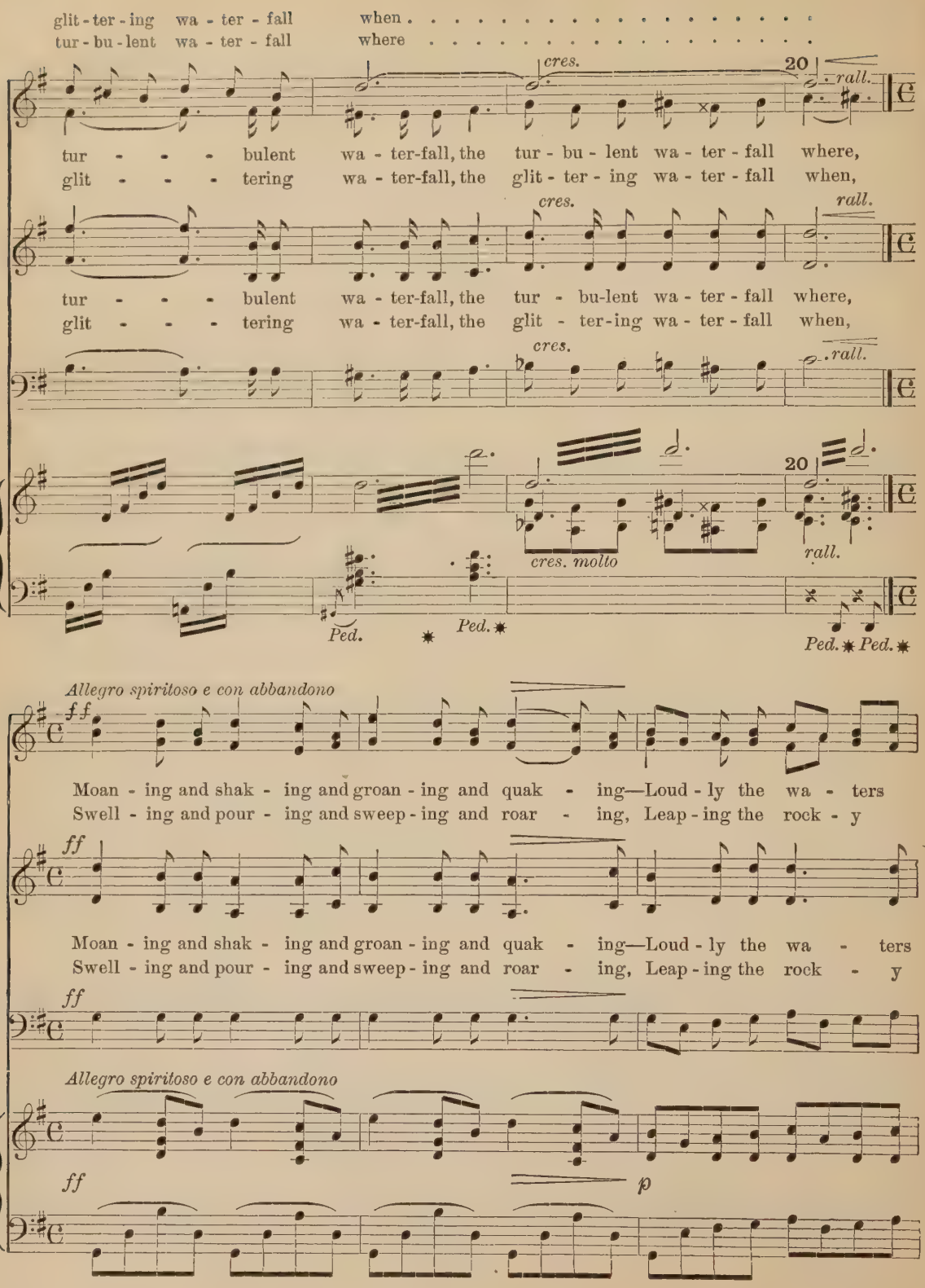
10

15

For-est and mead-ow-land fair, ... Chant-ing a song till it reach-es, at last, The
Wind-ing and curv-ing a - gain, ... Dream - i - ly on, till it finds in its course The

For-est and mead-ow-land fair, Chant-ing a song till it reach- es, at last, The
Wind-ing and curv-ing a - gain, Dream - i - ly on, till it finds in its course The

15


glit - ter - ing wa - ter - fall when . . . . . .
tur - bu - lent wa - ter - fall where . . . . . .
cres.
20
rall.
tur - - - bulent wa - ter-fall, the tur - bu - lent wa - ter - fall where,
glit - - - tering wa - ter-fall, the glit - ter - ing wa - ter - fall when,
cres.
rall.
tur - - - bulent wa - ter-fall, the tur - bu-lent wa - ter - fall where,
glit - - - tering wa - ter-fall, the glit - ter-ing wa - ter - fall when,
cres.
rall.
20
cres. molto
rall.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Allegro spiritoso e con abbandono
ff
Moan - ing and shak - ing and groan - ing and quak - ing—Loud - ly the wa - ters
Swell - ing and pour - ing and sweep - ing and roar - ing, Leap - ing the rock - y
ff
Moan - ing and shak - ing and groan - ing and quak - ing—Loud - ly the wa - ters
Swell - ing and pour - ing and sweep - ing and roar - ing, Leap - ing the rock - y
ff
Allegro spiritoso e con abbandono
ff
p

ff 25

call; . . . . . Spout - ing and grum - bling and shout - ing and mum - bling,
wall, ... Rush - ing and curl - ing and gush - ing and twirl - ing,

ff

call; . . . . . Spout - ing and grum - bling and shout - ing and mum - bling,
wall, ... Rush - ing and curl - ing and gush - ing and twirl - ing,

ff

25

ff

Ped. ✱ *Ped.* ✱ *Ped.* ✱

O - ver the wa - ter - fall.

30

p

Heav - ing and cleav-ing, the riv - er goes tum - bling O - ver the wa - ter-
Dash - ing and splashing, the riv - er goes whirl - ing O - ver the wa - ter-

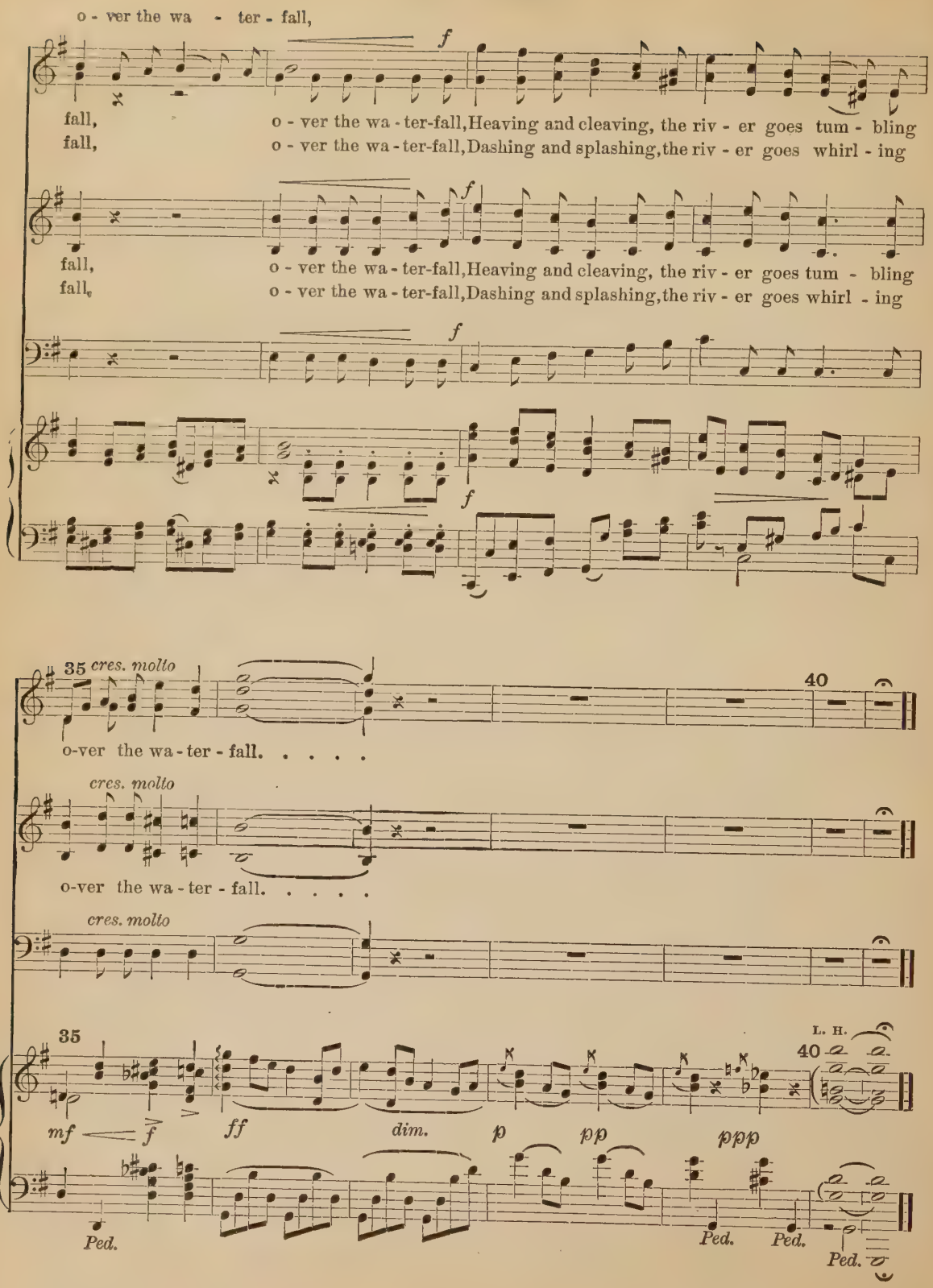
p

Heav - ing and cleav-ing, the riv - er goes tum - bling O - ver the wa - ter -
Dash - ing and splashing, the riv - er goes whirl - ing O - ver the wa - ter -

p

30

p


o - ver the wa - ter - fall,
f
fall, o - ver the wa - ter-fall, Heaving and cleaving, the riv - er goes tum - bling
fall, o - ver the wa - ter-fall, Dashing and splashing, the riv - er goes whirl - ing
fall, o - ver the wa - ter-fall, Heaving and cleaving, the riv - er goes tum - bling
fall, o - ver the wa - ter-fall, Dashing and splashing, the riv - er goes whirl - ing
35 cres. molto
40
o-ver the wa - ter - fall. . . . .
cres. molto
o-ver the wa - ter - fall. . . . .
cres. molto
35
L. H.
40
mf f ff dim. p pp ppp
Ped.
Ped. Ped.
Ped.

Lincoln

NIXON WATERMAN

L. B. MARSHALL

S. 1

S. 2

T.

A.

B.

mp

1. The child . . of low - ly
2. Your deeds . . with ho - ly
3. A - bove . . a na - tion's

Allegretto moderato

mf ben legato *dim.* *p*

5 *mf* *cres.*

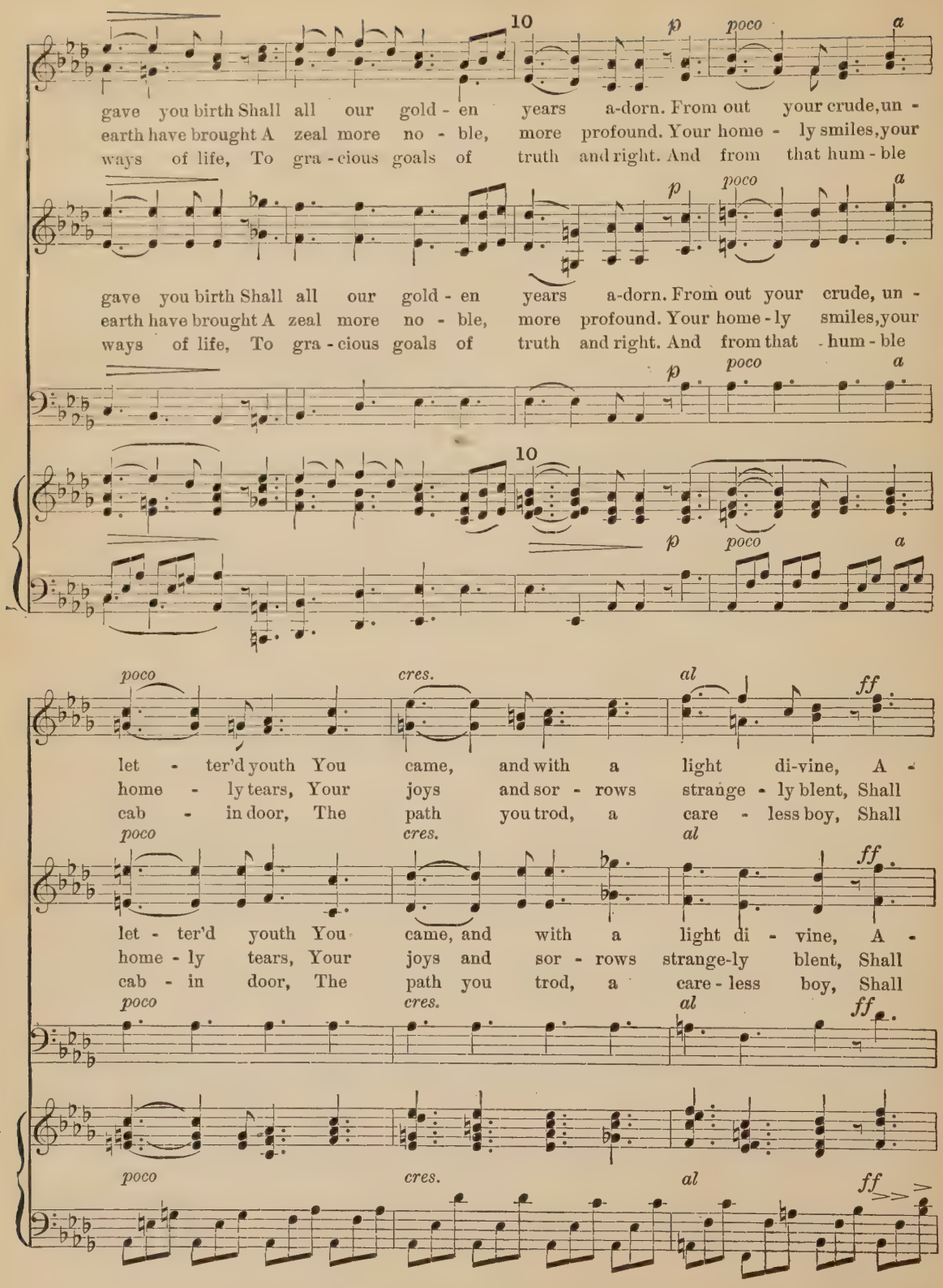
ones of earth, With - in that hum-ble cab-in born; . . . The splen - did day that
pur - pose fraught, Your toil with hon-ors rich-ly crown'd, . . To all . . the sons of
stress and strife, Your cher-ished name, a bea-con bright, . . . Shall guide . us through the

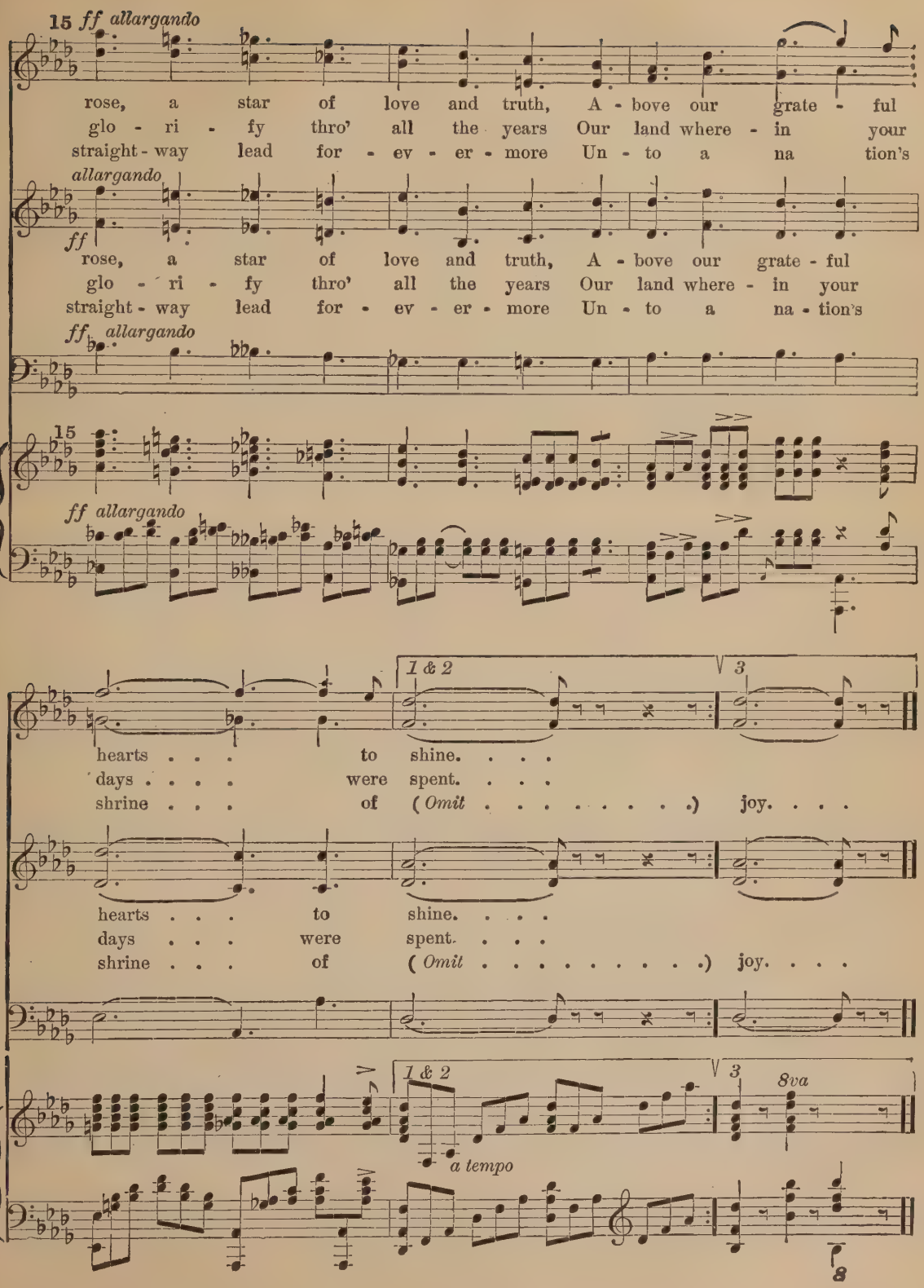
mf *cres.*

ones of earth, With - in that hum-ble cab-in born; . . . The splen - did day that
pur - pose fraught, Your toil with hon-ors rich-ly crown'd, . . To all . . the sons of
stress and strife, Your cher-ished name, a bea-con bright, . . . Shall guide . us through the

mf *cres.*

5 *cres.* *mf*


10
p poco a
gave you birth Shall all our gold - en years a-dorn. From out your crude, un -
earth have brought A zeal more no - ble, more profound. Your home - ly smiles, your
ways of life, To gra - cious goals of truth and right. And from that hum - ble
gave you birth Shall all our gold - en years a-dorn. From out your crude, un -
earth have brought A zeal more no - ble, more profound. Your home - ly smiles, your
ways of life, To gra - cious goals of truth and right. And from that hum - ble
poco cres. al ff
let - ter'd youth You came, and with a light di-vine, A -
home - ly tears, Your joys and sor - rows strange - ly blent, Shall
cab - in door, The path you trod, a care - less boy, Shall
let - ter'd youth You came, and with a light di - vine, A -
home - ly tears, Your joys and sor - rows strange-ly blent, Shall
cab - in door, The path you trod, a care - less boy, Shall


15 ff allargando
rose, a star of love and truth, A - bove our grate - ful
glo - ri - fy thro' all the years Our land where - in your
straight - way lead for - ev - er - more Un - to a na tion's
allargando
ff
rose, a star of love and truth, A - bove our grate - ful
glo - ri - fy thro' all the years Our land where - in your
straight - way lead for - ev - er - more Un - to a na - tion's
ff allargando
15
ff allargando
1 & 2
3
hearts . . . to shine. . . .
days . . . . were spent. . . .
shrine . . . of (Omit . . . . . .) joy. . . .
hearts . . . to shine. . . .
days . . . were spent. . . .
shrine . . . of (Omit . . . . . .) joy. . . .
1 & 2
3
8va
a tempo
8

Old Black Joe

Unison Song for Basses, with Two-Part Vocal Accompaniment

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

STEPHEN C. FOSTER
Arr. by C. B. RICH

S. 1 *Andante* *pp*

S. 2 I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

A. *pp* I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, Mm (*humming*) . . . . . .

B. *p*

1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

5 *p*

. . . . . Gone are my friends, Mm . .
. . . . . Why do I sigh? Mm . .
. . . . . Chil - dren so dear, Mm . .

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton - fields a - way, Gone from the
Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for
chil - dren so dear that I held up - on my knee? Gone to the

. . . . . I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing

earth to a - bet - ter land, I know, I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing
forms now de - part - ed long a - go? I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing
shore where my soul has long'd to go! I hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing

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10 *p*

. . . "Old Black Joe." . . . I'm com-ing, For my head is bend - ing low, I hear those

"Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low, I hear those

"Old Black Joe." I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my head is bend-ing low, I

1 & 2 *3* 15 *rit. e dim.*

gen - tle voic - es call- ing "Old Black Joe." "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing.

rit. e dim.

gen - - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe." "Old Black Joe." I'm com - ing.

rit. e dim.

hear those gen- tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe." "Old Black Joe." . . .

Patriots' Day Song

NIXON WATERMAN — GEORGE A. BURDETT

In sturdy martial manner

f With keen accent *ff*

BARITONE SOLO, OR UNISON CHORUS

5 *Stirringly* *mf*

f

1. Loved Pa-triots' Day, Re - vered for aye Shall be that stir - ring scene, While
2. While truth shall light Our ban - ner bright, Our hearts shall fond - ly thrill When
3. Wher - e'er for right With val - iant might, Men strive to gain the day, Al -

5 *mf* *mf*

Ped. *Ped.*

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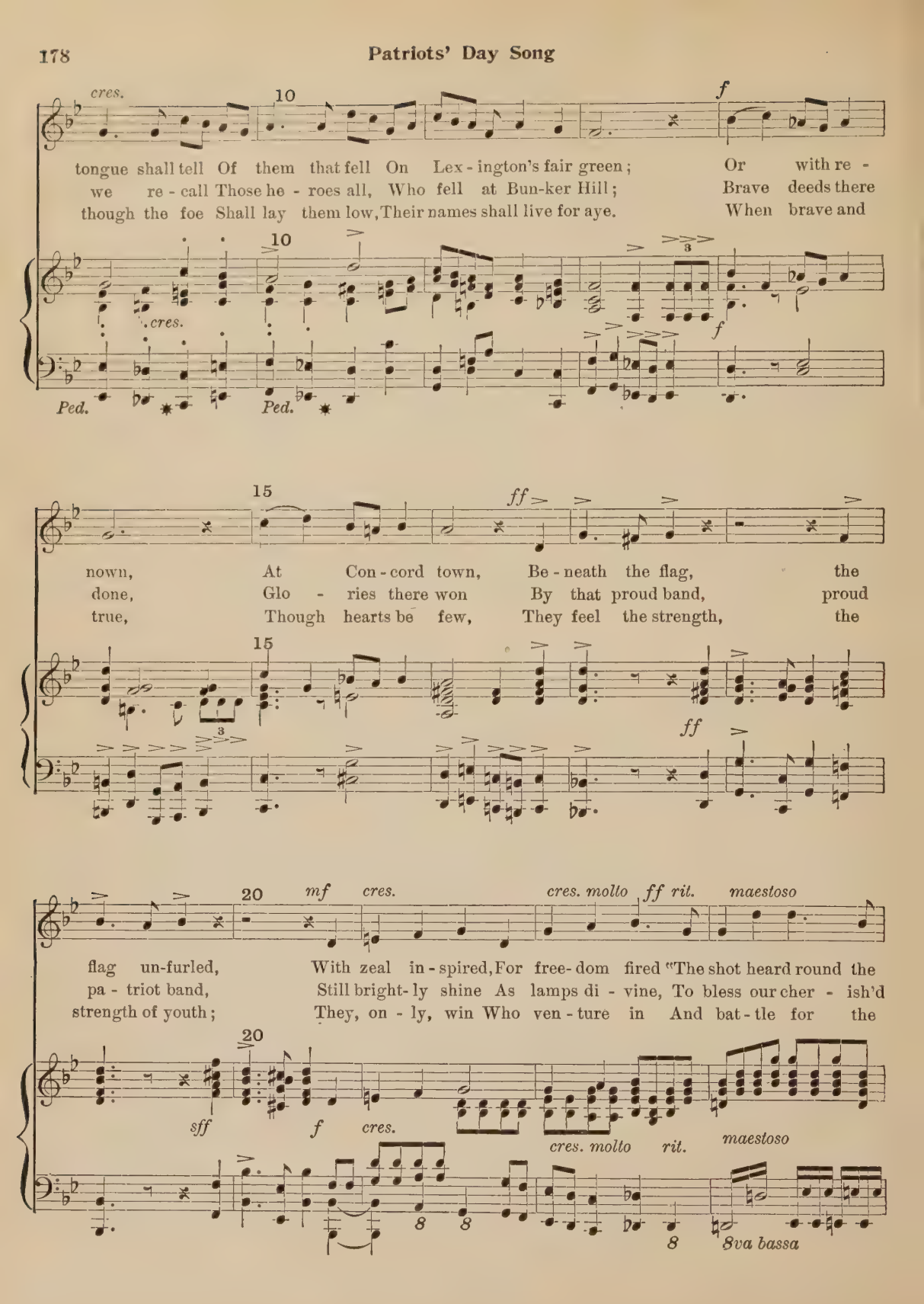
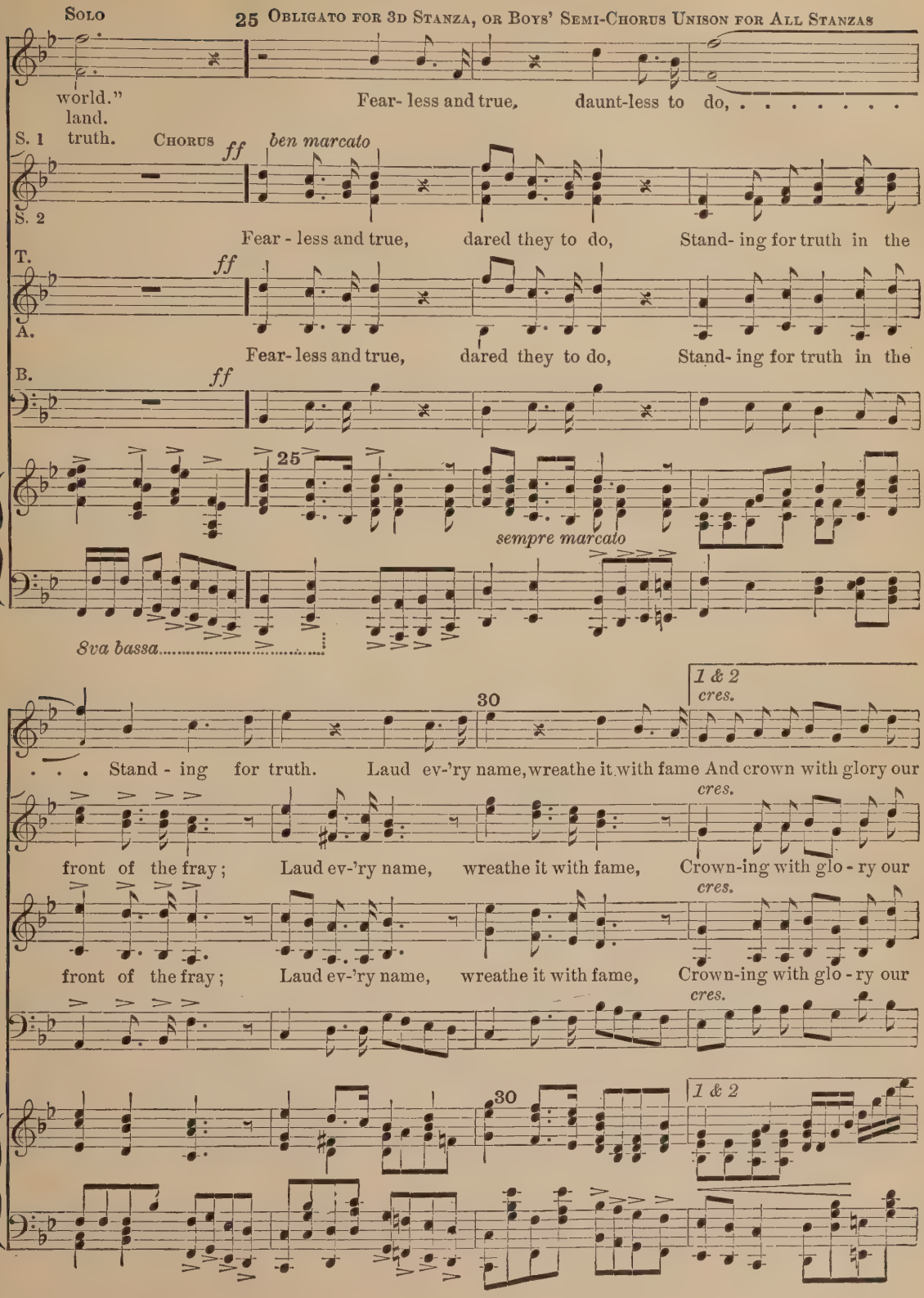

cres.
10
f
tongue shall tell Of them that fell On Lex - ington's fair green; Or with re -
we re - call Those he - roes all, Who fell at Bun-ker Hill; Brave deeds there
though the foe Shall lay them low, Their names shall live for aye. When brave and
cres.
Ped.
15
ff
nown, At Con - cord town, Be - neath the flag, the
done, Glo - ries there won By that proud band, proud
true, Though hearts be few, They feel the strength, the
20
mf
cres.
cres. molto
ff rit.
maestoso
flag un-furled, With zeal in - spired, For free - dom fired "The shot heard round the
pa - triot band, Still bright - ly shine As lamps di - vine, To bless our cher - ish'd
strength of youth; They, on - ly, win Who ven - ture in And bat - tle for the
sff
f
cres.
cres. molto
rit.
maestoso
8va bassa


Solo
25 Obligato for 3d Stanza, or Boys' Semi-Chorus Unison for All Stanzas
world."
land.
truth.
Fear- less and true, daunt-less to do,
S. 1
Chorus
ff
ben marcato
S. 2
Fear - less and true, dared they to do, Stand- ing for truth in the
T.
A.
Fear- less and true, dared they to do, Stand- ing for truth in the
B.
25
sempre marcato
8va bassa
30
1 & 2
cres.
. . . Stand - ing for truth. Laud ev-'ry name, wreathe it with fame And crown with glory our
front of the fray; Laud ev-'ry name, wreathe it with fame, Crown-ing with glo - ry our
front of the fray; Laud ev-'ry name, wreathe it with fame, Crown-ing with glo - ry our

35

S. 1 Pa - triots' Day!

S. 2 Pa - triots' Day!

T. Pa - triots' Day!

A. Pa - triots' Day!

B.

35

fff *ff* *f*

40

fame and crown with glo - ry our Pa - triots' Day! . . . . . .

Crown - ing with glo - ry our Pa - triots' Day! . . . . . .

Crown - ing with glo - ry our Pa - triots' Day! . . . . . .

8va

40

fff

8va

See, the Conquering Hero Comes

Dr. Morell — From "Judas Maccabæus," G. F. Händel

Marziale e maestoso

f

1. See, the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum-pets, beat the drums.
2. See, the god-like youth . ad-vance, Breathe the flutes and lead the dance.

f

1. See, the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum-pets, beat the drums.
2. See, the god-like youth . ad-vance, Breathe the flutes and lead the dance.

f

mp 10 15

Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs . . of tri - umph to . . him sing,
Myr - tle wreaths and ro - ses twine, To deck . . the he - ro's brow . di - vine.

Sports pre-pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri - umph to . . him sing,
Myr - tle wreaths and ro - ses twine, To deck the he - ro's brow . di - vine.

f 20 *ff*

Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri - umph to him sing.
See, the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum - pets, beat the drums.

f *ff*

Sports pre - pare, the lau - rel bring, Songs of tri - umph to him sing.
See, the con-qu'ring he - ro comes, Sound the trum - pets, beat the drums.

f *ff*

The Stage=Coach

NIXON WATERMAN — CHARLES FONTEYN MANNEY

Moderately fast, with good accent

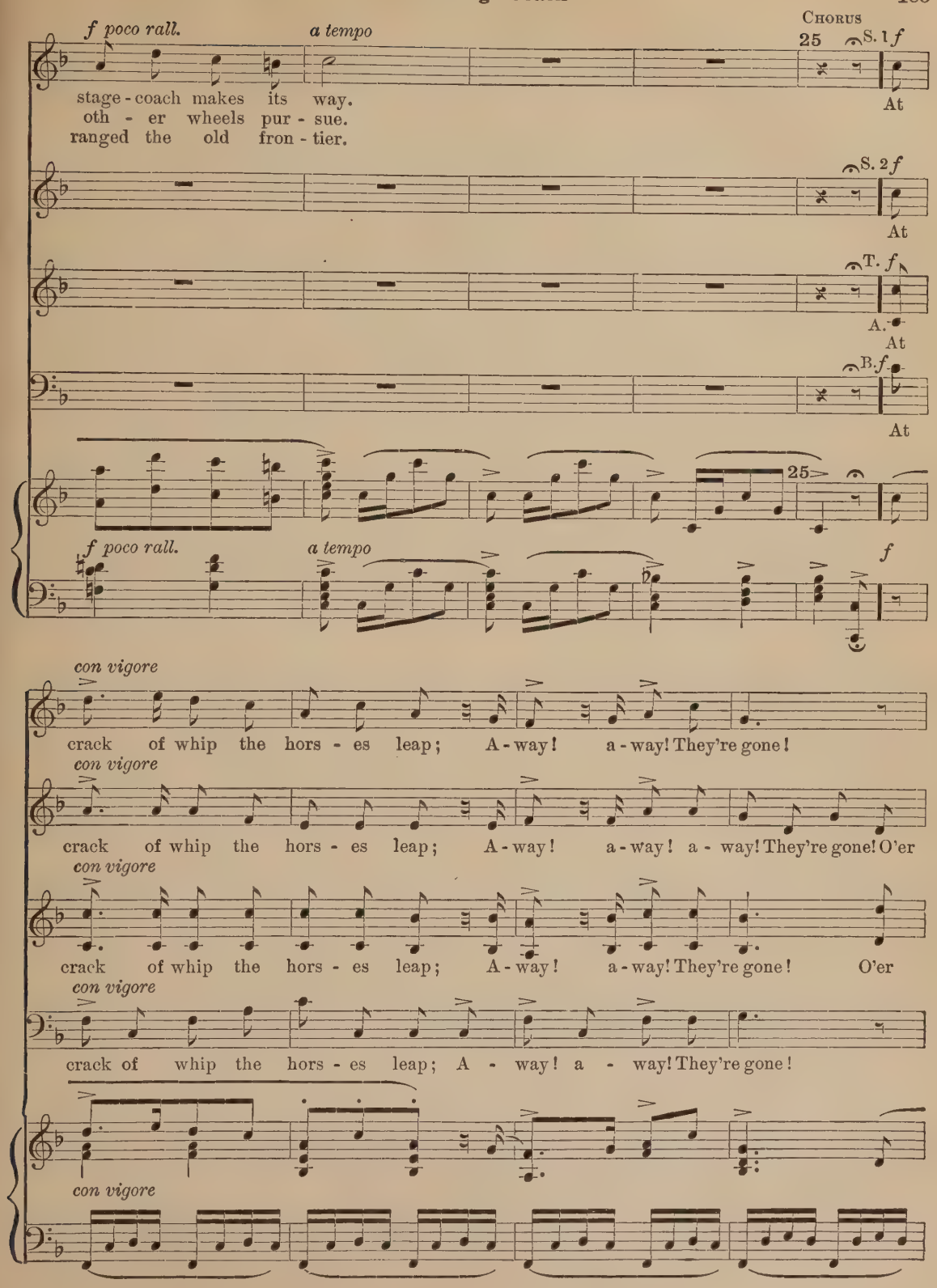
mf *f* *mp* *marc.*

SOLO, OR UNISON

mf

1. Be - fore the tire - less steed of steam Has trod his i - ron track, Be - fore the head-light's search-ing gleam Has waved the shad-ows back; Where yet the wild beast builds its den And na - ture holds her sway, Thro' haunts of rough and rug - ged men The steed of steam Shall cause to dis - ap - pear The stage=coach with its four-horse team That
2. The trail it leaves o'er prai - ries wide Or hills that greet the sky, Is fol - low'd by a swell - ing tide Of men with pur - pose high; Where wheel has nev - er roll'd be - fore, In re - gions strange and new, The stage=coach comes and ev - er - more Still
3. Where once the In - dian's blaz - ing fire Made bright the for - est shade Shall rise the town with glit-t'ring spire And bus - y mart of trade; And then the tire - less

mp *cres.* *cres.*


Chorus
f poco rall.
a tempo
25
S. 1 f
stage - coach makes its way.
oth - er wheels pur - sue.
ranged the old fron - tier.
At
S. 2 f
At
T. f
A.
At
B. f
At
25
f poco rall.
a tempo
f
con vigore
crack of whip the hors - es leap; A - way! a - way! They're gone!
con vigore
crack of whip the hors - es leap; A - way! a - way! a - way! They're gone! O'er
con vigore
crack of whip the hors - es leap; A - way! a - way! They're gone! O'er
con vigore
crack of whip the hors - es leap; A - way! a - way! They're gone!
con vigore

30

grass - y plain and moun - tain steep The stage=coach hur - ries on. At

grass - y plain and moun - tain steep The stage=coach hur - ries on. At

grass - y plain and moun - tain steep The stage=coach hur - ries on. At

O'er moun - tain steep The stage = coach hur - ries on. At

30

sempre f

35

crack of whip the hors - es leap; A-way! a-way! they're gone! O'er

sempre f

crack of whip the hors - es leap; A-way! a-way! they're gone! O'er

sempre f

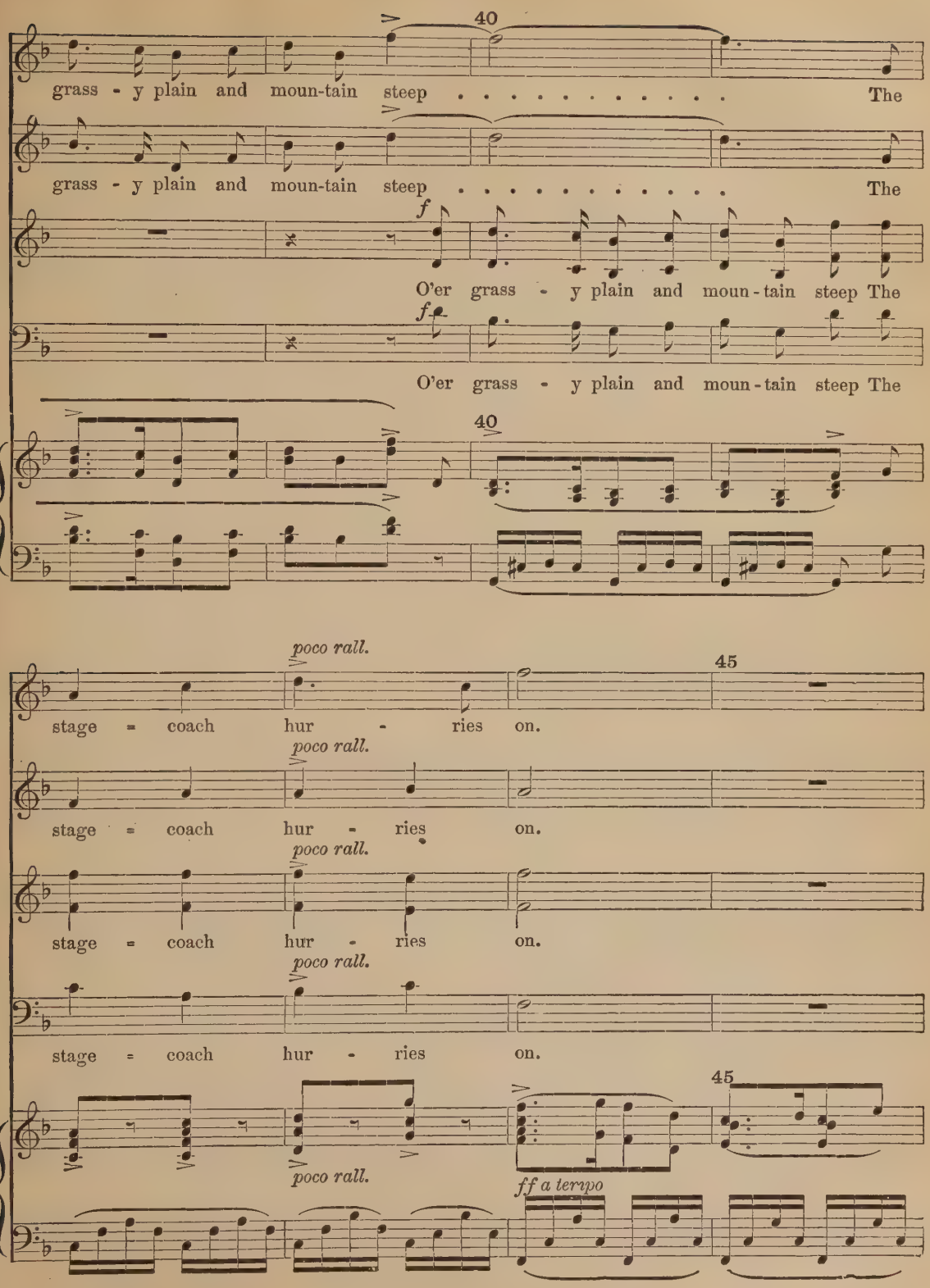
crack of whip the hors - es leap; A-way! a-way! they're gone!

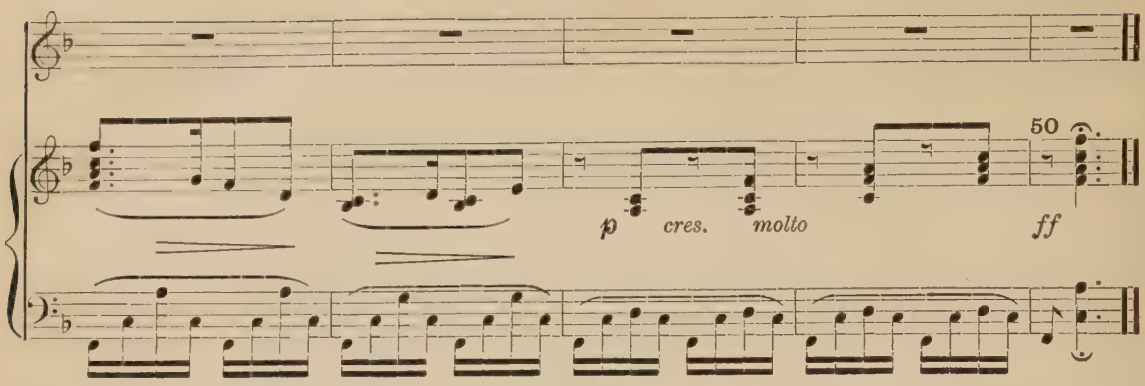
sempre f

crack of whip the hors - es leap; A - way! a - way! they're gone!

35

sempre f


40
grass - y plain and moun-tain steep . . . . . The
grass - y plain and moun-tain steep . . . . . The
f
O'er grass - y plain and moun - tain steep The
f
O'er grass - y plain and moun - tain steep The
40
poco rall.
45
stage = coach hur - ries on.
poco rall.
stage = coach hur - ries on.
poco rall.
stage = coach hur - ries on.
poco rall.
stage = coach hur - ries on.
45
poco rall.
ff a tempo

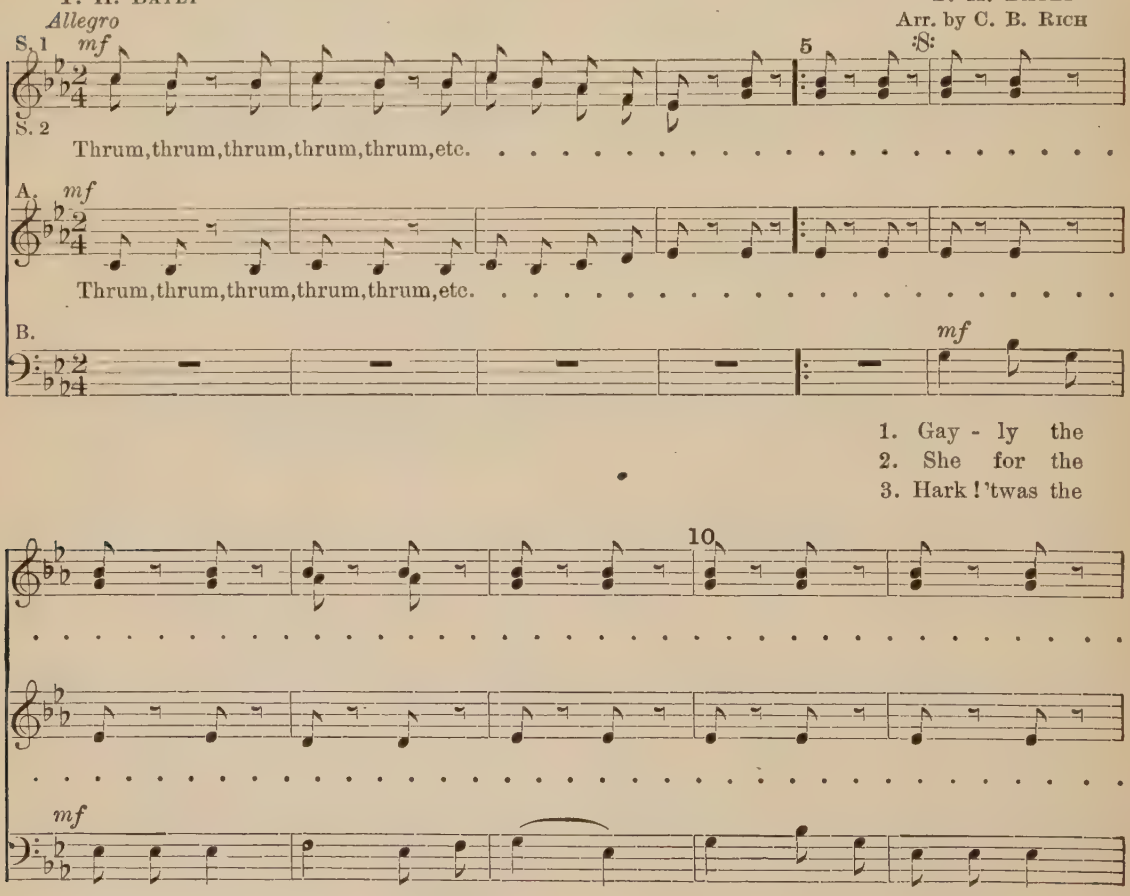


Gayly the Troubadour

Unison Song for Basses, with Vocal Accompaniment

T. H. Bayly

T. H. Bayly
Arr. by C. B. Rich



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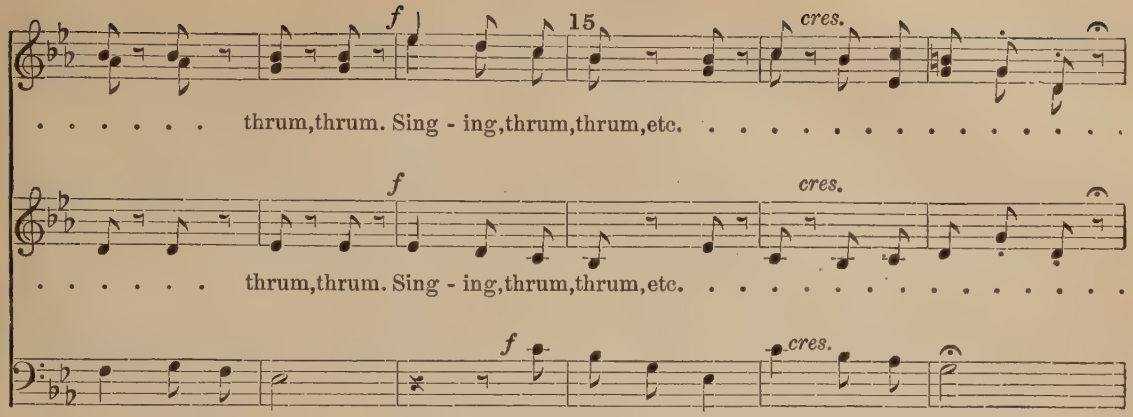
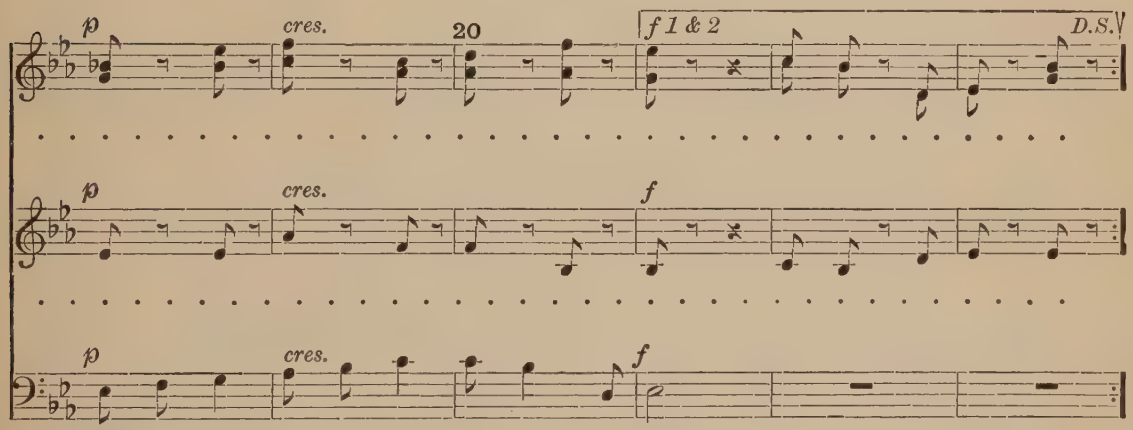
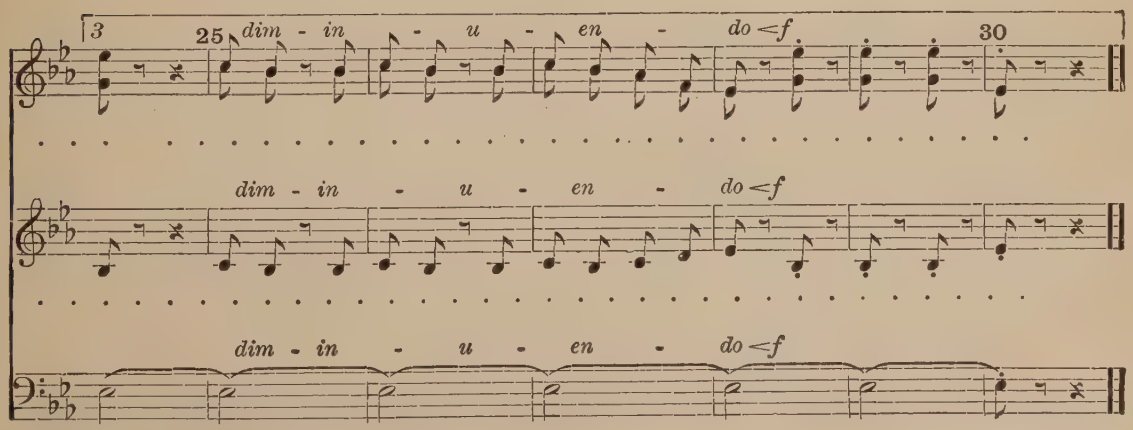


home from the war. "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come;
when oth - ers slept. "In search of thee would I might roam!
soft - ly he came. "From Pal - es - tine hith - er I come;



La - dye Love, La - dye Love, wel - come me home!"
Trou - ba - dour, Trou - ba - dour, come to thy home."
La - dye Love, La - dye Love, wel - come me (*Omit* . . . . . .)



home." . . . . . .

Washington

With Solos or Unisons and Four-Part Chorus

NIXON WATERMAN — L. B. MARSHALL

p SOLO, OR SEMI-CHORUS

1. Lov'd Washington! In mem-'ry dear We hold thy cher - ish'd name That
2. When Freedom's no - ble cause was born, To glo - ri - fy our land, On
3. Em - blaz-on'd on our gold-en sky A thousand names shall shine, Yet

Andante con moto

p

cres. *dim.* *mp*

DUET, OR TWO-PART CHORUS

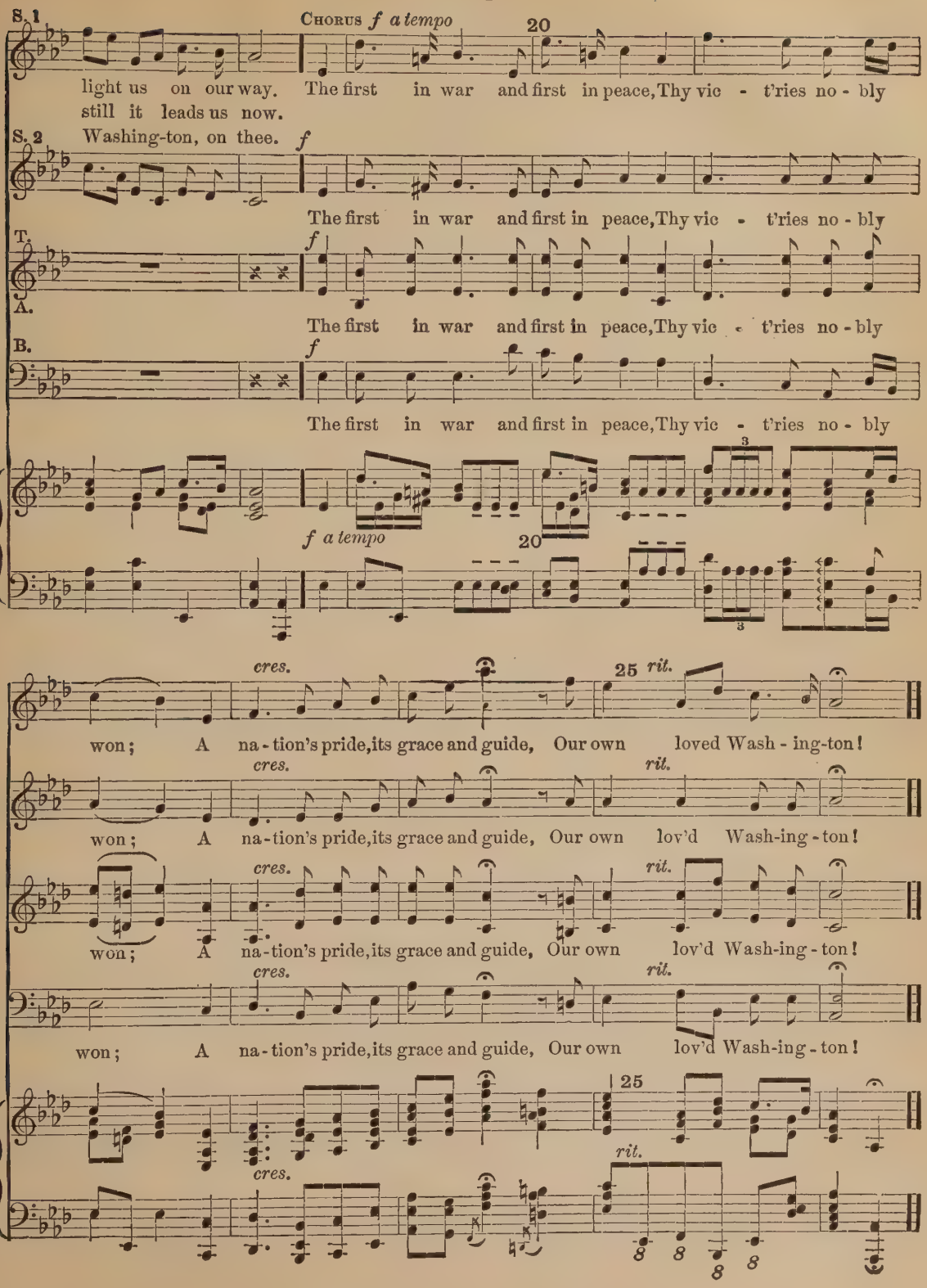
gleams a - mid the splen-dor, clear, Of Truth's un - dy - ing flame. With glow - ing faith thy
that tem-pest-uous na - tal morn, 'Twas guard-ed by thy hand. When first her sons with
none, how-ev - er bright and high, Can o - ver-shad - ow thine. And while up - on the

cres. *dim.* *mp*

cres. *f* *rit.*

deeds en-dow Our fond - est hopes, to - day, . . An ev - er - shin-ing bea-con, thou, To
val - or bright Wreath'd fair Co-lum- bia's brow, . . Thy zeal shone forth to lead the right As
breeze shall swell Our ban - ner proud and free, . . In grateful praise our tho'ts shall dwell, Lov'd

cres. *f* *rit.*


S. 1
Chorus f a tempo
20
light us on our way. The first in war and first in peace, Thy vic - t'ries no - bly
still it leads us now.
S. 2
Washing-ton, on thee.
f
The first in war and first in peace, Thy vic - t'ries no - bly
T.
A.
f
The first in war and first in peace, Thy vic - t'ries no - bly
B.
f
The first in war and first in peace, Thy vic - t'ries no - bly
f a tempo
20
cres.
25
rit.
won; A na - tion's pride, its grace and guide, Our own loved Wash - ing-ton!
cres.
rit.
won; A na - tion's pride, its grace and guide, Our own lov'd Wash-ing - ton!
cres.
rit.
won; A na - tion's pride, its grace and guide, Our own lov'd Wash-ing - ton!
cres.
rit.
won; A na - tion's pride, its grace and guide, Our own lov'd Wash-ing - ton!
25
rit.
cres.

The Postilion's Song

For Four-Part Chorus

DAVID K. STEVENS

HENRY HADLEY

Very fast and light

f

(Postilion's Horn

S.

A.

1. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling late, So on to the next re - lay; We're stop-ping for naught but the toll = man's gate For the
2. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling far, And noth - ing our course shall stay; No Jack o' the Heath our ad - vance shall bar For the
3. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling fast, Nor ev - er will brook de - lay; The cas - tle we'll win if the pace can last, For the

T.

B.

1. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling late, So on to the next re - lay; We're stop-ping for naught but the toll = man's gate For the
2. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling far, And noth - ing our course shall stay; No Jack o' the Heath our ad - vance shall bar For the
3. The earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling fast, Nor ev - er will brook de - lay; The cas - tle we'll win if the pace can last, For the

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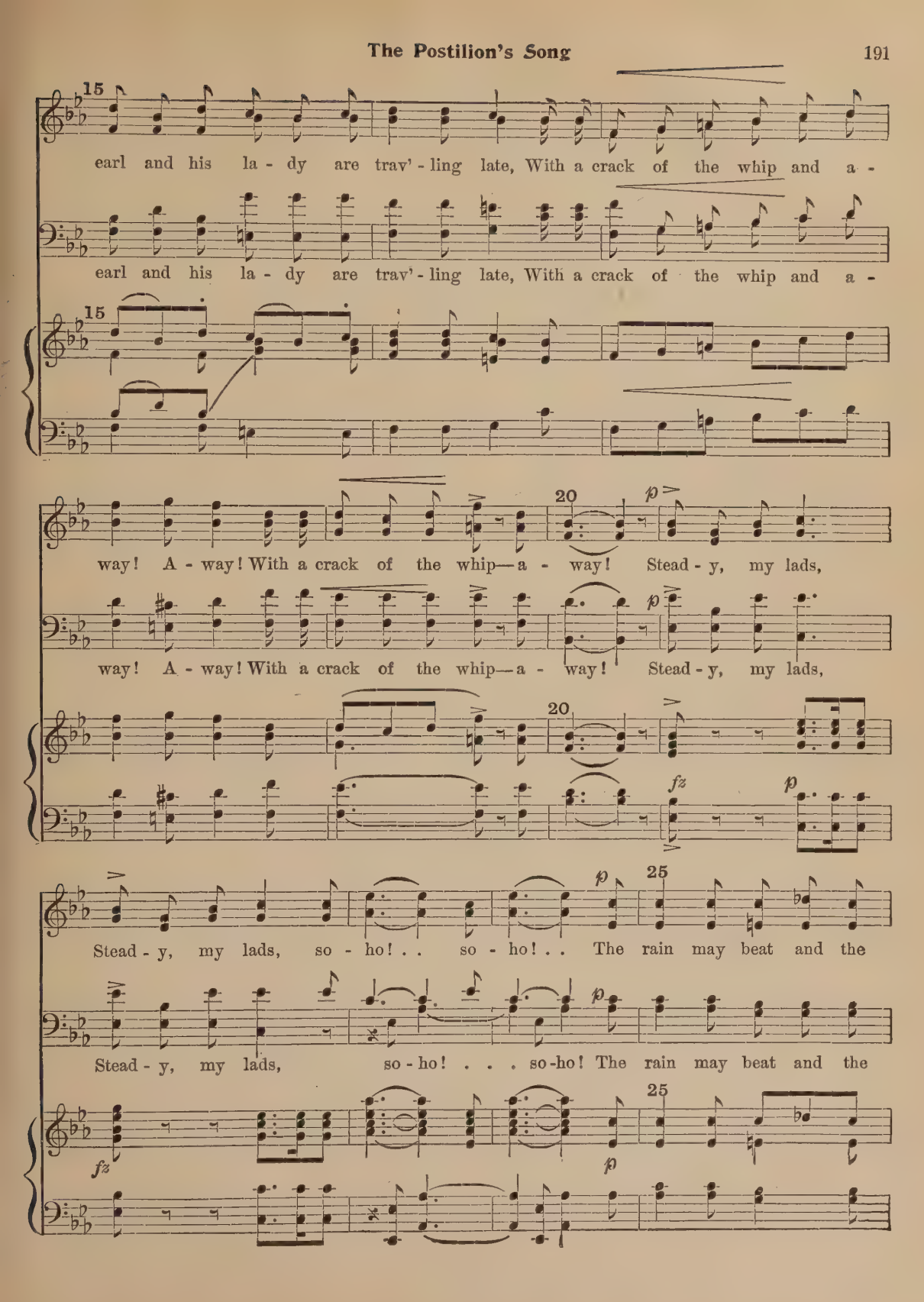
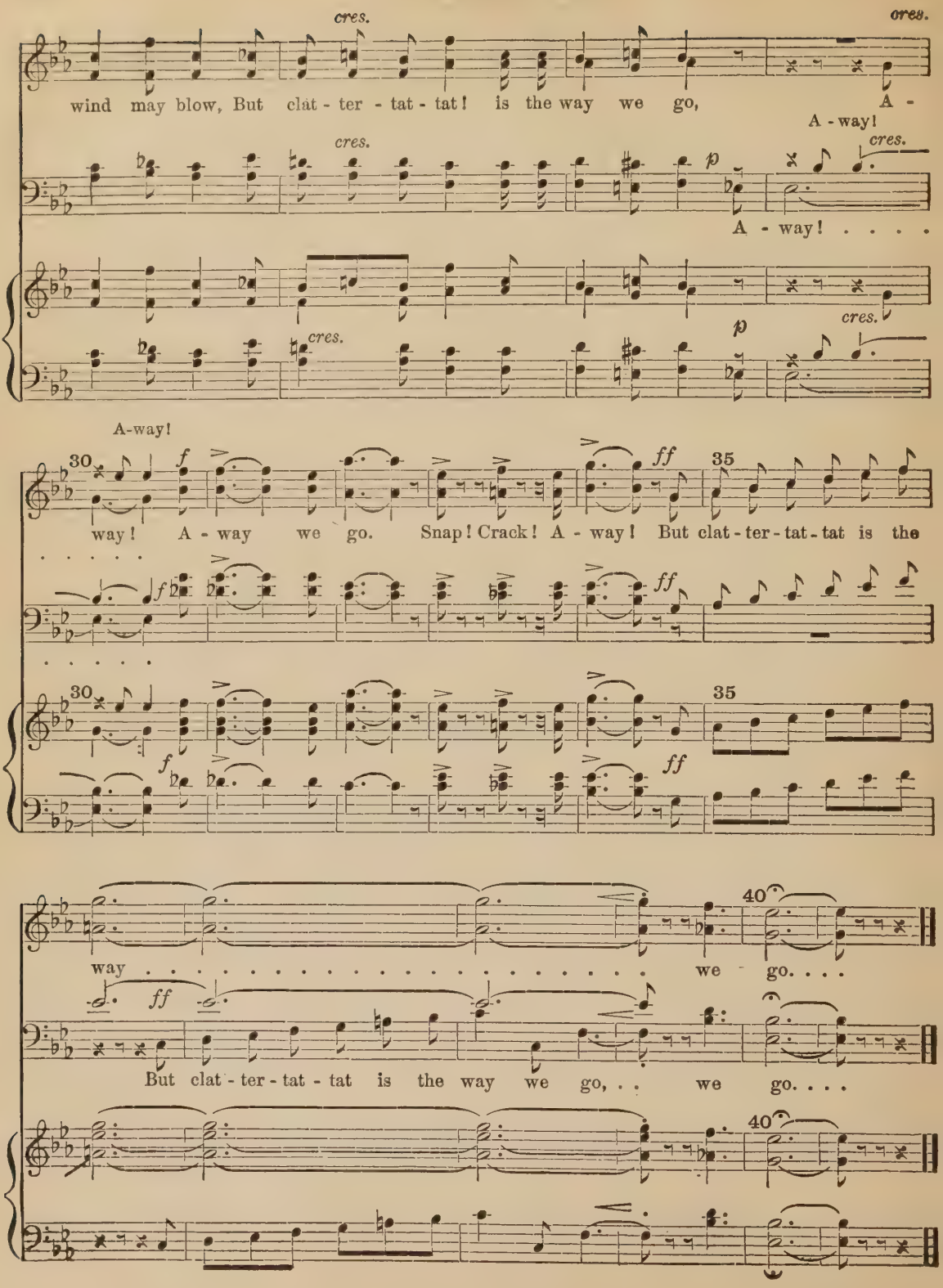

15
earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling late, With a crack of the whip and a -
earl and his la - dy are trav' - ling late, With a crack of the whip and a -
15
way! A - way! With a crack of the whip—a - way! Stead - y, my lads,
20
p
way! A - way! With a crack of the whip—a - way! Stead - y, my lads,
20
fz
p
Stead - y, my lads, so - ho! . . so - ho! . . The rain may beat and the
p
25
Stead - y, my lads, so - ho! . . . so - ho! The rain may beat and the
p
25
fz
p


cres.
wind may blow, But clat - ter - tat - tat! is the way we go, A -
A - way!
A - way! . . . .
A-way!
way! A - way we go. Snap! Crack! A - way! But clat - ter - tat - tat is the
way . . . . . we go. . . .
But clat - ter - tat - tat is the way we go, . . we go. . . .

America

S. F. Smith — Henry Carey

S. A. T. B.

1. My coun - try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song. Let mor - tal
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing! Long may our

fa-thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - 'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
tongues a-wake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break,—The sound pro-long.
land be bright With freedom's ho- ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

Hymn of Peace*

J. Annie Bense — L. B. Marshall

S. A. T. B.

1. Great Land, in a - ges old By seer and proph-et told, Land of the free; Throw wide thy
2. Up - on thy throb-bing breast May ev - 'ry soul find rest, Like hom-ing dove! May all the
3. O land of tow - 'ring hills, Broad streams and myr-iad rills And sa-cred sod, Dear land, from

por - tals broad To o-cean's might-y horde, Who, stirred with one ac- cord, Now fly to thee!
winds that thrill From ev - 'ry snow-capped hill Speak forth thy glorious will, In words of love!
shore to shore, Where o-cean's bil-lows roar, May peace brood ev - er-more, The Peace, the Peace of God!

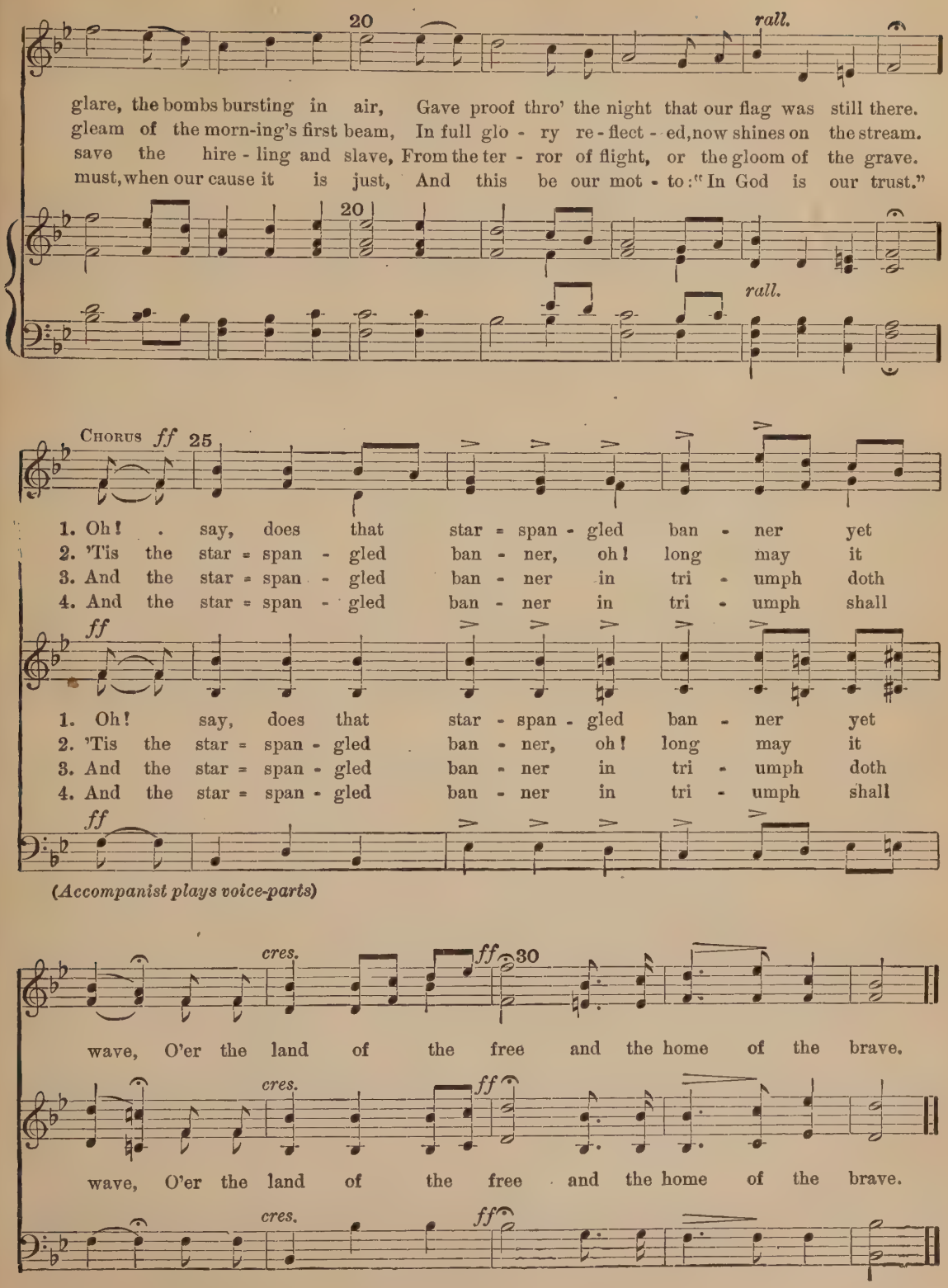
* This hymn may be sung to the tune of "America."

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — SAMUEL ARNOLD

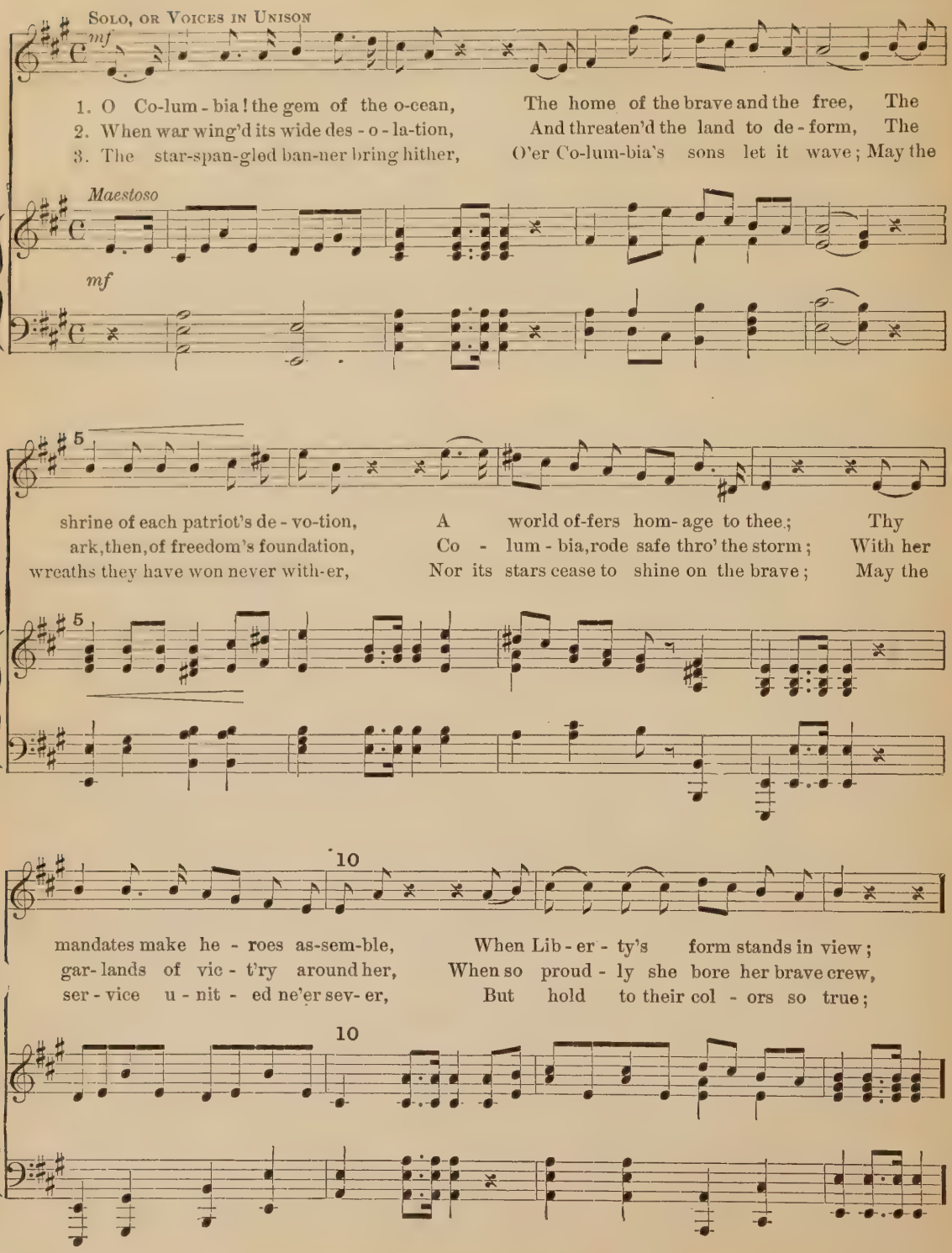
SOLO, OR VOICES IN UNISON

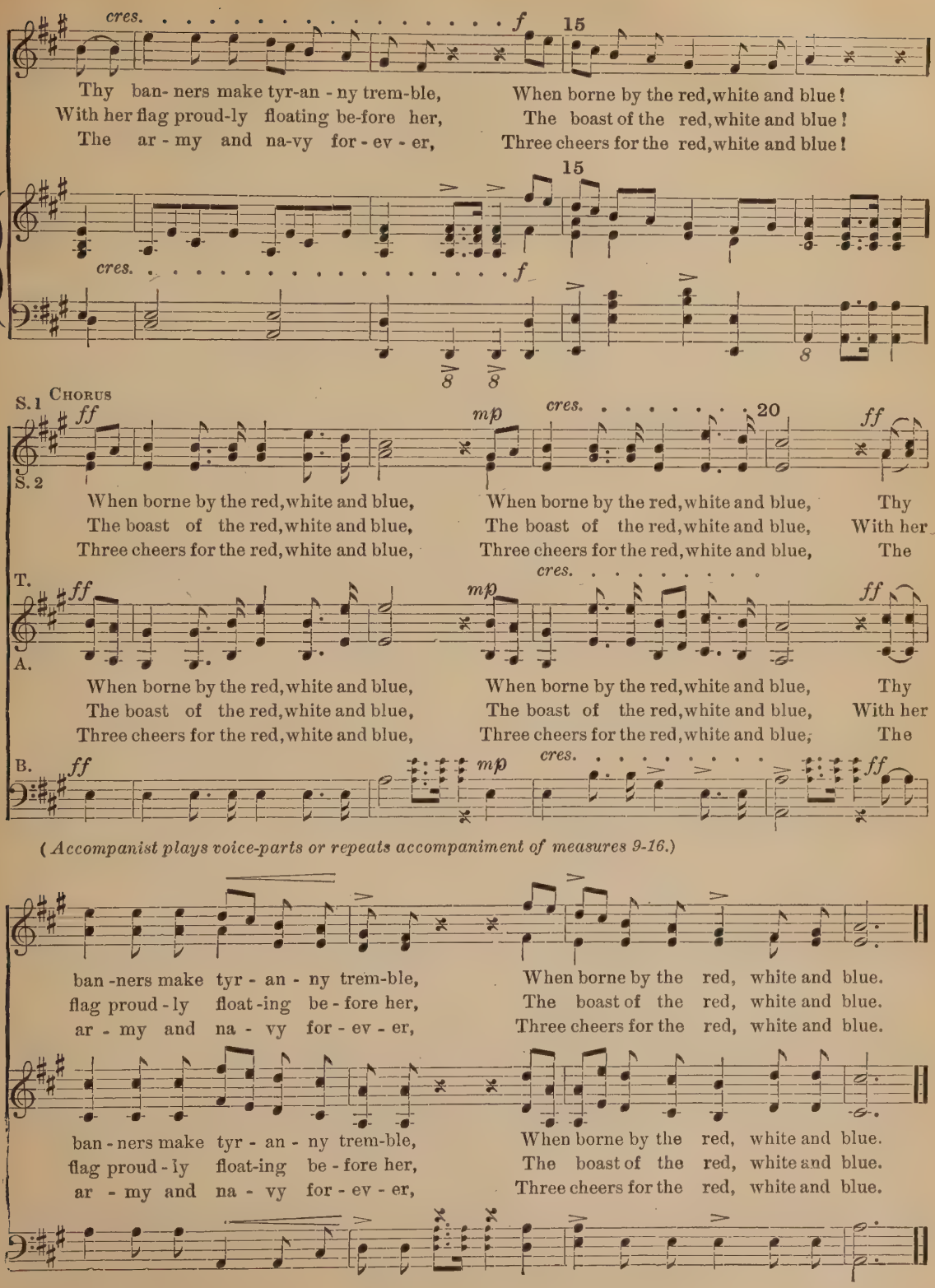
1. Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud - ly we hailed at the twi-light's last gleaming, Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight, O'er the ram - parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing. And the rock - ets red
2. On the shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mist of the deep, Where the foe's haugh-ty host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it catch - es the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pol - lu - tion, No ref - uge could
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be - tween their loved home and the war's de - so - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res -cued land, Praise the Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion; Then con - quer we


20
rall.
glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream.
save the hire - ling and slave, From the ter - ror of flight, or the gloom of the grave.
must, when our cause it is just, And this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust."
20
rall.
Chorus ff 25
1. Oh! say, does that star = span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star = span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3. And the star = span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
4. And the star = span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
ff
1. Oh! say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner yet
2. 'Tis the star = span - gled ban - ner, oh! long may it
3. And the star = span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth
4. And the star = span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall
ff
(Accompanist plays voice-parts)
cres.
ff 30
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
cres.
ff
wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
cres.
ff

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

D. T. Shaw




cres.
f
15
Thy ban- ners make tyr-an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue!
With her flag proud-ly floating be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue!
The ar - my and na-vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
S. 1 Chorus
S. 2
ff
mp
20
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The
T.
A.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue, Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue, With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue, The
B.
(Accompanist plays voice-parts or repeats accompaniment of measures 9-16.)
ban -ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud - ly float -ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proud - ly float-ing be - fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
ar - my and na - vy for - ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.

The Nation's Heroes

DAVID K. STEVENS — L. B. MARSHALL

S. 1 *Andante, espressivo* — *p* — *cres.* — *p*

S. 2

1. Be-neath a spread-ing robe of ver - dure, Where bloom the fairest flow'rs of May, In
2. For all that fell in oth - er strug-gles, On west - ern plain and al - ien land, Of
3. And what of them that sailed the o - cean, Whose arms were stout, whose hearts were brave? Of

T. — *cres.* — *p*

A.

1. Be-neath a spread-ing robe of ver - dure, Where bloom the fairest flow'rs of May, In
2. For all that fell in oth - er strug-gles, On west - ern plain and al - ien land, Of
3. And what of them that sailed the o - cean, Whose arms were stout, whose hearts were brave? Of

B. *p* — *cres.* — *p*

Where bloom the fair - est flow'rs of May, In
On west - ern plain and al - ien land, We
Whose arms were stout, whose hearts were brave, Of

5 — *mf*

peace e - ter - nal now are sleep - ing The men who wore the Blue and Gray. O'er
mem - o - ry we lay the to - ken Up - on their beds with ten - der hand. What
them that fell on ships of bat - tle And found their rest be - neath the wave? No

mf

peace e - ter - nal now are sleep-ing The men who wore the Blue and Gray. O'er
mem - o - ry we lay the to - ken Up - on their beds with ten - der hand. What
them that fell on ships of bat - tle And found their rest be - neath the wave? No

peace now are sleep - ing
lay now the to - ken
them in ships of bat - tle

mf

10

countless mounds where lie our he - roes The ban-ners of our coun - try wave; The
thought had ye, de - vot - ed war-riors, Of Glo - ry or her sis - ter, Fame? The
green-clad mounds for ye, our sea - men, For lov-ing hands to guard and tend; Our

countless mounds where lie our he - roes The ban-ners of our coun-try wave; (The ban-ners wave,) The
thought had ye, de - vot - ed war - riors, Of Glo - ry or her sis-ter, Fame? (What tho't of Fame?) The
green-clad mounds for ye, our sea - men, For lov - ing hands to guard and tend; (To guard and tend;) Our

p

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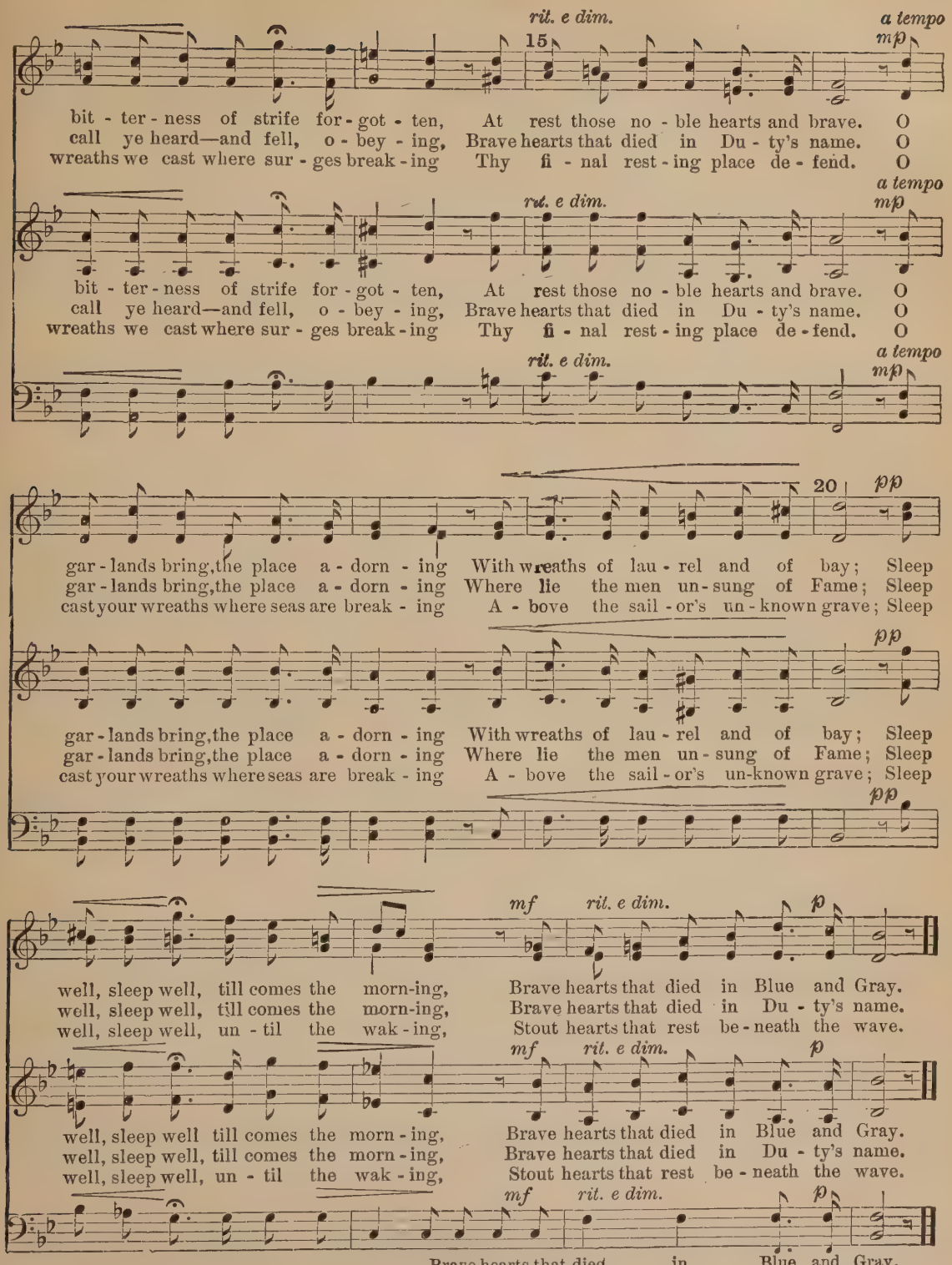

rit. e dim.
a tempo
mp
15
bit - ter - ness of strife for - got - ten, At rest those no - ble hearts and brave. O
call ye heard—and fell, o - bey - ing, Brave hearts that died in Du - ty's name. O
wreaths we cast where sur - ges break - ing Thy fi - nal rest - ing place de - fend. O
20
pp
gar - lands bring, the place a - dorn - ing With wreaths of lau - rel and of bay; Sleep
gar - lands bring, the place a - dorn - ing Where lie the men un - sung of Fame; Sleep
cast your wreaths where seas are break - ing A - bove the sail - or's un - known grave; Sleep
mf
well, sleep well, till comes the morn-ing, Brave hearts that died in Blue and Gray.
well, sleep well, till comes the morn-ing, Brave hearts that died in Du - ty's name.
well, sleep well, un - til the wak - ing, Stout hearts that rest be - neath the wave.

Dixie

Solo or Unison Chorus, with Four-Part Refrain

DAN EMMETT

Allegro mf

1. I wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old times dar am not for-got-ten,
2. Dar's buck-wheat cakes an' In-gen bat-ter, Makes you fat or a lit-tle fat-ter;

mf

5 *f* *p*

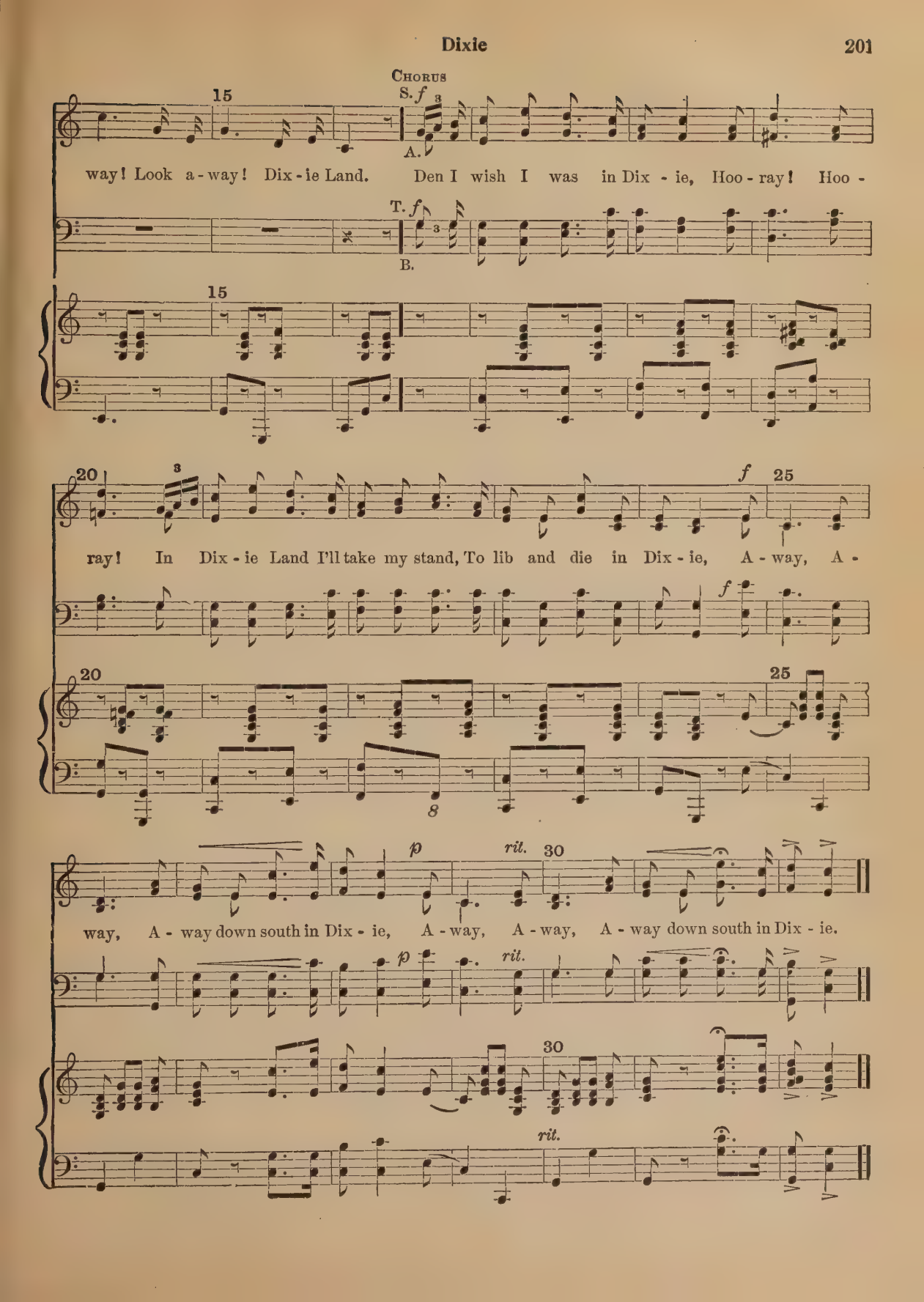
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. In Dix-ie Land whar
Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den hoe it down an'

5 *f* *p*

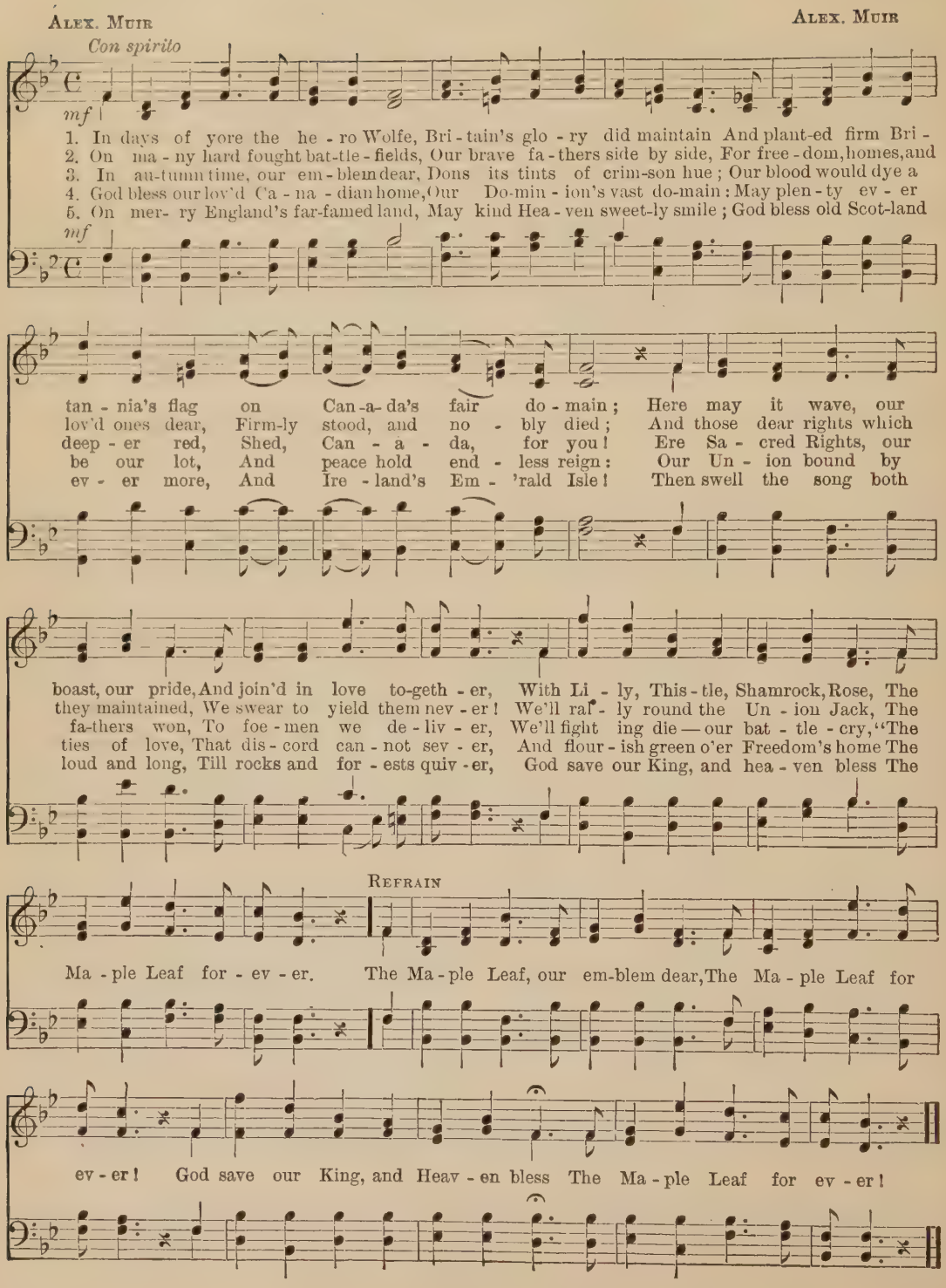
10 *f*

I was born in, Ear-ly on one frost-y morn-in', Look a-way! Look a-
scratch your grab-ble, To Dix-ie's land I'm bound to trab-ble, Look a-way! Look a-

10 *f*


Chorus
S. f
A.
T. f
B.
way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land. Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-
ray! In Dix-ie Land I'll take my stand, To lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-
way, A-way down south in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, A-way down south in Dix-ie.
p
rit.

The Maple Leaf For Ever



Row, Row, Row Your Boat

A ROUND

E. O. LYTE

1 2

Row, row, row your boat, Gen - tly down the stream;

3 4

Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; Life is but a dream.

National Hymn

D. C. ROBERTS

Marziale

G. W. WARREN

S. *f*

A.

[*Small notes for Piano or Organ*] 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - might - y hand
2. Thy love di - vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a - larms, from dead - ly pes - ti - lence,
4. Re - fresh Thy peo - ple on their toil - some way,

T. *f*

B.

5 10 *cres.*

Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band Of shin - ing worlds in
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast; Be Thou our rul - er,
Be Thy strong arm our ev - er sure de - fence; Thy true re - lig - ion
Lead us from night to nev - er - end - ing day; Fill all our lives with

cres.

15 *ff slargando* 20

splendor thro' the skies, Our grate-ful songs be - fore Thy throne a - rise.
guardian, guide and stay, Thy word our law, Thy paths our chos - en way.
in our hearts in- crease, Thy boun-teous good - ness nour-ish us in peace.
love and grace di - vine, And glo - ry, laud and praise be ev - er Thine. A - MEN.

ff *slargando*

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Decoration Day

MARGARET E. SANGSTER — F. KÜCKEN

Andante con espressione

S. 1 *p* *poco a poco cres.* 5 *al* *f*

S. 2

1. Year by year the sun and rain, O - ver val - ley, o - ver
2. Year by year with mar - tial drum, Young and glad, the sol - diers
3. Ah, the world is bright and gay On their Dec - o - ra - tion

T. *p* *poco a poco cres.* *al* *f*

A.

1. Year by year the sun and rain, O - ver val - ley, o - ver
2. Year by year with mar - tial drum, Young and glad, the sol - diers
3. Ah, the world is bright and gay On their Dec - o - ra - tion

B. *p* *poco a poco cres.* *al* *f*

10 *p*

plain, Beams or falls where low they lie, Who once wrought be -
come; Ban nered pomp of spring - time waves O'er the war - riors'
Day; Flowers are fling - ing per - fume rare, Wings are glanc - ing

p

plain, Beams or falls where low they lie Who once wrought be -
come; Ban - nered pomp of spring - time waves O'er the war - riors'
Day; Flowers are fling - ing per - fume rare, Wings are glanc - ing

p

15 *f* *dim.* *p* *dolce* 20

neath the sky. Gal - lant, loy - al, brave and strong, Well they
qui - et graves; Chil - dren sing with voi - ces sweet, Hast - ing
through the air, Ros - es wave a cov - er - let, Lil - ies

f *dim.* *p* *dolce*

neath the sky. Gal - lant, loy - al, brave and strong,
qui - et graves; Chil - dren sing with voi - ces sweet,
through the air, Ros - es wave a cov - er - let,

f *dim.* *p* *dolce*

25 *ff* 30

fought to right the wrong. Here they slum - ber; . . . no
on . . . with trip - ping feet. Vet - 'rans march in . . . . thin -
bid . . us not for - get, And the stars their . . . vig -

ff

Here they slum - ber; no
Vet - 'rans march in thin -
And the stars their vig -

ff

rit. pp *ff rit.* 35

a - larms Wake these wea - ry men = at = arms. . . . .
ning line, Tell - ing tales of auld lang syne. . . . .
ils keep, Night - ly, while the he - roes sleep. . . . .

rit. pp *ff rit.*

a - larms Wake these wea - ry men = at = arms. . . . .
ning line, Tell - ing tales of auld lang syne. . . . .
ils keep, Night - ly, while the he - roes sleep. . . . .

rit. pp *ff ril.*

Russian Hymn

S. F. Smith — Alexis Lvoff

Maestoso

5

1. God ev - er glo - ri - ous! Sov-'reign of na - tions, Wav - ing the ban - ner of Peace o'er our land;
2. Still may Thy blessing rest, Fa - ther most ho - ly, O - ver each mountain, rock, riv - er, and shore;

10 15

Thine is the vic - to - ry, Thine the sal - va - tion, Strong to de - liv - er Own we Thy hand.
Sing al - le - lu - ia! Shout in ho - san - nas! God keep our coun - try Free ev - er - more!

Memorial Day

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH — L. B. MARSHALL

S. 1 *Expressively*

S. 2 (*Melody*)

1. Not cost - ly domes, nor mar - ble tow'rs Shall mark where friend - ship comes to
2. They rest in ma - ny a shad - ed vale, By and be - neath the sound - ing
3. They mer - it all our hearts can give, Our prais - es and our love they
4. Blest be the land for which they fought, The land where Free - dom's ban - ners

T.

A.

1. Not cost - ly domes, nor mar - ble tow'rs Shall mark where friend - ship comes to
2. They rest in ma - ny a shad - ed vale, By and be - neath the sound - ing
3. They mer - it all our hearts can give, Our prais - es and our love they
4. Blest be the land for which they fought, The land where Free - dom's ban - ners

B.

5 *rall.*

weep; Let clust'ring vines and fra-grant flow'rs, Tell where the na - tion's he - roes sleep.
sea; The for - est winds their re-quiem wail, The glo - rious sons of lib - er - ty.
claim; Long shall their pre - cious names sur - vive, Held sa - cred by im - mor - tal fame.
wave, The land by blood and treas-ure bought, Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

rall.

weep; Let clust'ring vines and fra-grant flow'rs Tell where the na - tion's he - roes sleep.
sea; The for - est winds their re-quiem wail, The glo - rious sons of lib - er - ty.
claim; Long shall their pre - cious names sur - vive, Held sa - cred by im - mor - tal fame.
wave. The land by blood and treas-ure bought, Where dwell the free, where sleep the brave.

rall.

5

rall.

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American Hymn

M. Keller

M. Keller

Maestoso

S. A. T. B.

1. Speed our Re - pub - lic, O Fa - ther on high; Lead us in path - ways of jus - tice and right; Rul - ers as well as the ruled, one and all, Gir - dle with vir - tue, the ar - mor of might! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
2. Fore - most in bat - tle, for Free - dom to stand, We rush to arms when a - roused by its call; Still, as of yore when George Wash - ing - ton led, Thun-ders our war - cry: We con - quer or fall! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!
3. Rise up, proud ea - gle, rise up to the clouds, Spread thy broad wings o'er this fair west - ern world! Fling from thy beak our dear ban - ner of old! Show that it still is for Free - dom un - furled! Hail! three times hail to our coun - try and flag!

Come, Thou Almighty King

C. Wesley — F. Giardini

1. Come, Thou Al - might-y King! Help us Thy name to sing; Help us to praise! Fa-ther all -
2. Come, Thou all - gra - cious Lord, By heav'n and earth a-dored, Our pray'r at-tend! Come, and Thy
3. Nev - er from us de-part; Rule Thou in ev - 'ry heart, Hence, ev - er-more. Thy sov-'reign

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An-cient of days!
chil - dren bless; Give Thy good word suc-cess; Make Thine own ho - li - ness On us de - scend.
ma - jes - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

Lead, Kindly Light

J. H. Newman — J. B. Dykes

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a - mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on! The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on. I lov'd to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on! Keep Thou my feet, I
choose and see my path, but now Lead Thou me on! I lov'd the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone. And with the morn those

do not ask to see . . The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
day, and spite of fears . Pride ruled my will: re - mem-ber not past years!
an - gel fa - ces smile, . Which I have lov'd long since and lost a - while.

The King of Love

W. H. Baker — J. B. Dykes

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good - ness fail - eth nev - er;
2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow, My ran - somed soul He lead - eth,
3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I strayed, But yet in love He sought me,
4. And so through all the length of days Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
And, where the ver - dant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
And on His shoul - der gen - tly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

Lord God of Morning

J. Keble — L. Van Beethoven

1. Lord God of morn - ing and . . of night, We thank Thee for Thy gifts . of light;
2. Fresh hopes have wak-ened in . . . the heart, Fresh force to do our dai - ly part;
3. Praise God, our Mak - er and . . our Friend; Praise Him thro' time, till time shall end;

As in the dawn the shad - ows fly, We seem to find Thee now more nigh.
Thy slum - ber = gifts our strength re-store, Through-out the day to serve Thee more.
Till psalm and song His name a - dore, Thro' Heaven's great day of Ev - er - more.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

E. Caswall — J. Barnby

Allegro moderato

1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, Thy name, O God, be praised;
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, Thy name, O God, be praised;
3. The night be-comes as day, When from the heart we say, Thy name, O God, be praised;
4. In heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love-liest strain is this, Thy name, O God, be praised;

A - like at work or pray'r, On Thee I cast my care, Thy name, O God, be praised.
Or fades my earthly bliss, My com-fort still is this, Thy name, O God, be praised.
The pow'rs of darkness fear When this sweet chant they hear, Thy name, O God, be praised.
Let air, and sea, and sky, From depth to height re - ply, Thy name, O God, be praised.

The Lord is King

J. Couder — L. Van Beethoven

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns re - joice;
2. The Lord is King! who then shall dare Re - sist His will, dis - trust His care,
3. One Lord, one em - pire all se - cures, He reigns, and life and death are yours.

From world to world, the joy shall ring, The Lord om - nip - o - tent is King.
Or mur - mur at . . . His wise de - crees, Or doubt His roy - al prom - is - es?
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring, The Lord om - nip - o - tent is King.

O Worship the King

P. Doddridge — J. Haydn

1. O, wor - ship the King, all = glo - rious a - bove! O, grate - ful - ly sing His won - der - ful love! Our Shield and De - fend - er, the An - cient of Days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen - dor, and gird - ed with praise.
2. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de - scends to the plain, And sweet - ly dis - tils in the dew and the rain.
3. Frail chil - dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail. Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend!

O Holy Father, Friend Unseen

C. Elliott — F. F. Flemming

1. O Ho - ly Fa - ther, Friend un - seen! Since on Thine arm Thou bidst me lean, Help me throughout life's chang - ing scene, . . By faith to cling to Thee!
2. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth-ly friends and joys re - move; With pa - tient, un - com - plain - ing love . . . Still would I cling to Thee!

Lord, What Offering Shall We Bring

JOHN TAYLOR — C. M. VON WEBER

1. Lord, what off - 'ring shall we bring, At Thine al - tars when we bow?
2. Will - ing hands to lead the blind, Bind the wound - ed, feed the poor;
3. Teach us, O Thou heav'n - ly King, Thus to show our grate - ful mind,

Hearts, the pure un - sul - lied spring Whence the kind af - fec - tions flow.
Love, em - brac - ing all our kind; Char - i - ty, with lib - 'ral store.
Thus th' ac-cept - ed off - 'ring bring, Love to Thee and all man - kind.

Father, Hear the Prayer We Offer

From the French — F. MENDELSSOHN

1. Fa - ther, hear the pray'r we of - fer: Not for ease that pray'r shall be,
2. Not for - ev - er in green pas - tures Do we ask our way to be,
3. Be our strength in hours of weak - ness; In our wan-d'rings be our guide;

But for strength, that we may ev - er Live our lives cour - age - ous - ly.
But the steep and rug - ged path - way May we tread re - joic - ing - ly.
Through en - deav - or, fail - ure, dan - ger, Fa - ther, be Thou at our side!

Now Thank We All Our God

M. Rinkart (Tr. Winkworth) — J. Crüger

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - es, Who
2. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther now be giv - en, The

5 — 10

won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - es; Who, from our mother's arms,
Ho - ly One who reigns In earth and high-est heav - en; The One e - ter - nal God,

15

Hath blessed us on our way With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.
Whom earth and heaven a - dore, For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev - er - more.

Thou Life Within My Life

Eliza Scudder — John Bacchus Dykes

5

1. Thou Life with-in my life, than self more near, Thou veil-ed Pres-ence in-fin - ite - ly clear,
2. Take part with me against these doubts that rise, And seek to throne Thee far in dis - tant skies!
3. How can I call Thee who art al-ways here. How shall I praise Thee, Thou of all most dear,

10 — 15

From all my name-less wea-ri-ness I flee To find my cen - tre and my rest in Thee.
Take part with me a - gainst this self, that dares As-sume the bur-den of these sins and cares!
What may I give Thee, save what Thou hast giv'n, And whom but Thee have I in earth or heav'n?

Marlborough

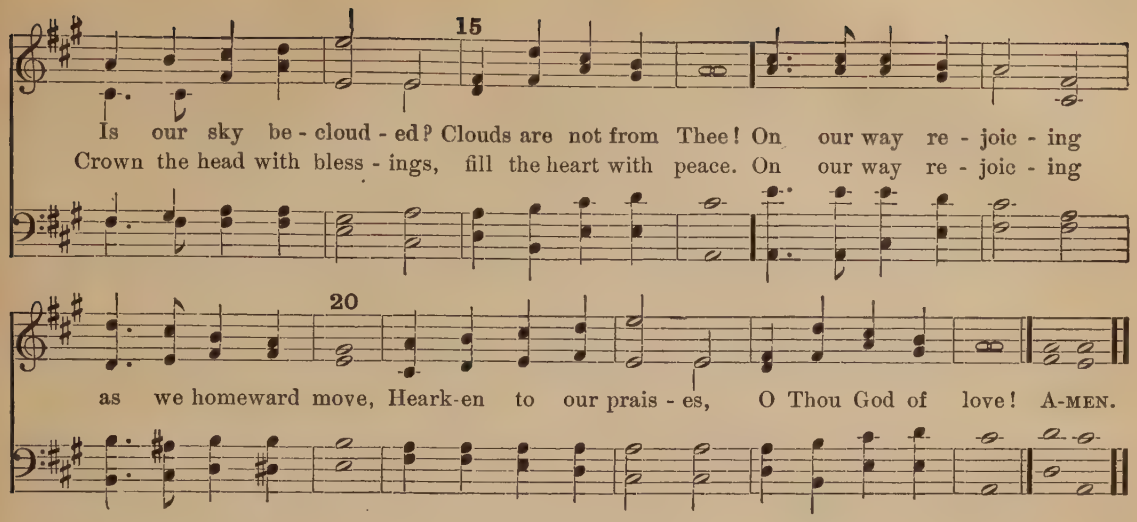
H. B. Stowe — Arr. by Arthur Sullivan

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, love - li - er than day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.
2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys - tic shad - ows, The sol - emn hush of na - ture new - ly born; A - lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o - ra - tion, In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the re - pose be-neath Thy wings o'er - shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there. A - men.

Hermas

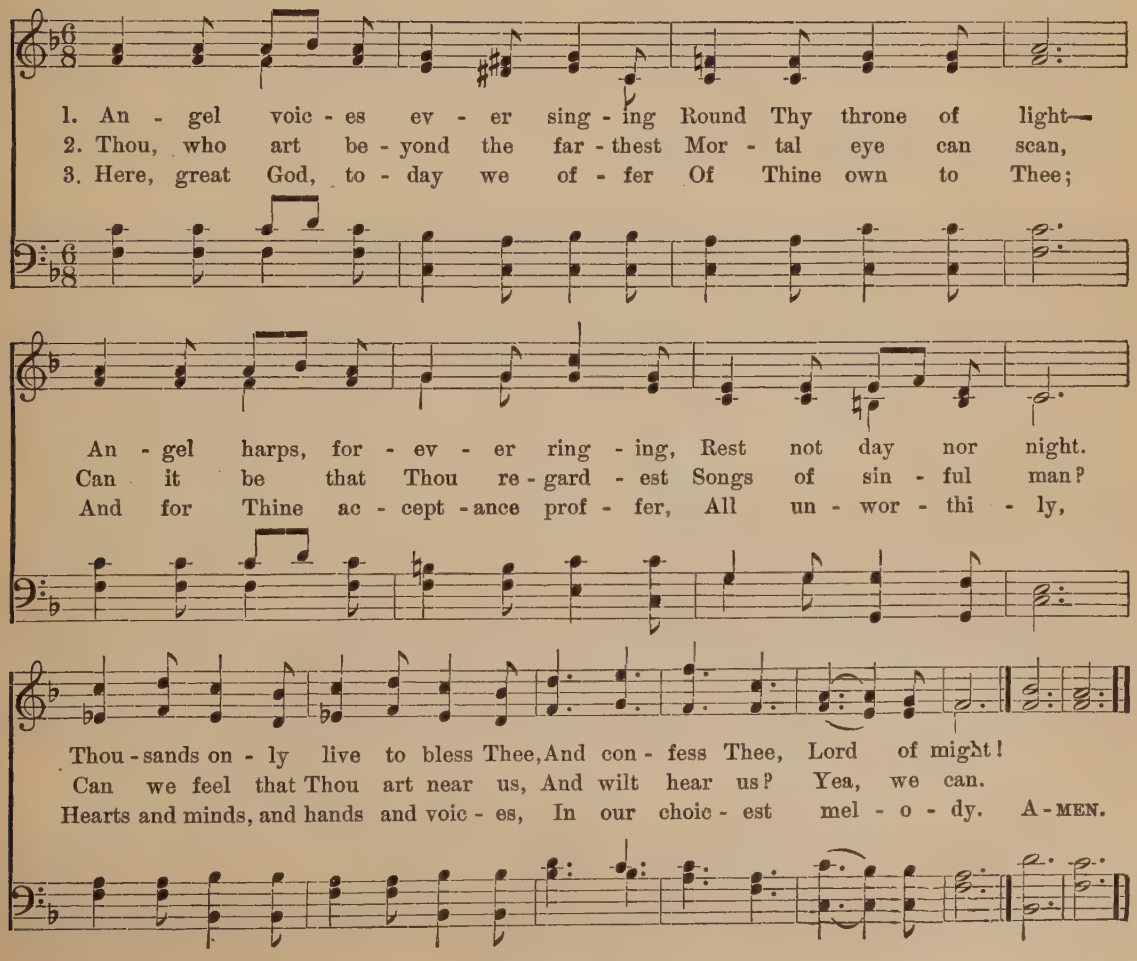
J. S. B. Monsell

1. On our way re - joic - ing as we homeward move, Hearken to our prais - es, O Thou God of love! Is there grief or sad - ness? Thine it can - not be!
2. If with hon - est - heart - ed love for God and man, Day by day Thou find us do - ing what we can, Thou who giv'st the seed - time wilt give large in - crease,



Angel Voices

FRANCIS POTT ARTHUR SULLIVAN



The Lord is My Shepherd

Arr. from KOSCHAT

1. The Lord is my Shep - herd; no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val - ley and shad - ow of death though I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread, With bless - ings un -
4. Let good - ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my

pas - tures, safe - fold - ed I rest: He lead - eth my soul where the
guard - ian, no e - vil I fear: Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas - ured my cup run - neth o'er: With oil and per - fume Thou an -
foot - steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path - way which my

still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wan- d'ring, re - deems when op -
staff be my stay, No harm can be - fall me, with my Com - fort - er
oint - est my head, Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of

press'd, Re - stores me when wan - d'ring, re - deems when op - press'd.
near, No harm can be - fall me, with my Com - fort - er near.
more, Oh, what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king - dom of love.

The Guiding Hand

LEONARD BACON — J. HATTON

1. O God, be - neath Thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers crossed the sea,
2. Thou heardst, well pleased, the song, the pray'r— Thy bless-ing came; and still its pow'r
3. Laws, free - dom, truth, and faith in God Came with those ex - iles o'er the waves,
4. And here Thy name, O God of love, Their chil-dren's chil-dren shall a - dore,

And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they wor-shiped Thee.
Shall on - ward thro' all a - ges bear The mem-'ry of . . that ho - ly hour.
And where their pil - grim feet have trod, The God they trust - ed guards their graves.
Till these e - ter - nal hills re - move, And spring a - dorns the earth no more.

Evening Prayer

J. EDMESTON — GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1. Fa - ther, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly;
3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

Lord of all Being

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES — V. C. TAYLOR

1. Lord of all be - ing; throned a - far, Thy glo - ry flames from sun and star;
2. Sun of our life, Thy quick-'ning ray Sheds on our path the glow of day;
3. Lord of all life, be - low, a - bove, Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
4. Grant us Thy truth to make us free, And kind - ling hearts that burn for Thee,

Cen - ter and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!
Star of our hope, Thy soft - ened light, Cheers the long watch - es of the night.
Be - fore Thy ev - er - blaz - ing throne We ask no lus - tre of our own.
Till all Thy liv - ing al - tars claim One ho - ly light, one heav'n - ly flame!

Hursley

JOHN KEBLE — FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
3. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me

EDWARD HOPPER — J. E. GOULD

FINE

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar
D.C. 1. *Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
2. *Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.*
3. *May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."*

D.C.

Un - known waves be - fore me roll, . . Hid - ing rocks and treach-'rous shoal;
Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, . . When Thou say'st to them, "Be still."
Twixt my soul and peace - ful rest, . . Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

O Thou, in All Thy Might so Far

FREDERICK L. HOSMER — WILLIAM VINCENT WALLACE

1. O Thou, in all Thy might so far, In all Thy love so near,
2. What heart can com - pre - hend Thy name, Or, search - ing, find Thee out?
3. Lord, though we know Thee but in part, We ask not now for more;
4. And dear - er than all things we know, The child - ish faith shall be,

Be - yond the range of sun and star, And yet be - side us here:
Who art, with - in, a quick - 'ning Flame, A Pres - ence round a - bout.
E - nough for us to know Thou art, To love Thee and a - dore!
That makes the dark - est way we go An o - pen path to Thee.

In the Hour of Trial

JAMES MONTGOMERY — SPENCER LANE

1. In the hour of tri - al, Fa - ther, strength-en me; Lest by base de - ni - al,
2. With for - bid - den pleas-ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did treas-ures
3. Should Thy mer - cy send me Sor - row, toil and woe; Or should pain at - tend me

I de - part from Thee. . When Thou see'st me wav - er,
Spread to work me harm; . By Thy love sus - tain - ing,
On my path be - low: . Grant that I may nev - er

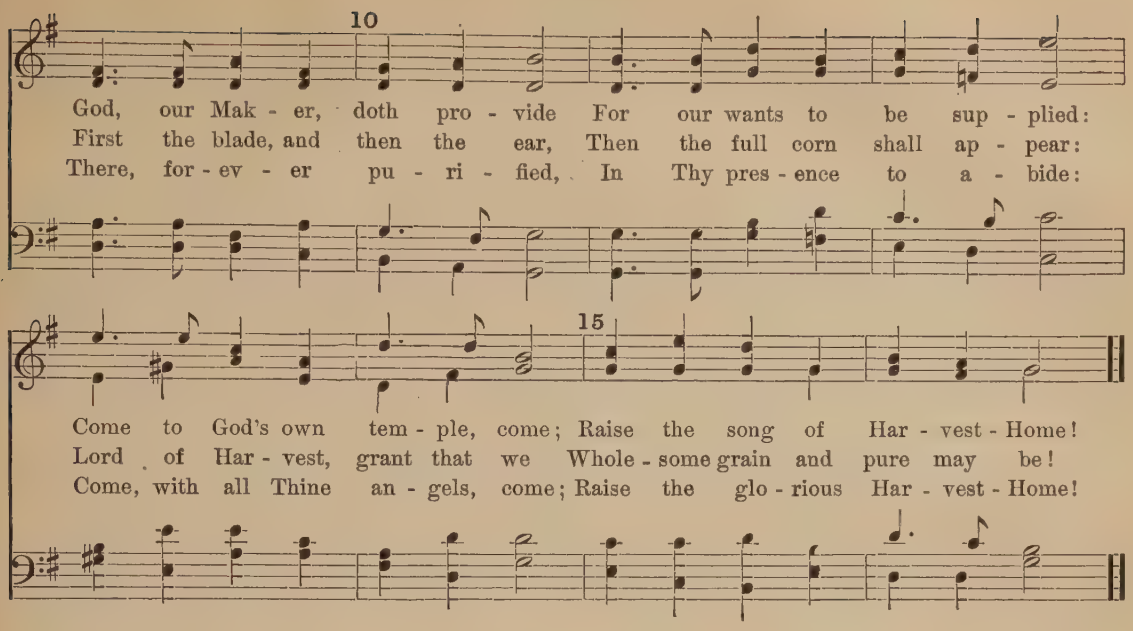
With a touch re - call, . . Nor from Thy dear fa - vor, Suf - fer me to fall.
Fa - ther, keep Thy child; . . All my foes re - strain - ing, And my pas-sions wild.
Fail Thy hand to see; . . Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.

Come, Ye Thankful People

HENRY ALFORD, D.D. — GEORGE J. ELVEY

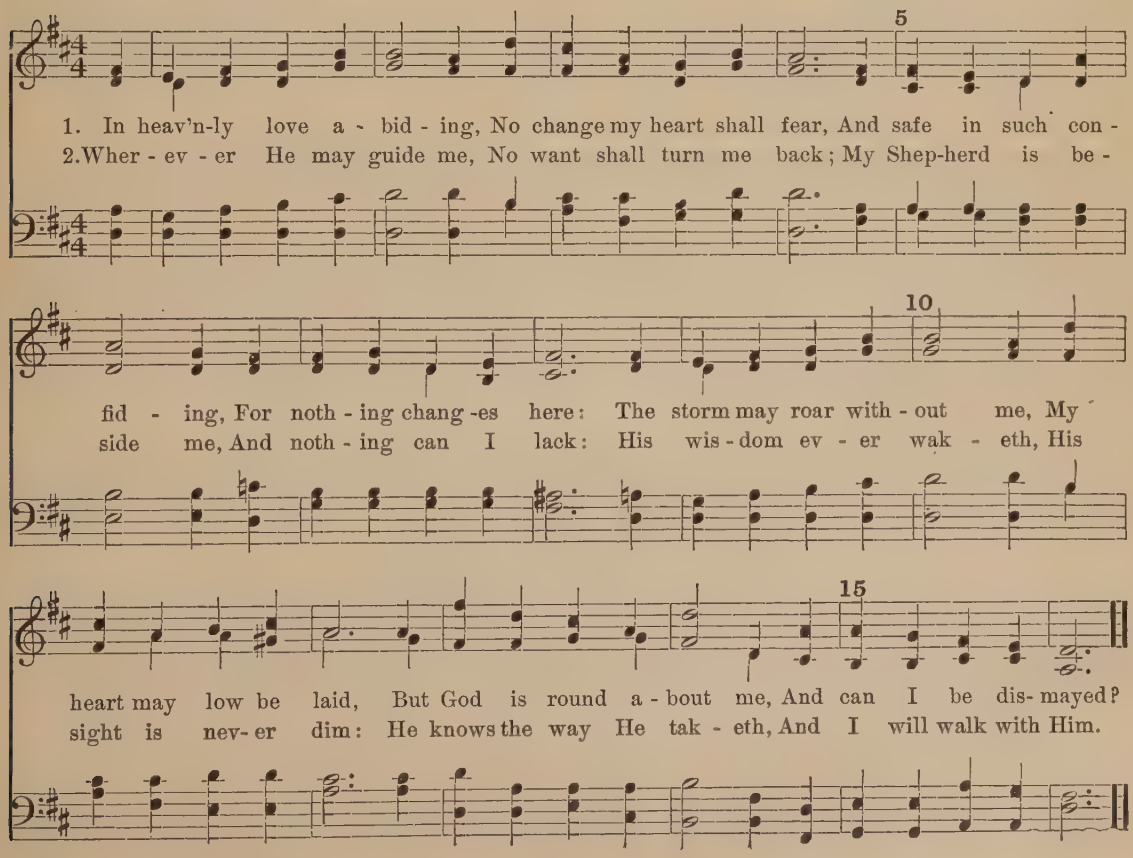
1. Come, ye thank - ful peo - ple, come, Raise the song of Har - vest - Home!
2. All the world is God's own field, Fruit un - to His praise to yield;
3. E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come To Thy fin - al Har - vest - Home;

All is safe - ly gath - ered in, Ere the win - ter storms be - gin:
Wheat and tares to - geth - er sown, Un - to joy or sor - row grown;
Gath - er thou Thy peo - ple in, Free from sor - row, free from sin;



Bentley

ANNA L. WARING — JOHN HULLAH



Aurelia

E. Bickersteth — S. S. Wesley

1. O God, the Rock of A - ges, Who ev er - more hast been,
2. Our years are like the shad - ows On sun - ny hills that lie,
3. O Thou who canst not slum - ber, Whose light grows nev - er pale,

5

What time the tem - pest ra - ges, Our dwell - ing - place se - rene:
Or grass - es in the mead - ows That blos - som but to die:
Teach us a - right to num - ber Our years be - fore they fail!

10

Be - fore Thy first cre - a - tions, O Lord, the same as now,
A sleep, a dream, a sto - ry, By stran - gers quick - ly told,
On us Thy mer - cy light - en, On us Thy good - ness rest,

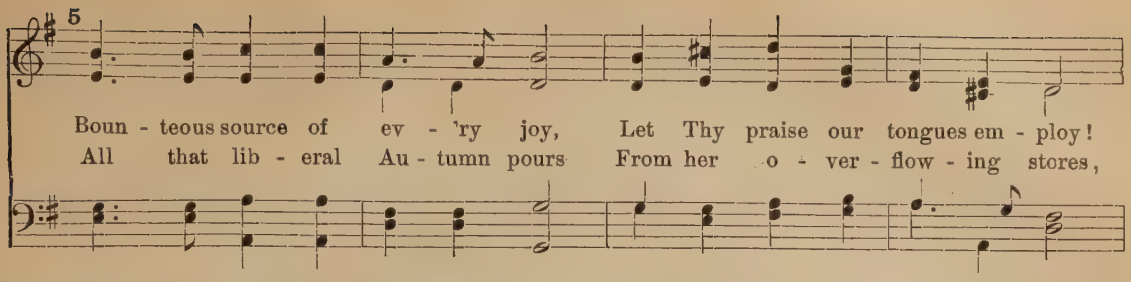
15

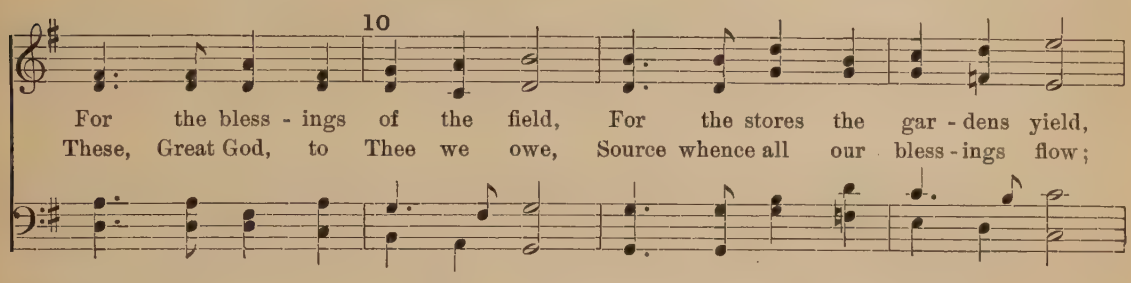
To end - less gen - er - a - tions, The ev - er - last - ing Thou!
An un - re - main-ing glo - ry Of things that soon are old.
And let Thy Spir - it bright - en The hearts Thy - self hast blessed! A - men.

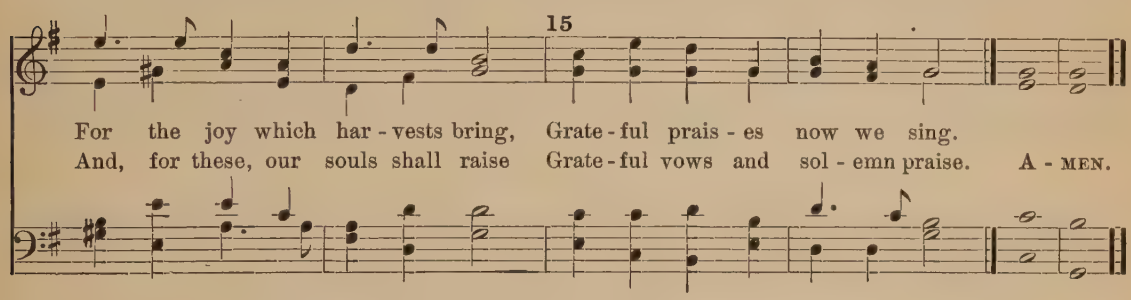
St. George's Chapel

Mrs. Barbauld — G. J. Elvey

1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days!
2. All that Spring, with boun - teous hand, Scat - ters o'er the smil - ing land;

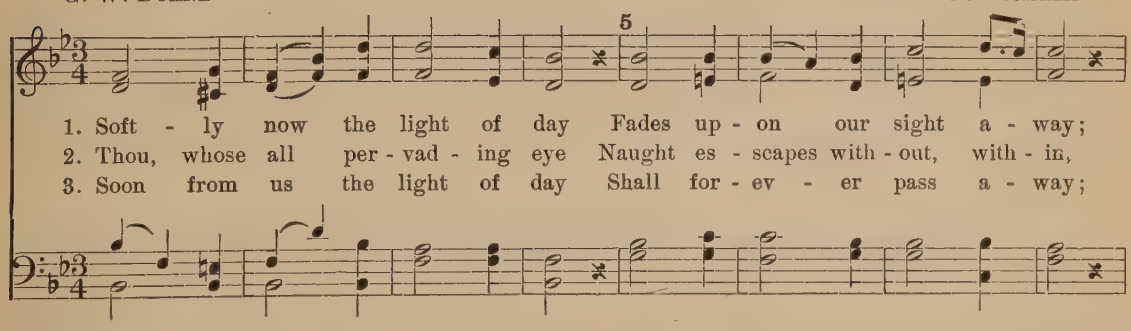


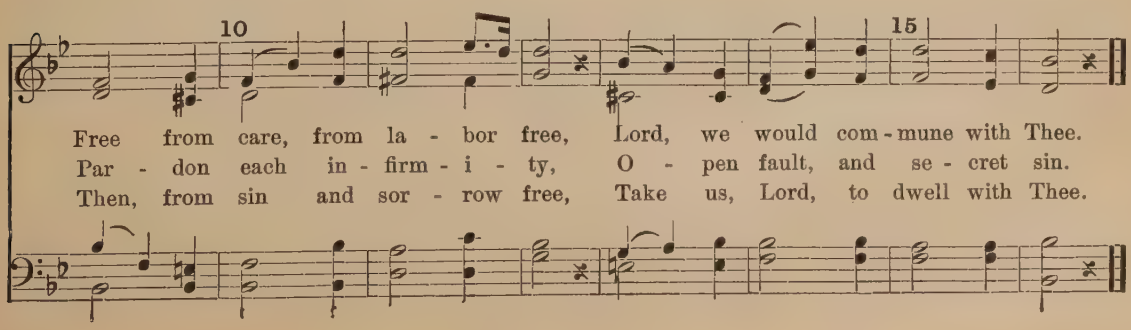




Softly Now the Light of Day

G. W. DOANE L. M. GOTTSCHALK





Nicæa

REGINALD HEBER — Rev. J. B. DYKES

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Cast - ing down their
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the dark - ness hide Thee, Though the eye of

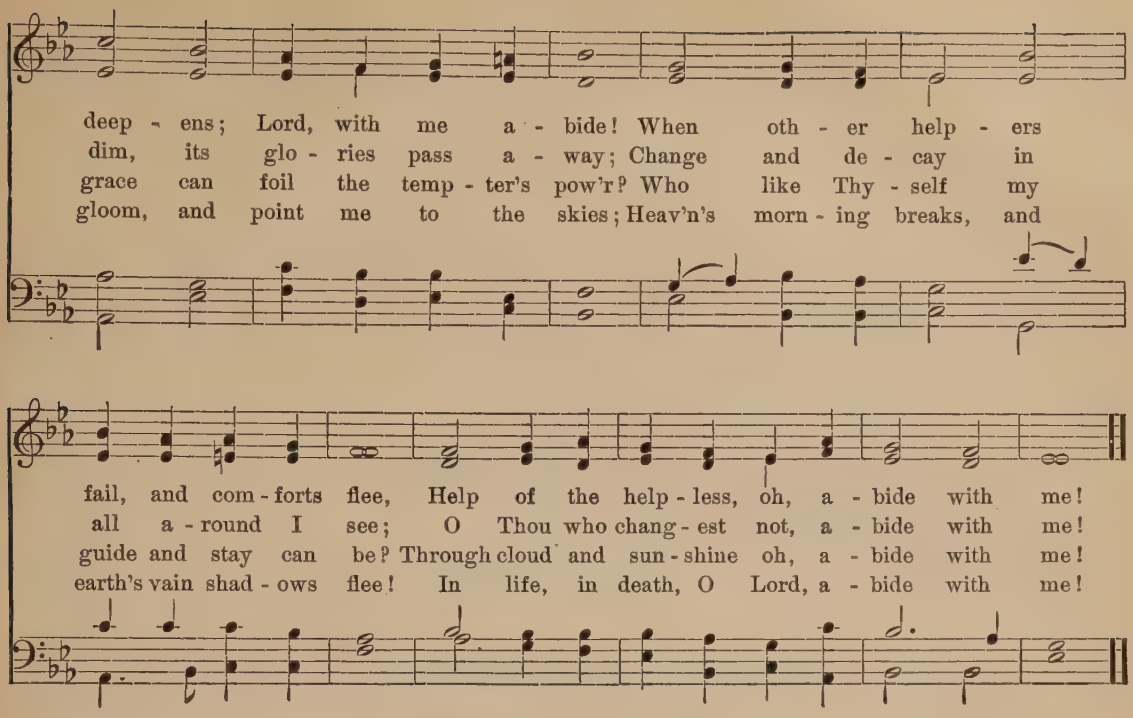
morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
gold - en crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.
fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.

Eventide

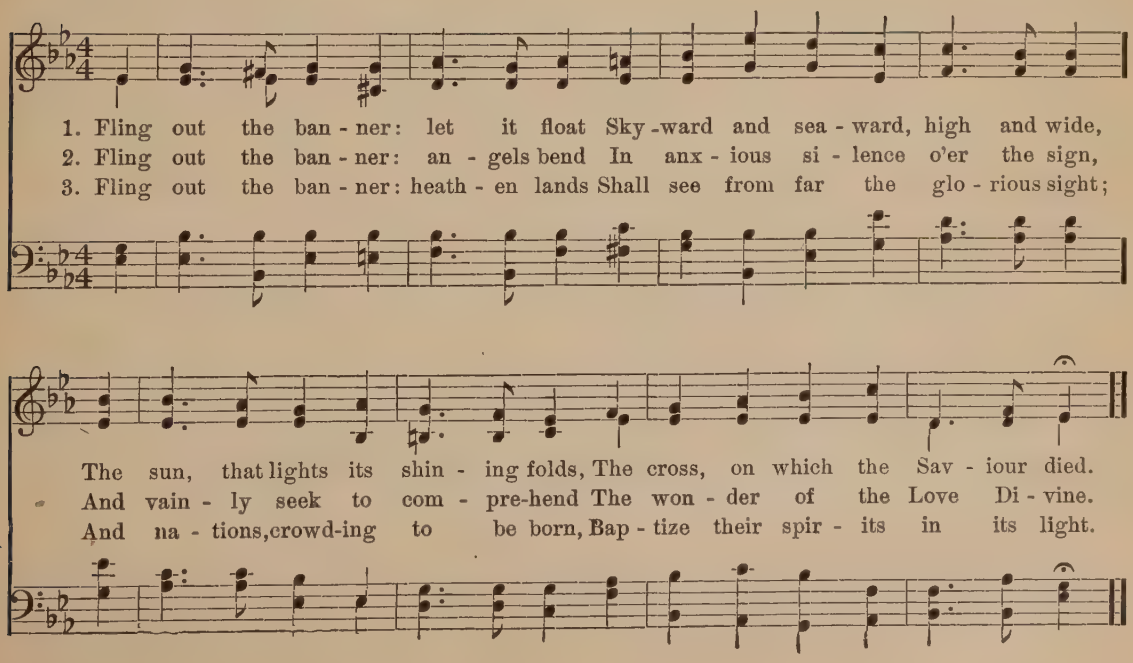
HENRY F. LYTE — W. H. MONK

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine through the



Fling out the Banner

GEORGE W. DOANE, D.D. J. B. CALKIN



Bethany

SARAH F. ADAMS — LOWELL MASON

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee! Ev'n tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness comes o - ver me,
3. There let my way ap-pear, Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me,
4. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,

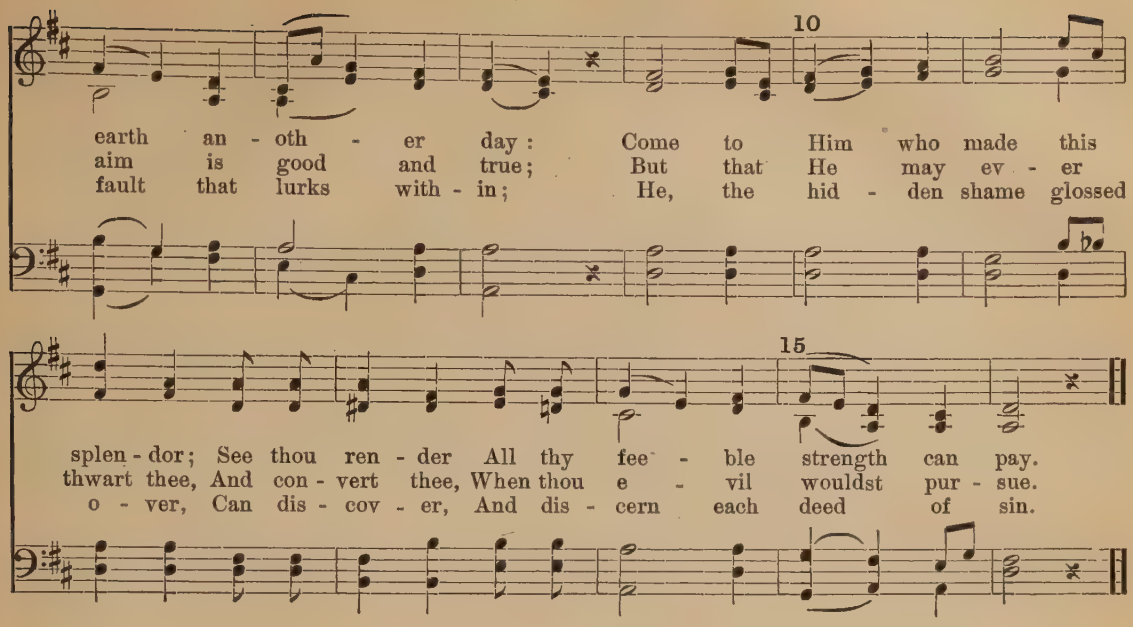
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,
In mer - cy given; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee!

Come, My Soul, Thou Must be Waking

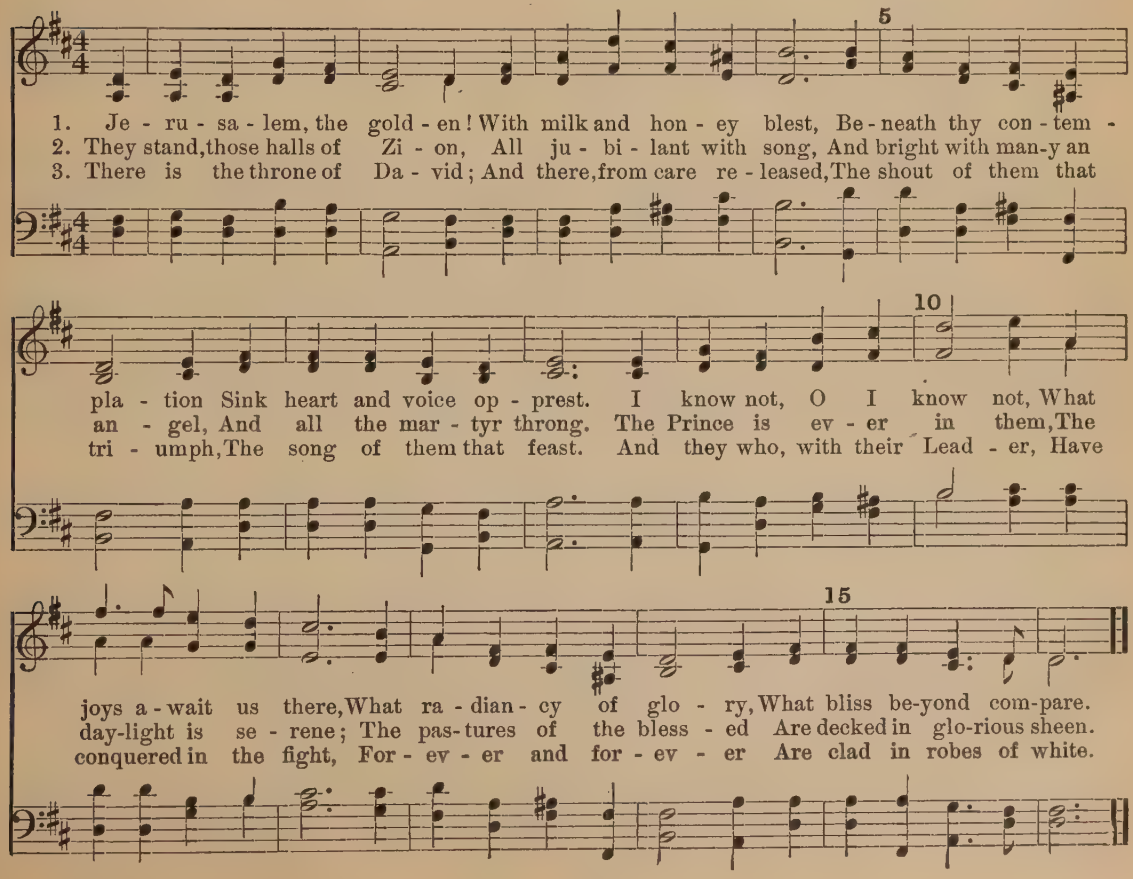
BARON VON CANITZ — HAYDN

1. Come, my soul, thou must be wak - ing, Now is break - ing O'er the
2. Pray that He . . may pros - per ev - er Each en - deav - or, When thine
3. Think that He . . thy ways be - hold - eth, He un - fold - eth Ev - 'ry



Jerusalem, the Golden

BERNARD — ALEXANDER EWING



Silver Street

WATTS

ISAAC SMITH

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing:
2. He formed the deeps un - known; He gave the seas their bound;
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord:
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod;

Je - ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
The wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
We are His work, and not our own, He formed us by His word.
Come, like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra - cious God. A - MEN.

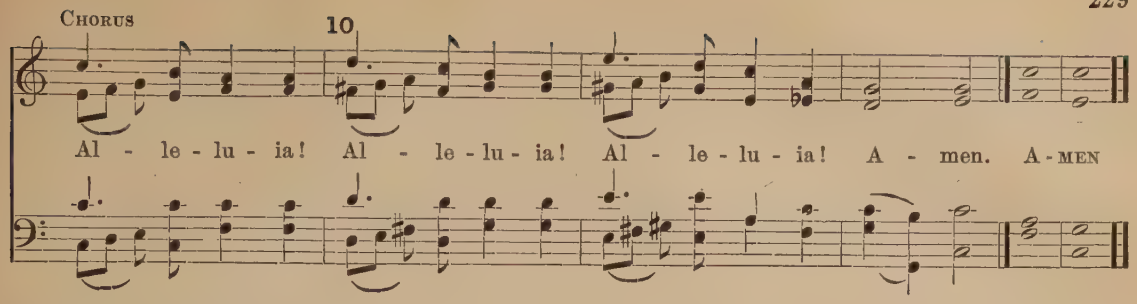
Alleluia

ALBERT LOWE

UNISON

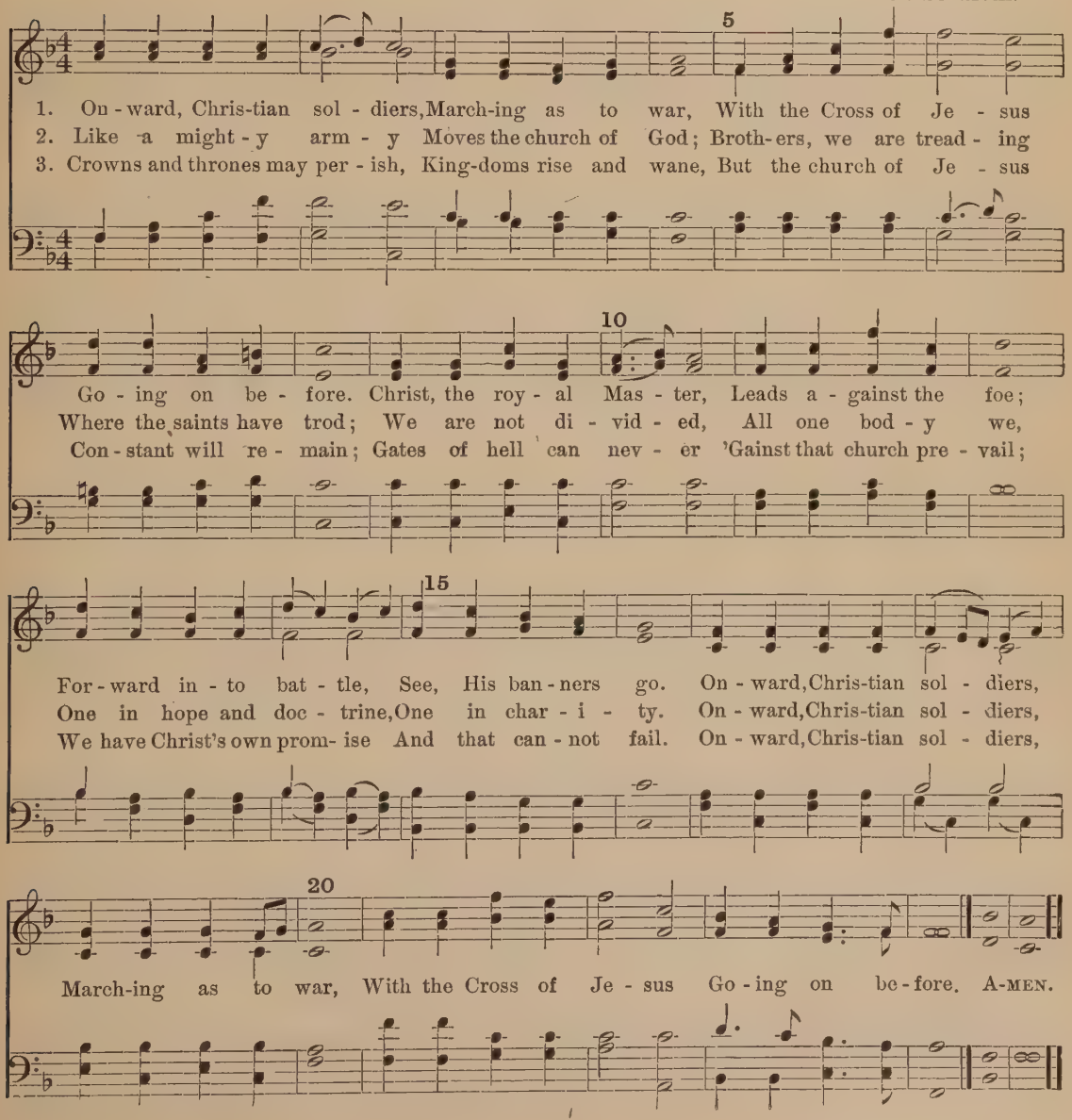
1. Lord of ev - 'ry land and na - tion, "An - cient of e - ter - nal days,"
2. For the gran - deur of Thy na - ture, Name be - yond a ser - aph's thought,

Sound - ed thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be Thy just and law - ful praise.
For cre - at - ed works of pow - er, Works with skill and kind - ness wrought.



St. Gertrude

Arthur Sullivan



Vox Angelica

F. W. Faber — John B. Dykes

1. Hark! hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave - beat shore: How sweet the truth those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And, thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thou-sands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shep-herd, turn their wea - ry steps to Thee.

p Chorus.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pil-grims of the night;

f Sing - ing to wel-come the pil-grims, the pil-grims of the night. A - men, A - men.

The Men of Harlech

Welsh Folksong

mf *Maestoso*

1. Lo! the glad - some day is break - ing, Beau - ty from her slum - bers wak - ing;
2. Fare ye well, dear na - tive moun - tains, Val - leys green, and flow - ing foun - tains,

mf

5

Forth to bat - tle, men of Har - lech! On-ward to the fray! Pen - nons gay are
Where the tide of war is rag - ing, Thith-er lies our way. There, 'midst din and

10

cres.

stream - ing, Fal - chions bright-ly gleam - ing; Rush we, like a might - y tor - rent,
clan - gor, Brav - ing foe - man's an - ger; 'Neath the val - iant Gwy-nedd's ban - ner,

cres.

15

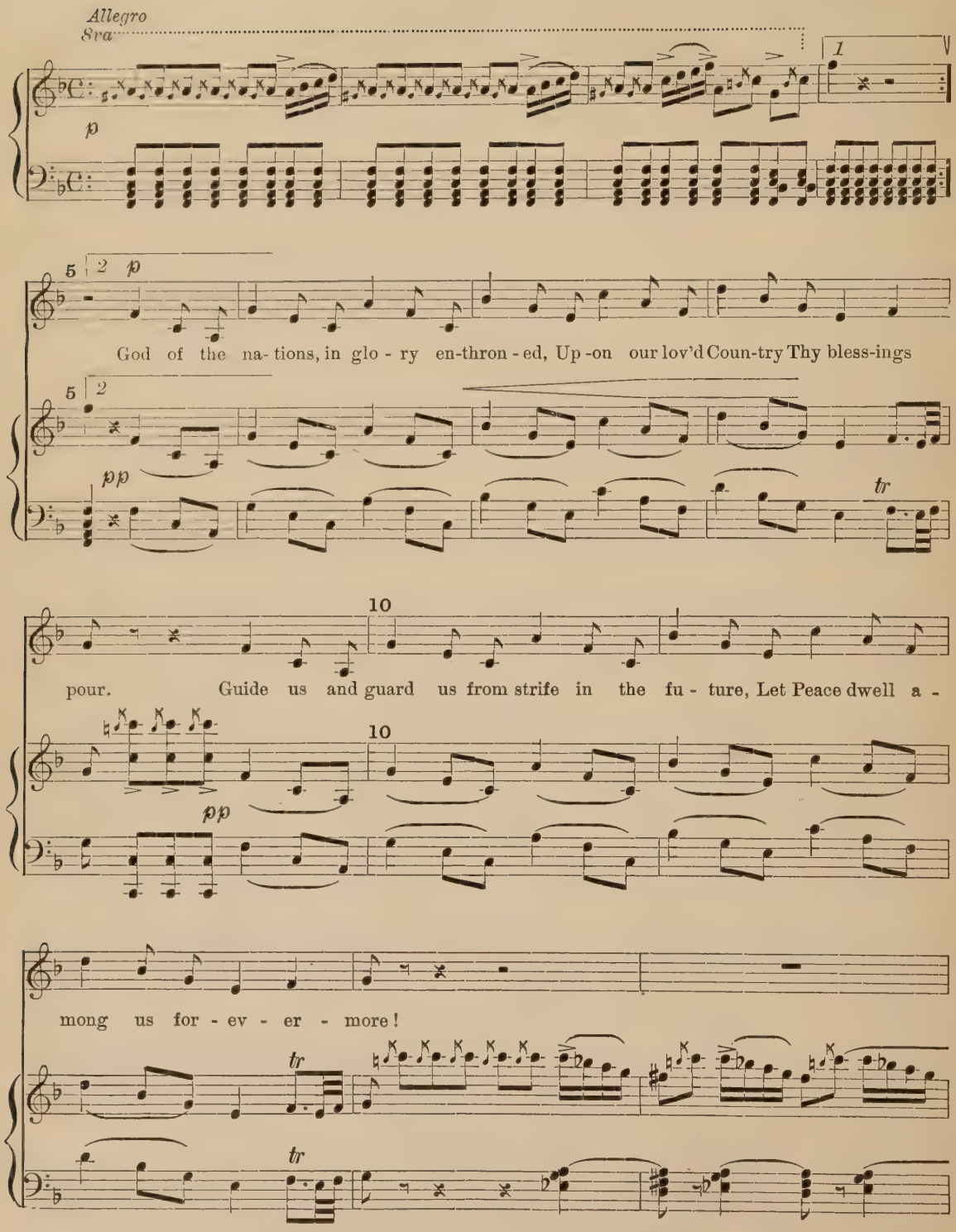
Ne'er of dan - ger dream-ing, On, where glo - ry points the way, Where the sun of
In the strife en - gag - ing, Fore-most in the bat - tle fray, Where the sun of

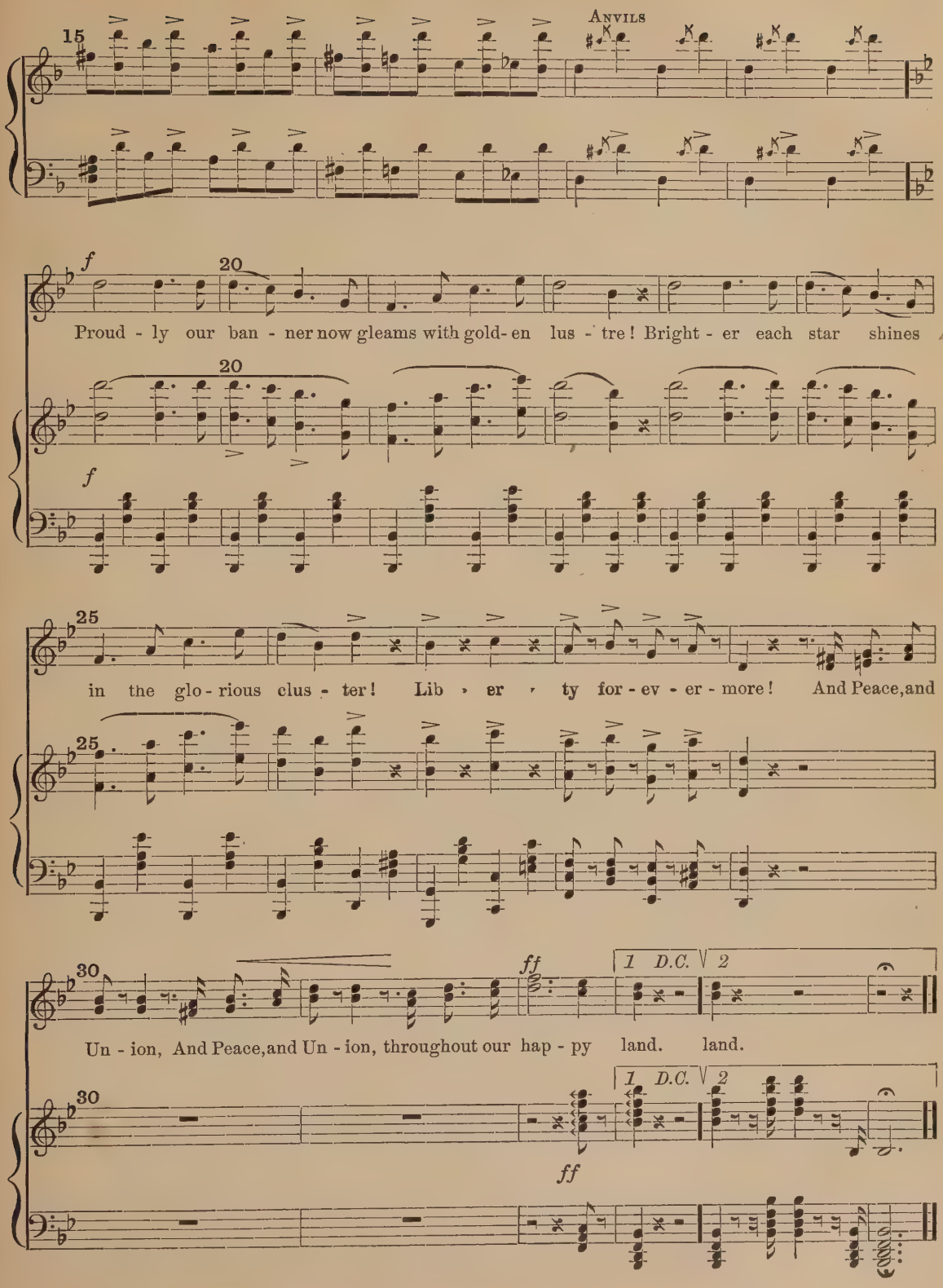
20

free-dom's shin - ing. Forth to bat - tle, men of Har - lech! On - ward to the fray!
free-dom's shin - ing, There must be the men of Har - lech! Fore-most in the fray!

Anvil Chorus

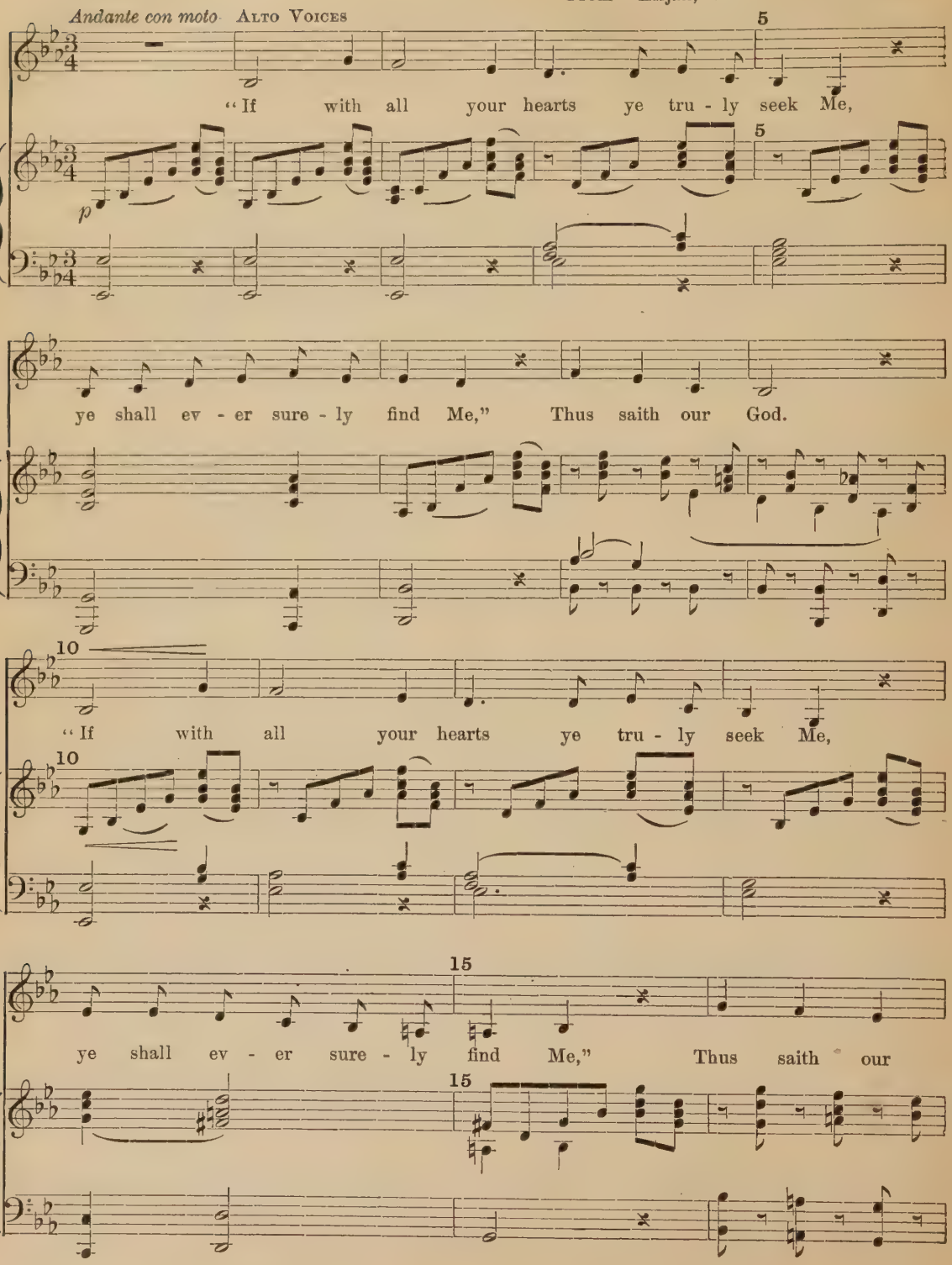
From "Il Trovatore"
GIUSEPPE VERDI

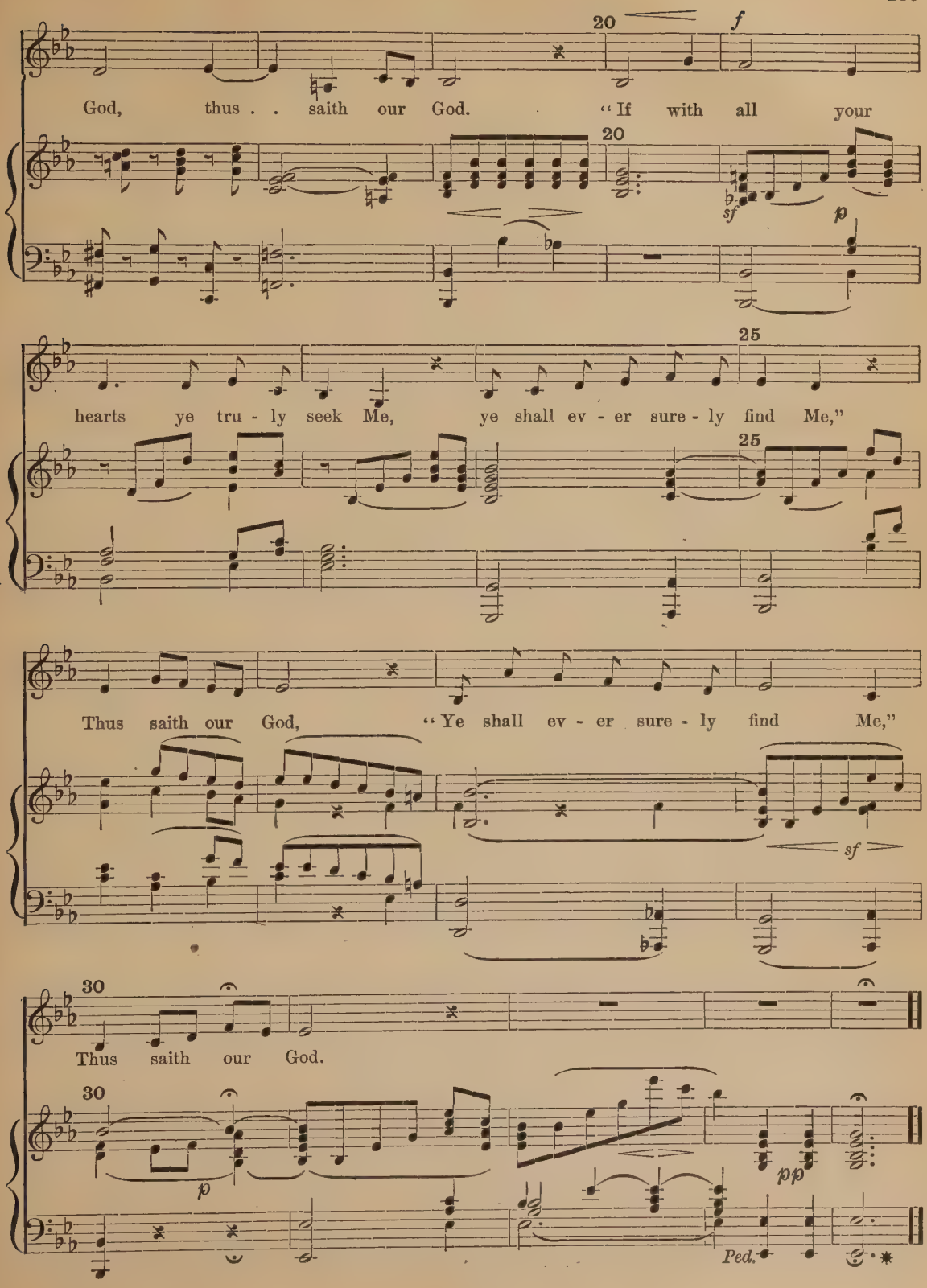



Anvils
15
f
20
Proud - ly our ban - ner now gleams with gold- en lus - tre! Bright - er each star shines
20
f
25
in the glo - rious clus - ter! Lib - er - ty for - ev - er - more! And Peace, and
25
30
ff
1 D.C. 2
Un - ion, And Peace, and Un - ion, throughout our hap - py land. land.
30
1 D.C. 2
ff

If with All Your Hearts

From "Elijah," Felix Mendelssohn




20
f
God, thus . . saith our God. "If with all your
20
sf
p
25
hearts ye tru - ly seek Me, ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me,"
25
Thus saith our God, "Ye shall ev - er sure - ly find Me,"
sf
30
Thus saith our God.
30
p
pp
Ped.

Bonnie Dundee

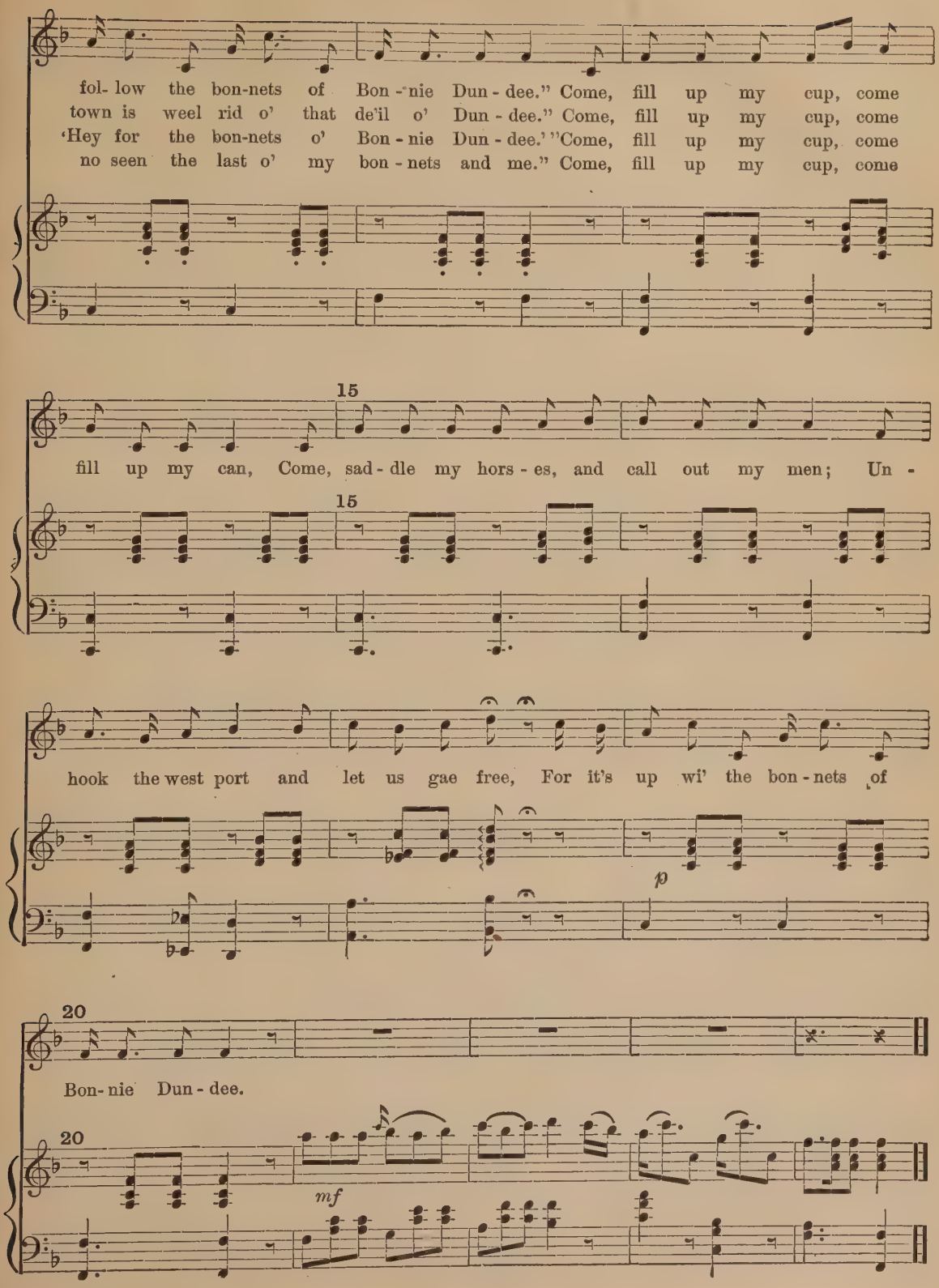
Sir Walter Scott — Scotch Folksong

Allegretto

mf

1. To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas Cla - ver - house spoke: "Ere the King's crown go down, there are crowns to be broke; Then each cav - a - lier who loves hon - or and me, Let him
2. Dun - dee, he is mount - ed, he rides up the street, The bells they ring back - ward, the drums they are beat; But the pro - vost (douce man) said, "Just e'en let it be, For the
3. "There are hills be - yond Pent - land, and lands be - yond Forth, Be there lords in the south, there are chiefs in the north; There are brave Duin - ne = was - sels three thou - sand times three, Will cry
4. "Then a - wa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - surp - er I'll crouch with the fox; And trem - ble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee, Ye hae

p


fol- low the bon-nets of Bon - nie Dun - dee." Come, fill up my cup, come
town is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dun - dee." Come, fill up my cup, come
'Hey for the bon-nets o' Bon - nie Dun - dee.' "Come, fill up my cup, come
no seen the last o' my bon - nets and me." Come, fill up my cup, come
15
fill up my can, Come, sad - dle my hors - es, and call out my men; Un -
15
hook the west port and let us gae free, For it's up wi' the bon - nets of
p
20
Bon- nie Dun - dee.
20
mf

Welcome, Sweet Springtime

ANTON RUBINSTEIN

Moderato — *rit.*

1. Wel - come, sweet Spring-time! we greet thee in song, Mur - murs of glad - ness fall on the
2. Wel-come, bright Spring-time! what joy now is ours, Win - ter has fled to far dis - tant

mp

a tempo — *rit.*

ear; Voi - ces long hush'd now their full notes pro - long, Ech - o - ing
climes; Flo - ra thy pres - ence a - waits in the bow'rs, Long - ing for

mp — *rit.*

p *a tempo*

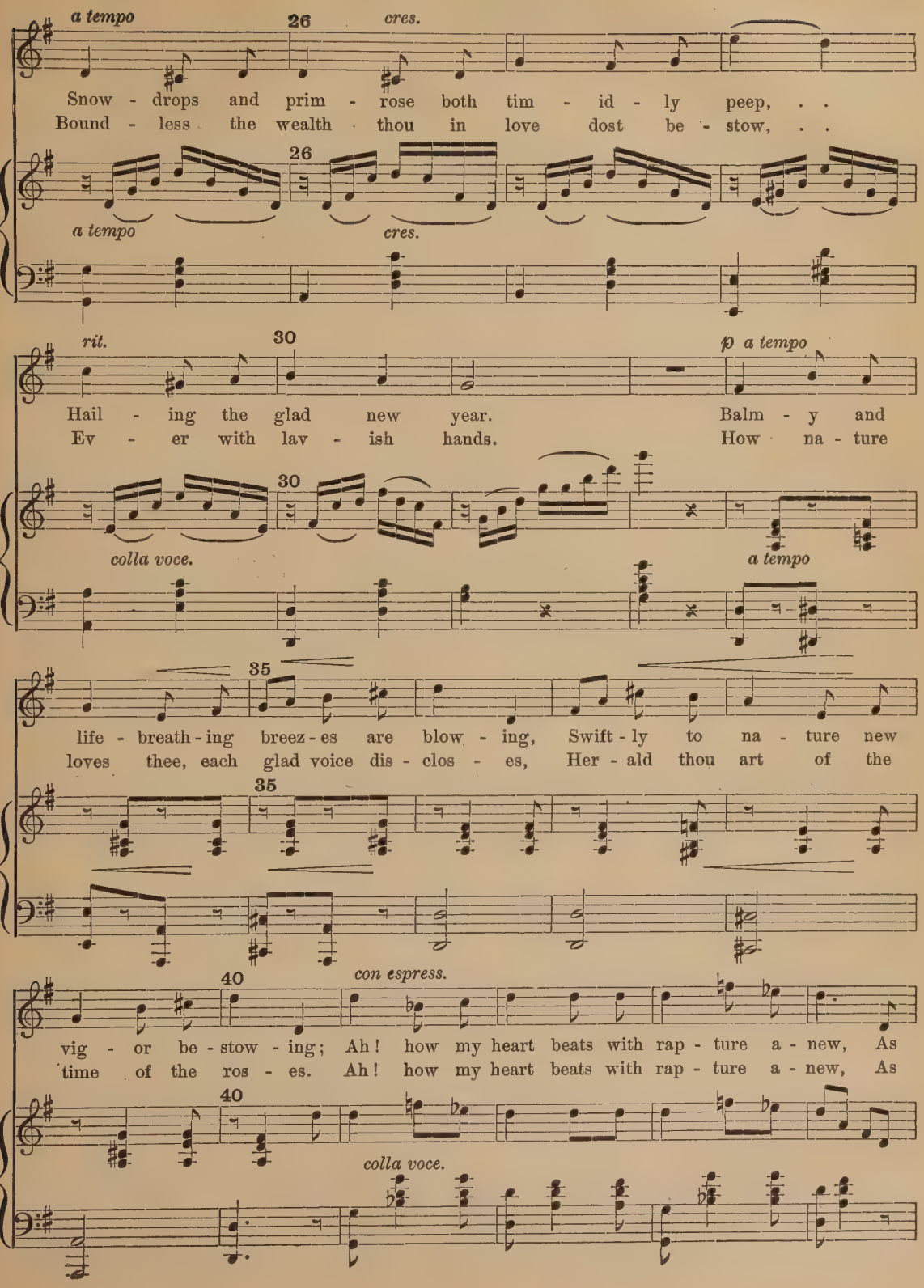
far and near; Sun - shine now wakes all the flow - 'rets from
thy com-mands; Brook - lets are whis - p'ring as on - ward they

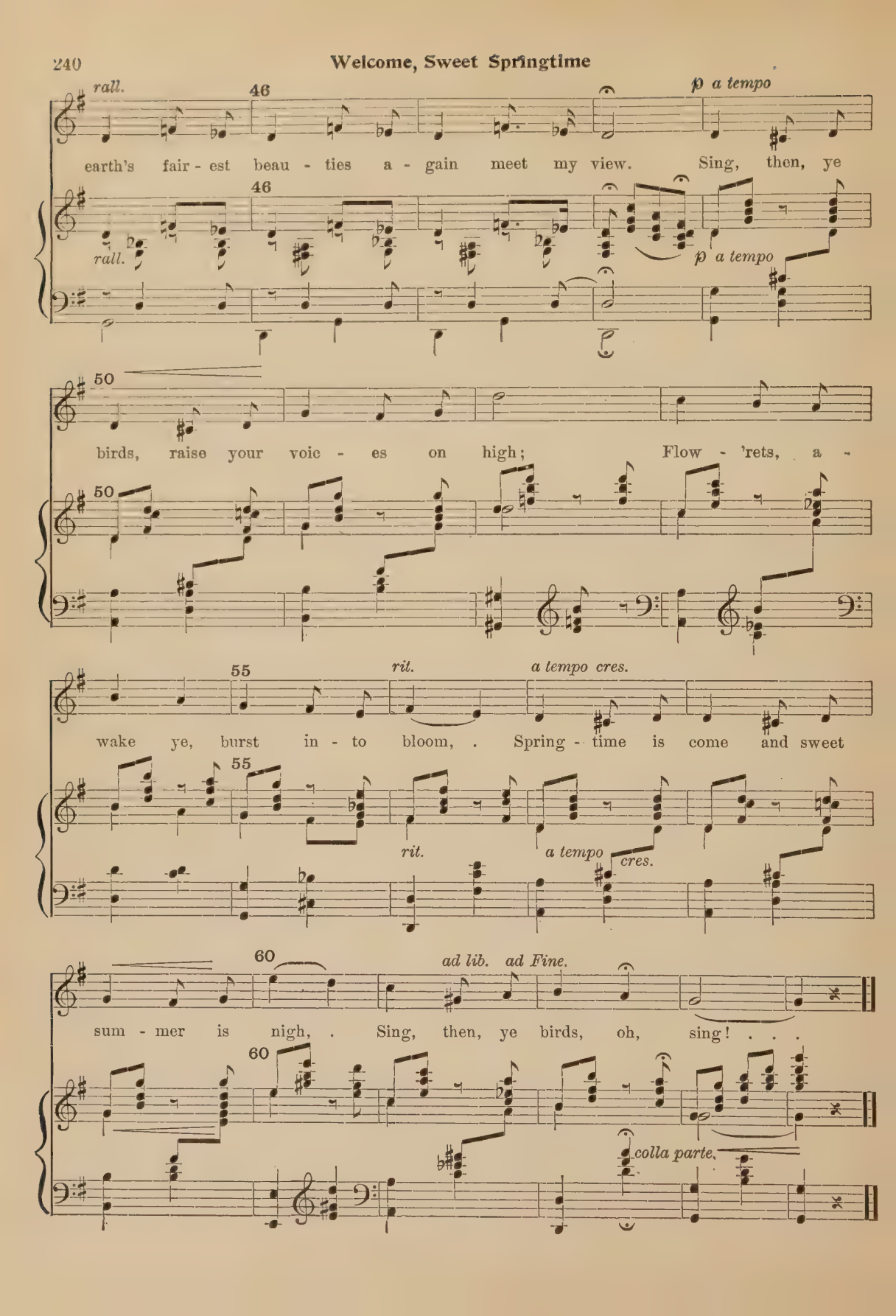
a tempo — *p* — *delicato*

rit.

sleep, Joy - giv - ing in - cense floats on the air; . .
flow, Songs of de - light at thy glad re - turn; . .

rit.


a tempo
26
cres.
Snow - drops and prim - rose both tim - id - ly peep, . .
Bound - less the wealth thou in love dost be - stow, . .
a tempo
cres.
rit.
30
p a tempo
Hail - ing the glad new year. Balm - y and
Ev - er with lav - ish hands. How na - ture
colla voce.
a tempo
35
life - breath - ing breez - es are blow - ing, Swift - ly to na - ture new
loves thee, each glad voice dis - clos - es, Her - ald thou art of the
40
con espress.
vig - or be - stow - ing; Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As
time of the ros - es. Ah! how my heart beats with rap - ture a - new, As
colla voce.


rall.
46
p a tempo
earth's fair - est beau - ties a - gain meet my view. Sing, then, ye
rall.
46
p a tempo
50
birds, raise your voic - es on high; Flow - 'rets, a -
50
55
rit.
a tempo cres.
wake ye, burst in - to bloom, . Spring - time is come and sweet
55
rit.
a tempo
cres.
60
ad lib.
ad Fine.
sum - mer is nigh, . Sing, then, ye birds, oh, sing! . . .
60
colla parte.

Auld Lang Syne

ROBERT BURNS

Scotch Melody

Moderato

1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should
2. We've roam'd to-geth-er o'er the mead, A-mong the flow'rs so fine; But
3. Then here's a hand, my trust-y friend, And give a hand of thine; We'll

5

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, And days of Auld Lang Syne?
o-ceans broad be-tween have roar'd, Since days of Auld Lang Syne!
have a thought of kind-ness yet, For days of Auld Lang Syne!

REFRAIN

10

For days of Auld Lang Syne, my friend, For days of Auld Lang Syne; We'll

15 *rit.*

have a thought of kind-ness yet For days of Auld Lang Syne.

rit.

Then You'll Remember Me

From "The Bohemian Girl"
M. W. Balfe

Andante cantabile

1. When oth - er lips and oth - er hearts Their tales of love shall
2. When cold - ness or de - ceit shall slight The beau - ty now they

pp

5

tell, In lan - guage whose ex - cess im - parts The
prize, And deem it but a fa - ded light Which

5

10

pow'r they feel so well. There may per - haps in such a scene Some
burns with-in your eyes; When hol - low hearts shall wear a mask 'Twill

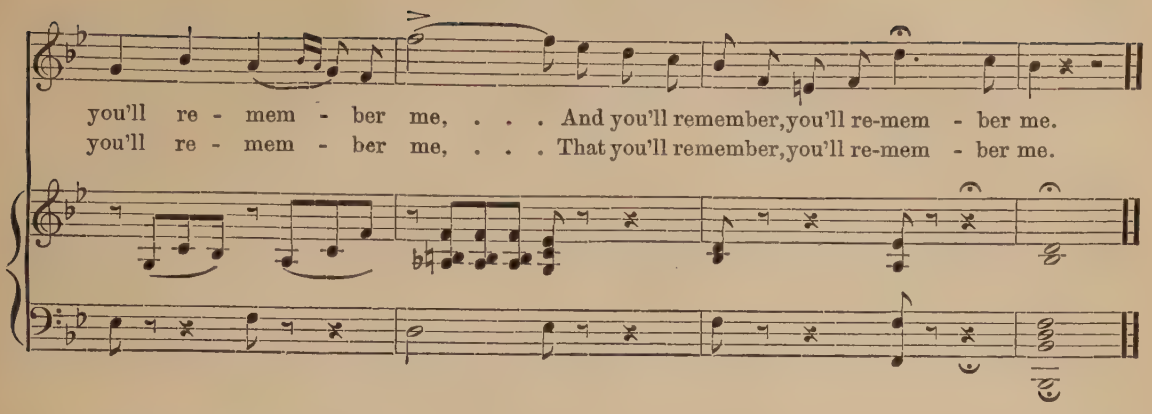
10

rall. *a tempo* 15

re - col - lec - tion be, Of days that have as hap - py been, And
break your own . . to see, In such a mo - ment I but ask That

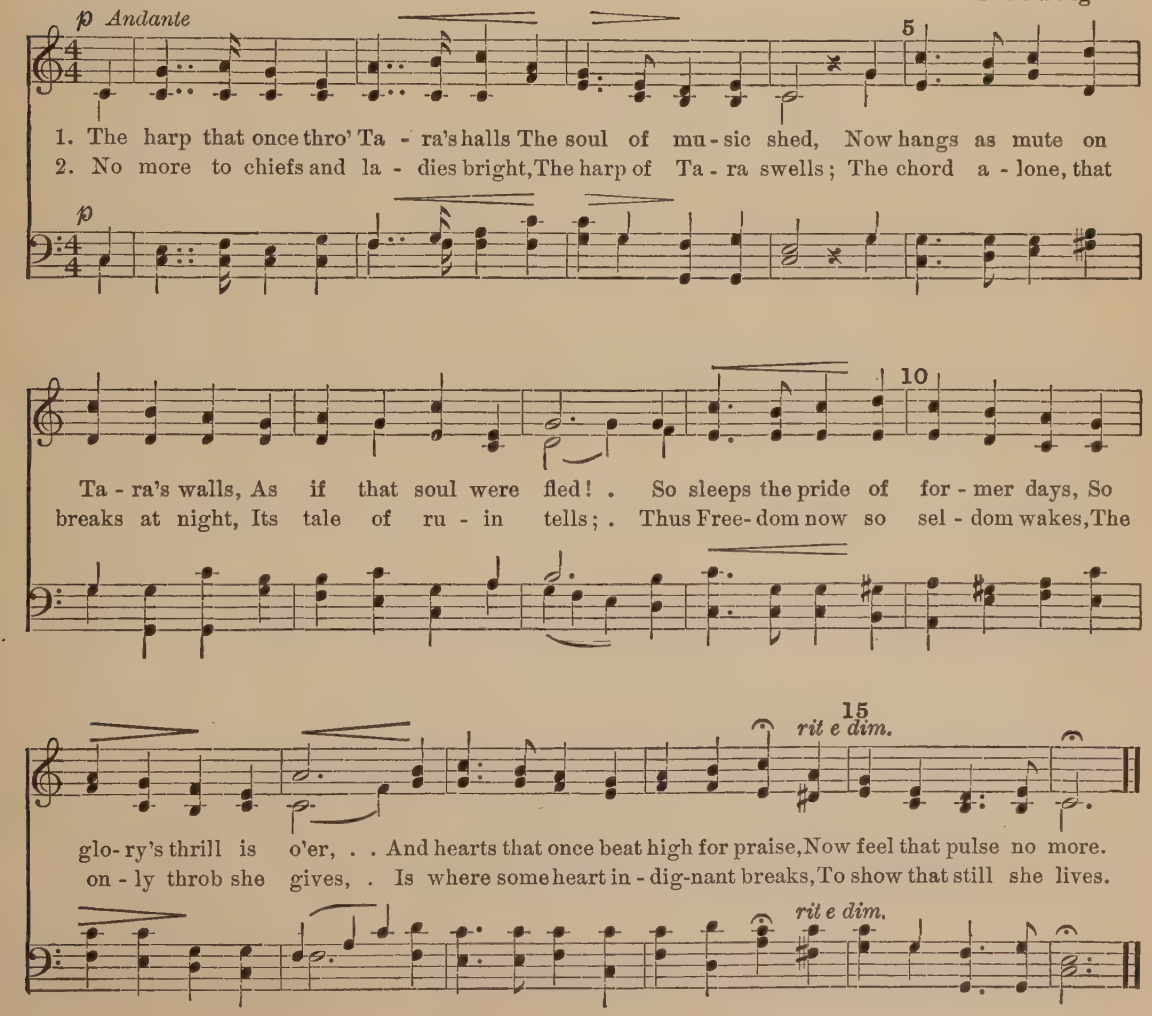
15

f *f* *a tempo* *pp*
rall.



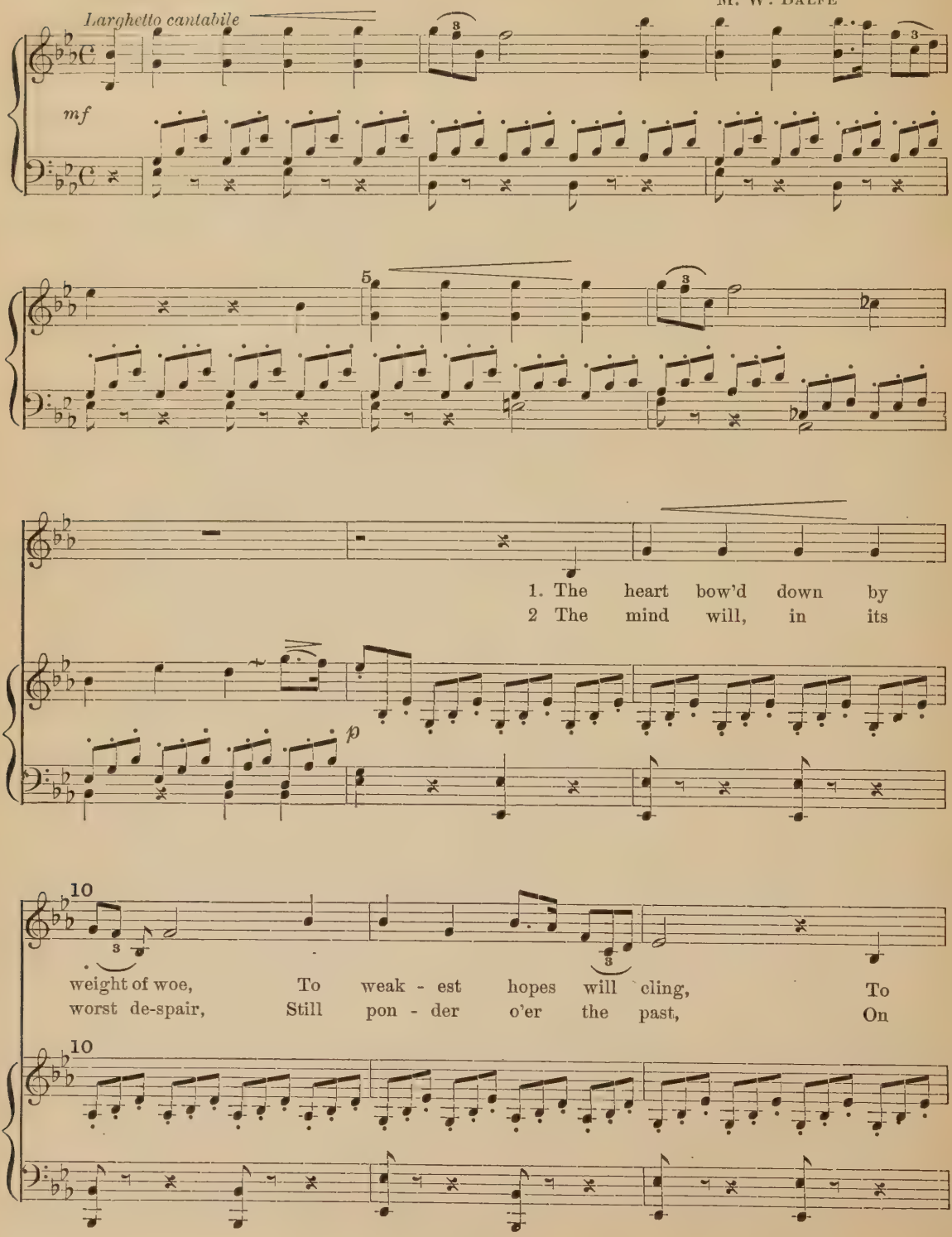
The Harp that Once thro' Tara's Halls

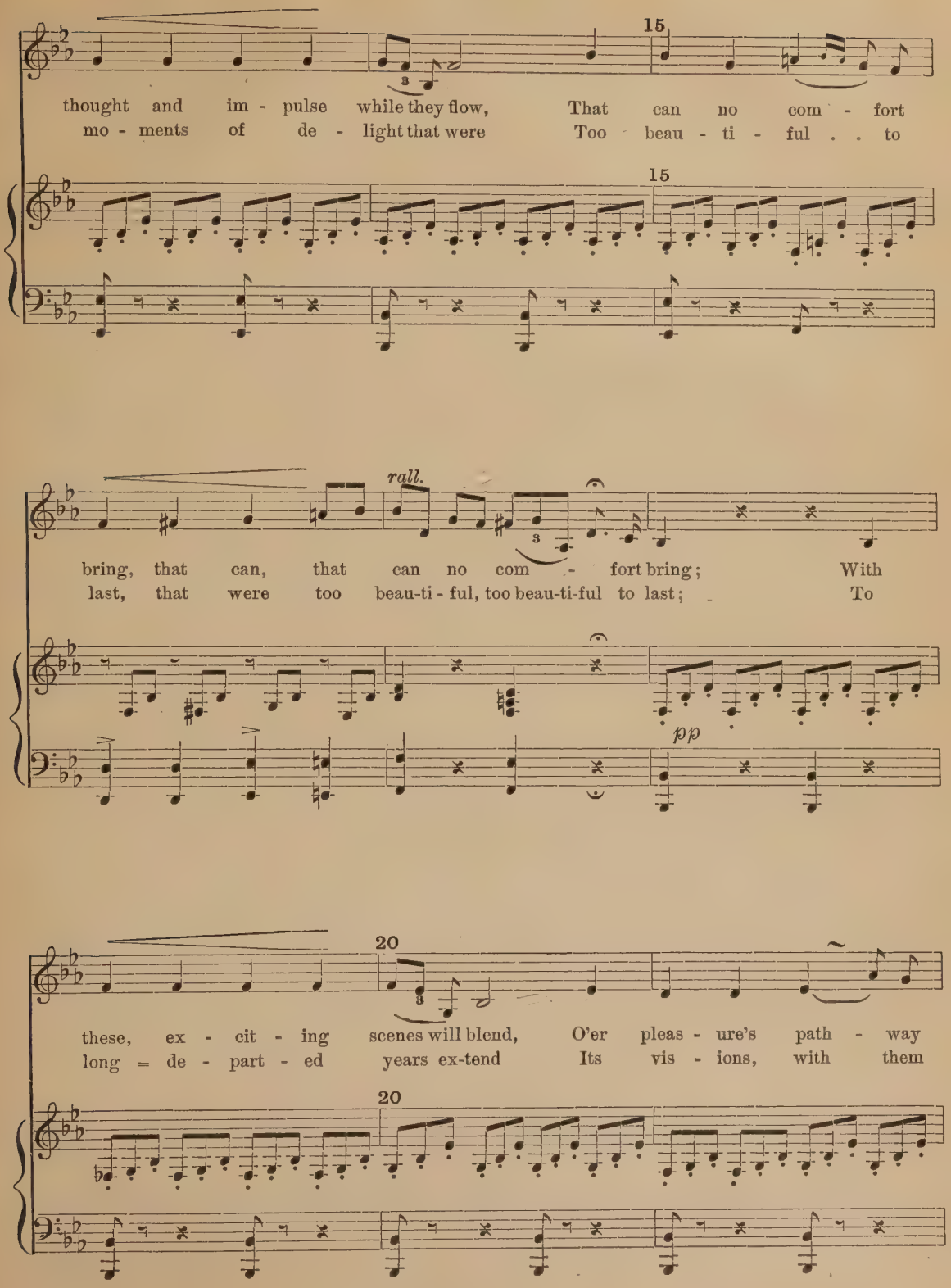
THOMAS MOORE — Irish Song

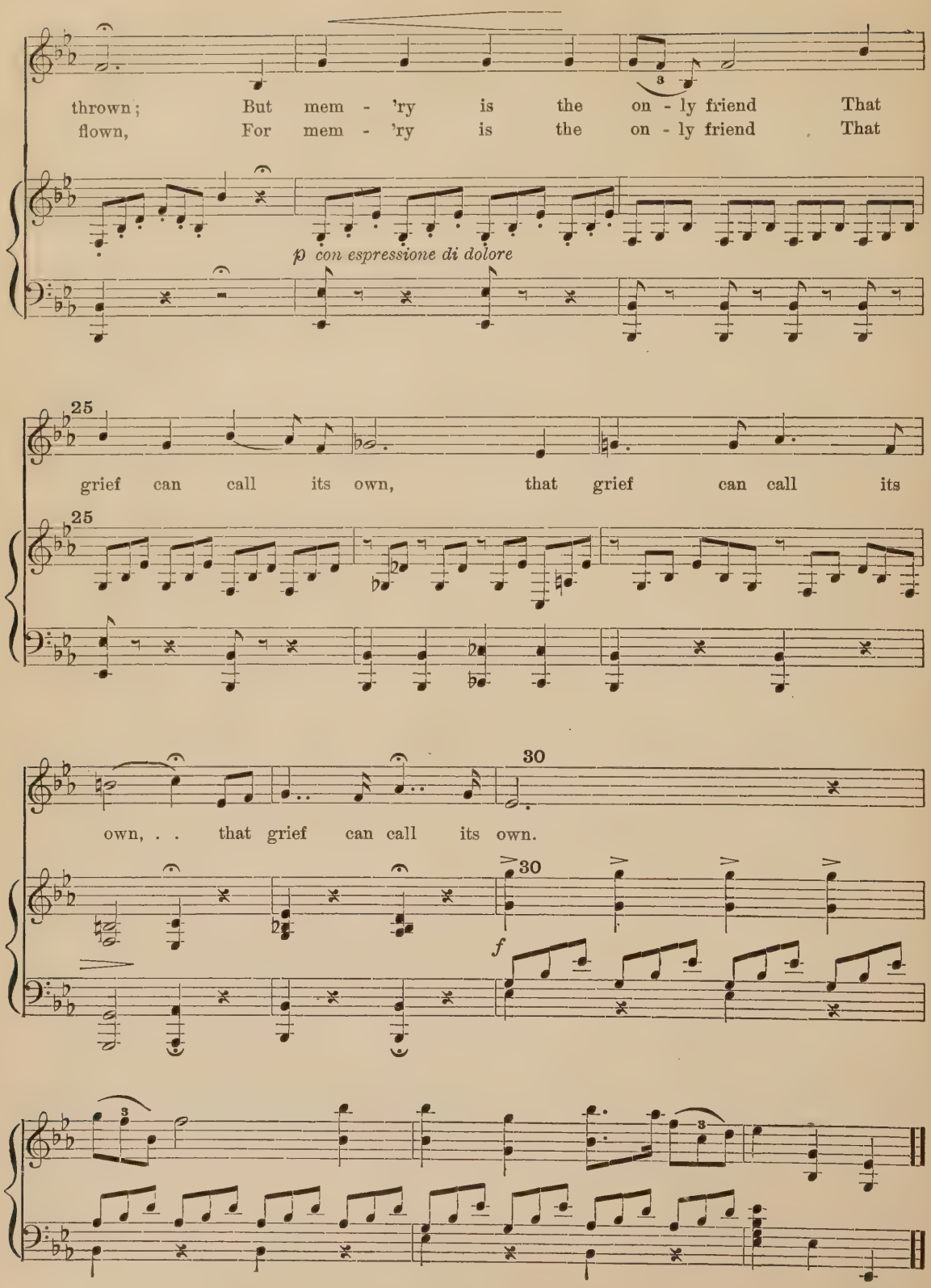


The Heart Bowed Down

From "The Bohemian Girl"
M. W. Balfe




15
thought and im - pulse while they flow, That can no com - fort
mo - ments of de - light that were Too beau - ti - ful . . to
15
rall.
bring, that can, that can no com - fort bring; With
last, that were too beau-ti - ful, too beau-ti-ful to last; To
pp
20
these, ex - cit - ing scenes will blend, O'er pleas - ure's path - way
long = de - part - ed years ex-tend Its vis - ions, with them
20


thrown; But mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That
flown, For mem - 'ry is the on - ly friend That
p con espressione di dolore
25
grief can call its own, that grief can call its
25
own, . . that grief can call its own.
30
30
f

Long, Long Ago

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

Moderato

1. Tell me the tales that to me were so dear, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go,
2. Do you re-mem-ber the path where we met, Long, long a - go, long, long a - go?

p

5

Sing me the songs I de- light - ed to hear, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Ah, yes you told me you ne'er would forget, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

10

Now you are come all my grief is re-moved, Let me for -get that so long you have roved,
Then to all oth - ers my smile you preferred; Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;

15 *rall.*

Let me be - lieve that you love as you loved, Long, long a - go, long a - go.
Still my heart treasures the prais - es I heard, Long, long a - go, long a - go.

The Hazel Dell

George F. Root

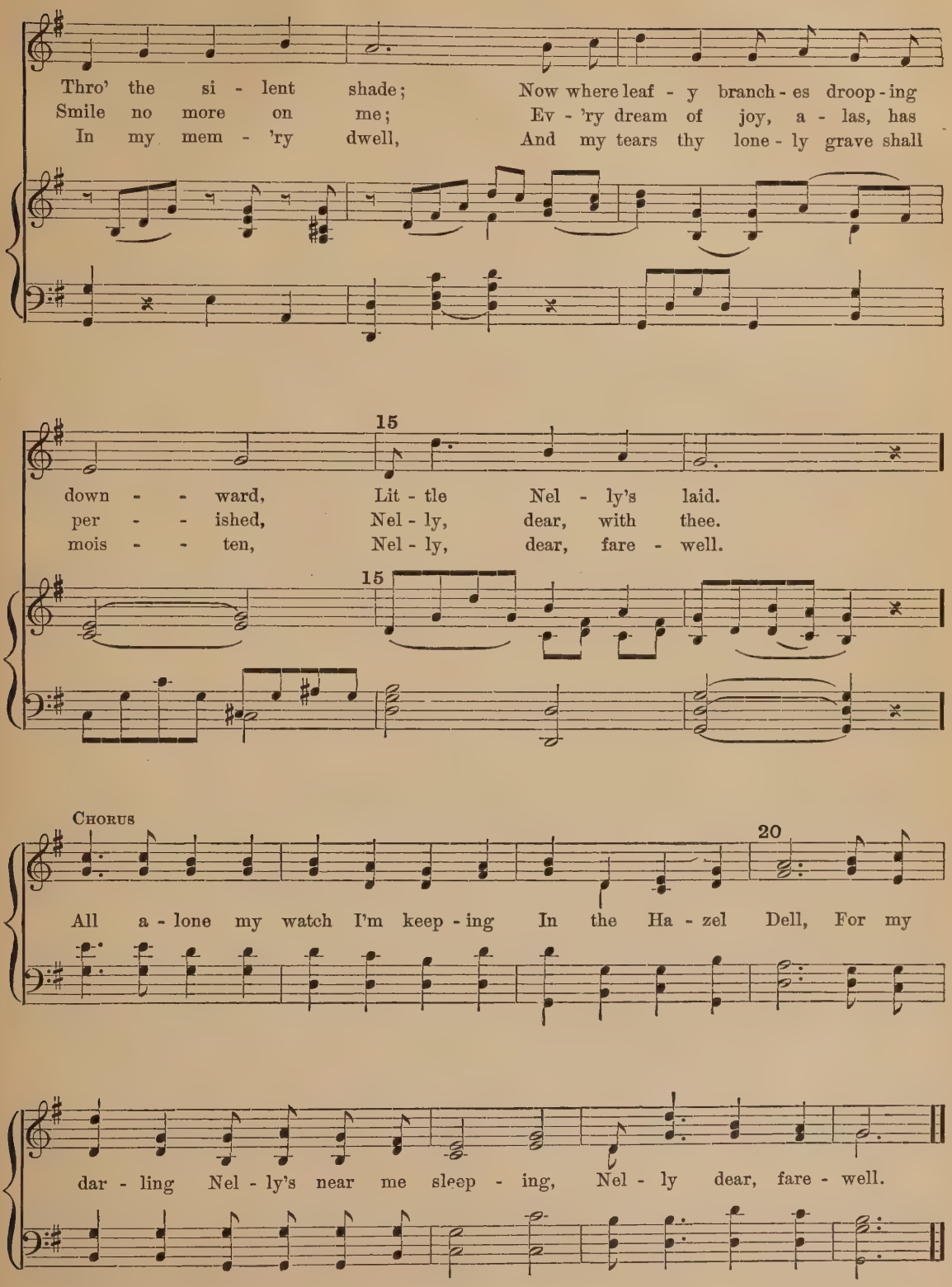
Moderato

1. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's sleep ing, Nel - ly lov'd so long, And my lone - ly, lone - ly watch I'm keep - ing, Nel-ly lost and gone. Here in moon-light of - ten we have wan - der'd,
2. In the Ha - zel Dell my Nel - ly's sleep ing, Where the flow - ers wave, And the si - lent stars are night - ly weep - ing O'er poor Nel - ly's grave; Hopes that once my bos - om fond - ly cher - ished,
3. Now I'm wea - ry, friend-less and for - sa ken, Watch-ing here a lone. Nel - ly, thou no more will fond - ly cheer me With thy lov - ing tone. Yet for - ev - er shall thy gen - tle im - age.

p

5

10


Thro' the si - lent shade; Now where leaf - y branch - es droop - ing
Smile no more on me; Ev - 'ry dream of joy, a - las, has
In my mem - 'ry dwell, And my tears thy lone - ly grave shall
15
down - - ward, Lit - tle Nel - ly's laid.
per - - ished, Nel - ly, dear, with thee.
mois - - ten, Nel - ly, dear, fare - well.
15
Chorus
20
All a - lone my watch I'm keep - ing In the Ha - zel Dell, For my
dar - ling Nel - ly's near me sleep - ing, Nel - ly dear, fare - well.

Loch Lomond

Scotch Folksong

Andante

1. By yon bon - nie banks, and by
2. 'Twas there that we part - ed in
3. The wee bird may sing, and the

Andante con moto

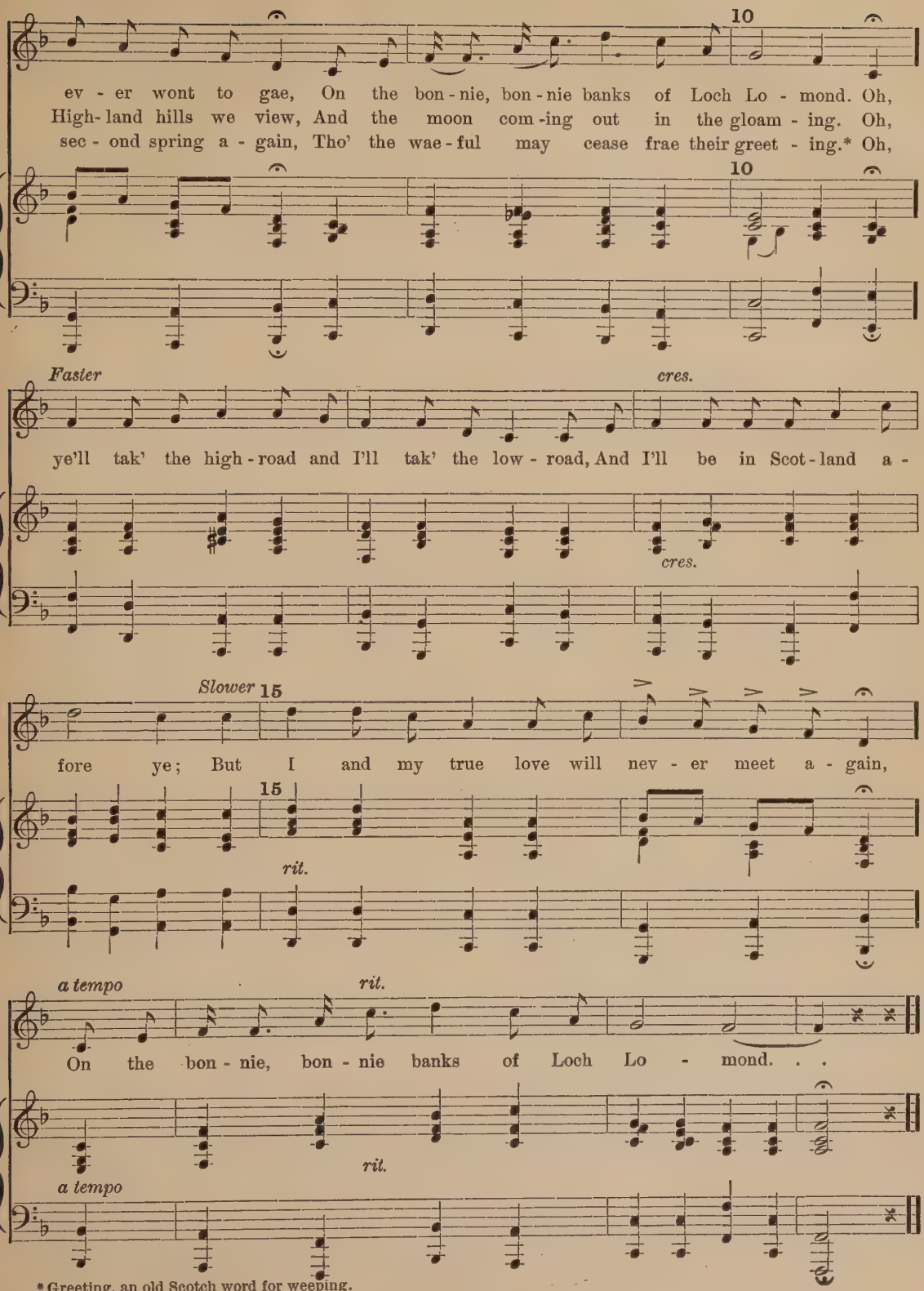
yon bon - nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch
yon sha - dy glen, On the steep, steep side o' Ben
wild flow - ers spring, And in sun - shine the wa - ters be

5

5

f

Lo - mond, Where me . . and my true love Were
Lo - mond, Where in soft . . pur - ple hue The
sleep - ing, But the bro - ken heart it kens Nae



* Greeting, an old Scotch word for weeping.

Believe Me, if all Those Endearing Young Charms

THOMAS MOORE — DAVENANT

Andante

1. Be - lieve me, if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

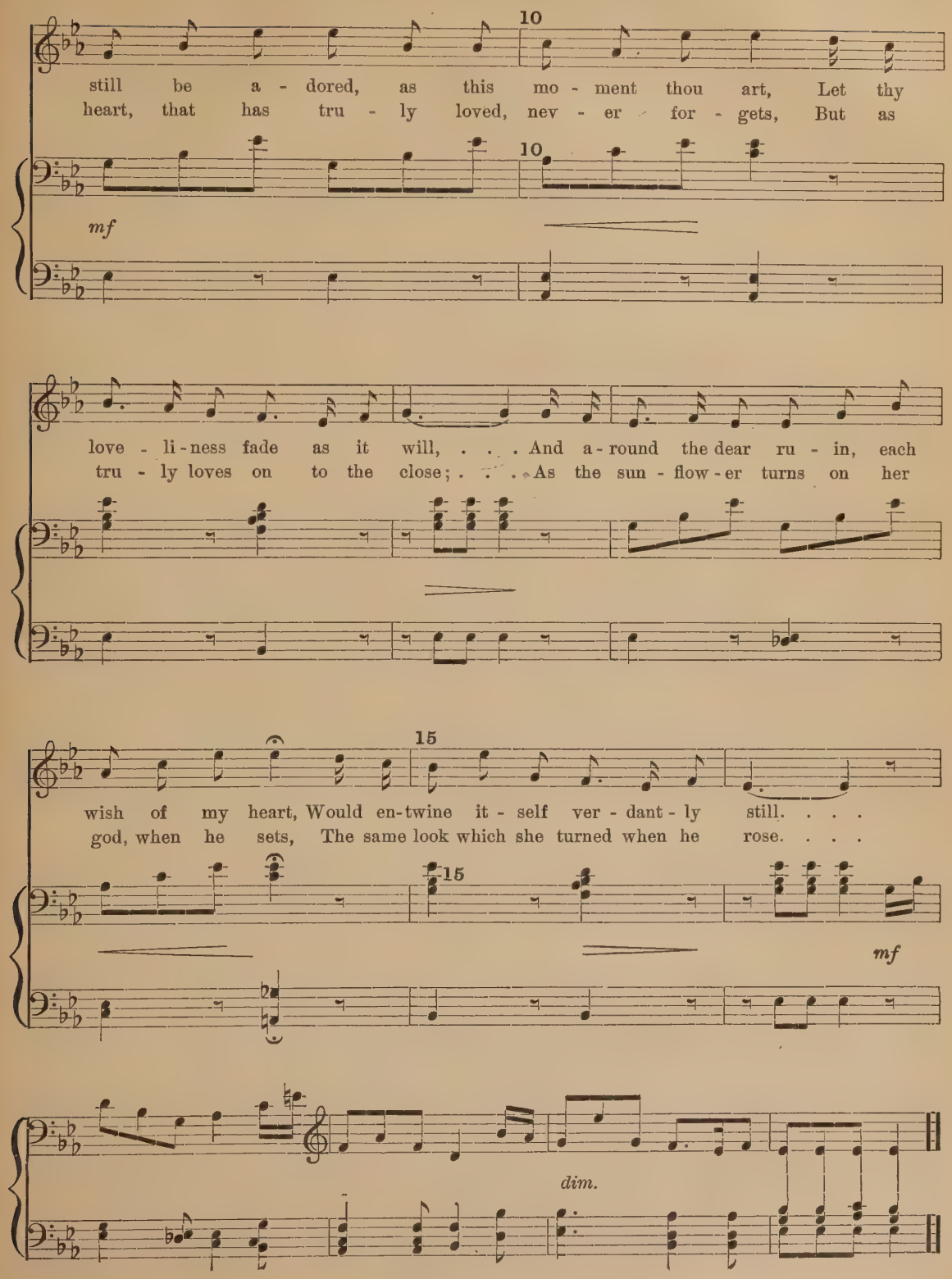
pp

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, . . . Were to change by to - mor - row and
cheeks un - pro - faned by a tear; . . . That the fer - vor and faith of a

5

mf

fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing a - way; . . Thou would'st
soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more dear! . . No, the


10
still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy
heart, that has tru - ly loved, nev - er for - gets, But as
mf
love - li - ness fade as it will, . . . And a - round the dear ru - in, each
tru - ly loves on to the close; . . . As the sun - flow - er turns on her
15
wish of my heart, Would en-twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. . . .
god, when he sets, The same look which she turned when he rose. . . .
mf
dim.

The Blue-bells of Scotland

Mrs. Jordan

Moderato

Scotch Folksong

1. O where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? O
2. O where, and O where did your High-land lad-die dwell? O
3. But what, and O what if your High-land lad should die? But

5

where, and O where is your High-land lad-die gone? He's
where, and O where did your High-land lad-die dwell? He
what, and O what if your High-land lad should die? The

10

gone to fight the French For King George up-on the throne, And it's
dwelt in mer-ry Scot-land, At the sign of the Blue Bell, And it's
bag-pipes should play o'er him, And I'd sit me down and cry, And it's

15

O, in my heart I . . . . wish him safe at home!
O, in my heart I . . . . love my lad-die well!
O, in my heart I . . . . wish he may not die!

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